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April 21, 1934

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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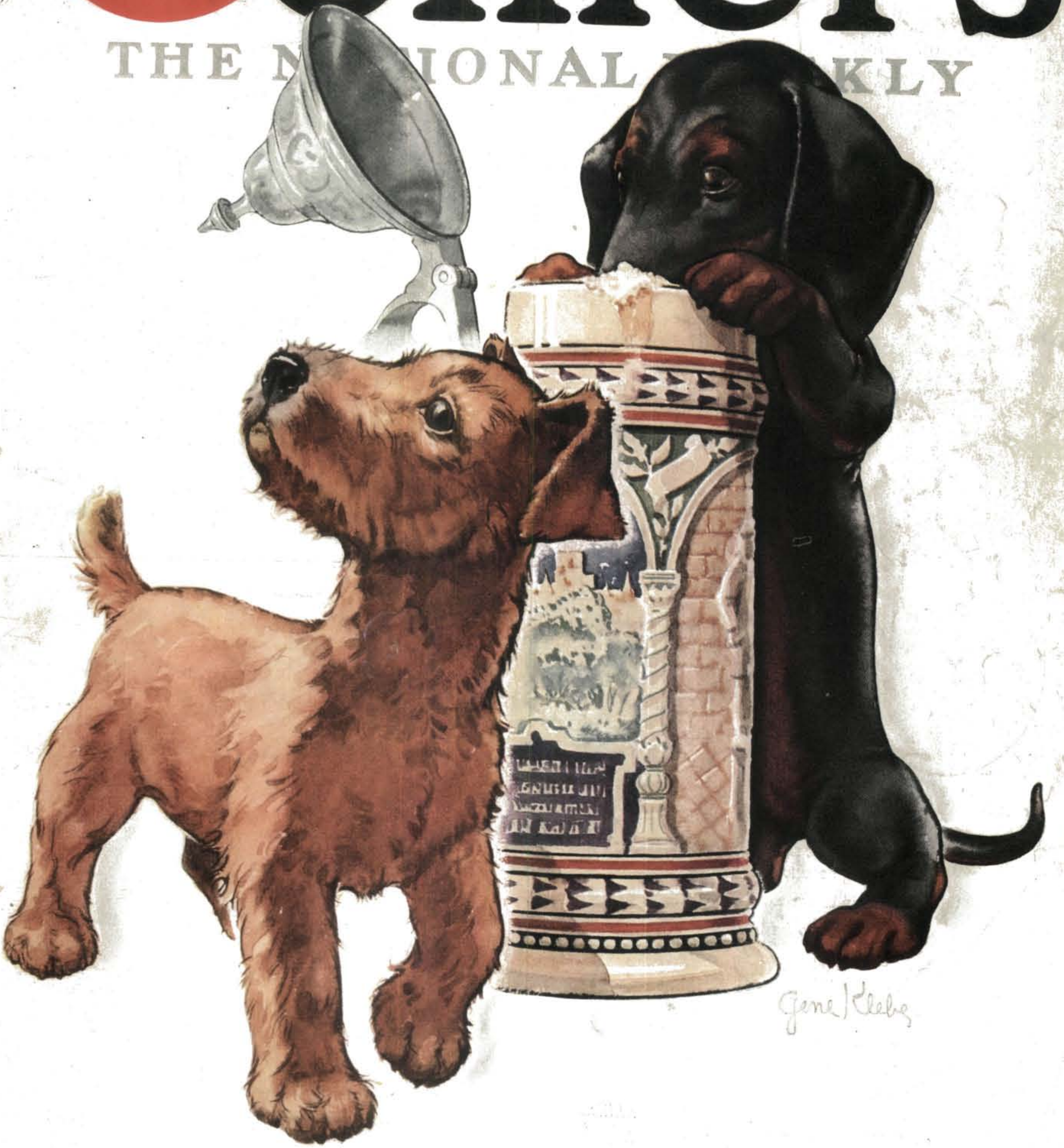

The German the story of an understanding dog By Hugh Walpole

PRIL 21, 1934

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1. The Fire-Chief Quartet, most versatile on the air. From left to right they are:—"Tubby" Weyant, top tenor; "Scrappy" Lambert, tenor; Len Stokes, baritone; Bob Moody, bass.

2. Don Voorhees, one of the youngest and most successful conductors in radio.

3. Graham McNamee, the "one and only."

4. Ed Wynn, the Fire-Chief, about to tell one that will make Graham hold on to the "mike" for support!

5. Louis A. Witten, spokesman for the 45,000 Texaco dealers.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE alchemists never had a chance. They hadn't enough knowledge to solve the problem of transmuting baser metals into gold. That was reserved for a greater man. You've probably guessed who did it —Dr. Fu Manchu.

Next week you will meet again this fascinating and ageless personification of evil as he and his daughter, Fah Lo Suee, once more threaten the stability of the world. You will find him in possession of the lovely Fleurette, with Sir Denis Nayland Smith, furiously stuffing rough-cut tobacco into a cracked brier, in hot pursuit. Alan Sterling, the young American, is frantic with grief and anxiety as, under the hollow pall of a London fog, they take up "The Trail of Fu Manchu."

WHILE the House and Senate were tossing the St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty back and forth to an accompaniment of wisecracks from the members of both houses, perhaps you were wondering just what this project will mean if and when it becomes an accomplished fact. What will it be like when the Middle West has a seaport in its own back yard?

With this and other questions in mind, Mr. W. B. Courtney has explored the country and scrutinized the facts with customary thoroughness and is prepared to show you how things will be when "The Ocean Comes to Duluth."

IT'S an open secret that all business would cease instantly without the intelligent efficiency of stenographers. We, for one, should be in a helpless dither if deprived of the vigilant care of ours. Just the same, we'd hesitate to do what Jimmy Fitch did. He pressed a button and said, "Miss Bray, please find me a dragon." You'll be glad to learn, in Gerald Mygatt's short story, that Miss Bray was equal to the occasion.

MARCELLA BROWN, on the other hand, specialized, not in dragons, but in rabbits. It was a great cross to her family, the Barnacle Browns—strong sailormen from away back. There came a moment, on the day before the first race of the International Series, when the mere mention of a rabbit threw all the Browns into fits of uncontrollable jitters. It was the rabbits, though, plus Marcella who, as Meade Minnigerode relates in a sparkling love story, won the series.

MARIE BEYNON RAY politely ejects the skeleton from your closet. Grover Jones, Jay Gelzer, Quentin Reynolds, Freling Foster, Arthur Somers Roche, Ray Tucker and others make distinctive contributions. With dazzling results.

This Week

●

April 21, 1934

Cover by C. Eugene Klebe

HUGH WALPOLE
The German. A masterly dog story. Page 7

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Playing Rookie. A close-up of future stars. Page 9

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Treasure-Bound. Romance, flavored with salt water and gold. Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT
Mayor's Day In. Pittsburgh takes a brace. Page 12

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
Not Dictated. A business girl's love story. Page 14

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
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ERNEST HAYCOX
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RAY TUCKER
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HAROLD LAMB
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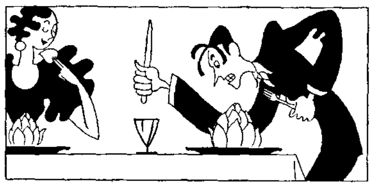
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A fine sprinkling of facts. Page 45

EDITORIAL
How Much Can a Man Earn? Page 66

●

Any Week

"NOW I," writes Mr. Edward E. Nockles of Dayton, Ohio, "have just eaten my first and last artichoke. Something will have to be done about this practice even if I have to do it single-handed. I shall not stop until I have seen President Roosevelt himself. I am a free and independent American citizen and do not propose to stand for any such nonsense. What hurts me most is that no stranger lured me on to eating that artichoke, but my wife. She has been a fine woman, a splendid mother and, until this, beyond earthly reproach. I knew of course that the country had gone pretty screwy but I never suspected that my good wife would go as batty as this. I am practically insane myself from rage and I want you to publish this just to notify the world that—" But here Mr. Nockles becomes quite incoherent.



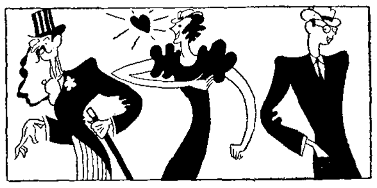
WHICH reminds us of the evening we went to dinner with the late W. O. McGeehan, the famous sports writer. Our hostess, after considerable oratory on the subject of salads, proceeded to mix one—a truffle one. Whereupon we witnessed a magnificent ceremony of lettuce, garlic, oils, vinegars, mustards, truffles, condiments, word charms and wrist twistings. As we remember it there was everything in that salad except a few Nazis. When she had finished—practically exhausted—Mr. McGeehan said gently: "Dear lady, you have forgotten the most important thing." She blanched—or maybe it's blenched. Anyway she managed to pull herself together and asked: "What?" Roared Mr. McGeehan: "You forgot to throw the damned thing out."

"IF I were a person of any importance at all," says Miss Lola Burnstine of Los Angeles, California, "I would write to Mr. Hamilton Fish, member of Congress, who seems to be our most active defender against the encroachments of Red Russian Bolshevism. While I was in the East a few weeks ago I attended a meeting of unpaid school-teachers who are supposed to train the minds of our little ones. I have attended I. W. W. meetings where the Wobblies sang obscene words to the tune of The Star-Spangled Banner. And I have gone to Mooney-Billings meetings where every public official got awful shellackings. But you should have heard these school-teachers! Goodness gracious me!"

WE ARE accused by Mr. Leon G. McMurdo of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and justly enough, of being a baseball fan. So Mr. McMurdo thinks we ought to know that "baseball in our town is going to be played with innovations this year. For example, our Phillies are thinking of firing the men they have and playing the first nine customers to appear at the turnstiles each day—provided it doesn't cost too much."

WE RISE for a moment to give several lusty cheers for Mrs. Stella M. Perkins of Freeport, Illinois. She has three sons, she says, whose friends "are welcome at our house at any time. We enjoy them so much. One enthusiastic youth told us: 'I like to come to your house; you make me feel so much at home. Everything is so informal, I feel I could walk right into the bathroom when you're taking a bath.' So it is with Collier's," continues Mrs. Perkins. "You make me feel so much at home. I do hope you have a lock on your bathroom door."

MR. SHEPARD BARCLAY, who writes about bridge just about as well as he plays it (no offense meant), thinks we owe you an apology. He informs us that in illustrating his recent article in Collier's we omitted the picture of Mr. Michael T. Gottlieb from the team of A. B. L. champions. The omission, says Mr. Barclay, was a tough break for our readers because "Mike Gottlieb is not only one of the greatest contract players but one of the best-looking."



PERSONALLY, we can't even play bridge, but the subject of personal beauty is pretty well covered in a letter from Miss Joyce Treyner of London, England. Miss Treyner visited a month in America before writing us to inquire: "Whatever has happened to the men of America? My only previous acquaintance with them was when I saw your soldiers over here. Now that I have seen your American men at home I am inexpressibly shocked.

"You are a nation of homely men, not at all of the attractively homely type but rather hopelessly ugly. I feel so sorry for your women, poor things, and rather selfish, too, to be back home where one may see character and rugged beauty in the faces of men."

UP AND at her, ladies.

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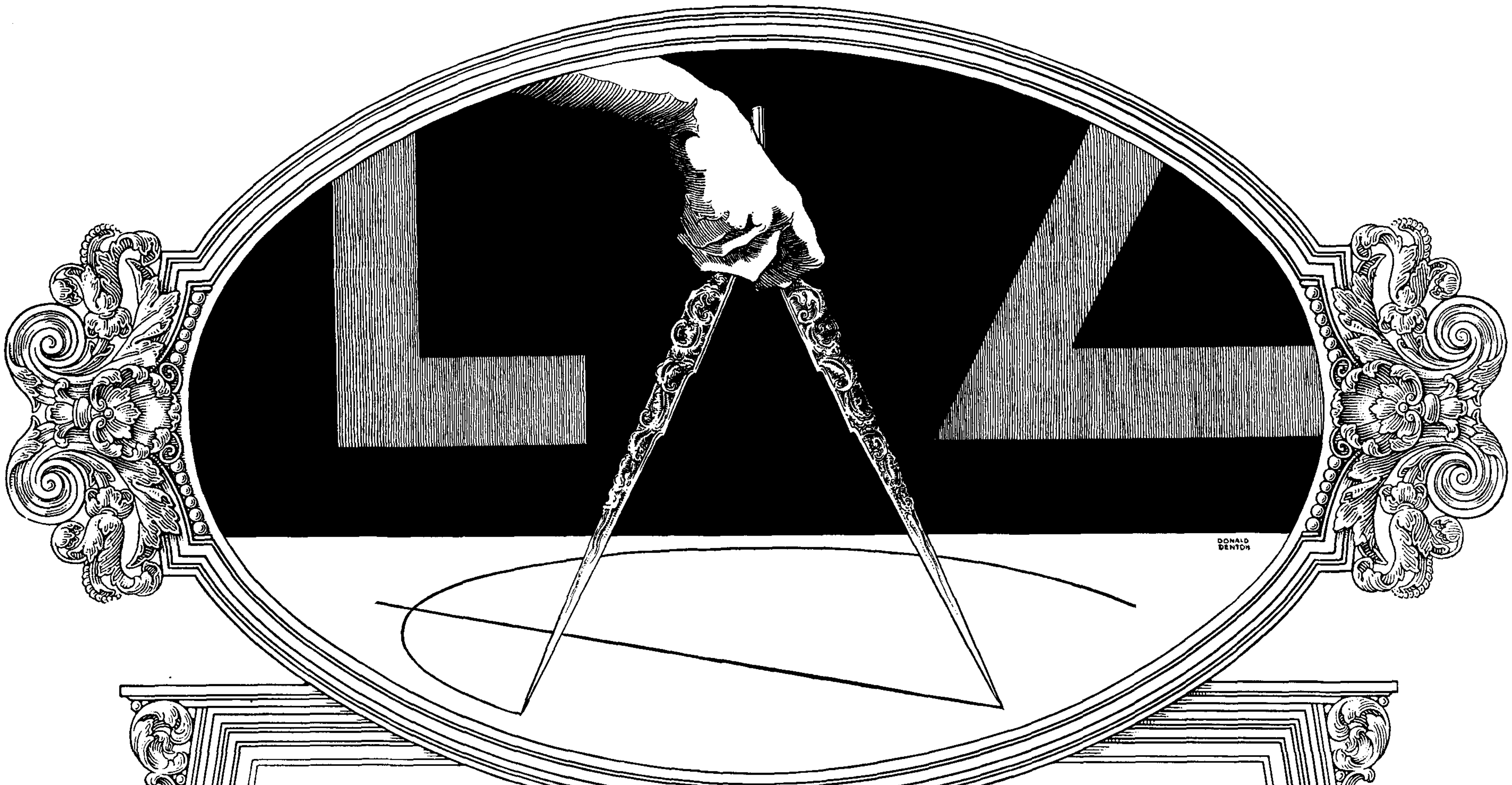

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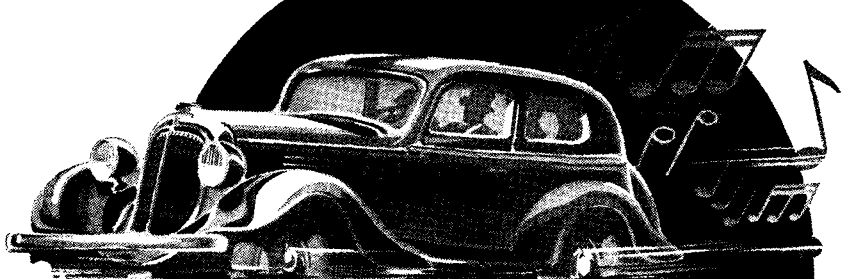

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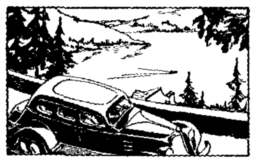

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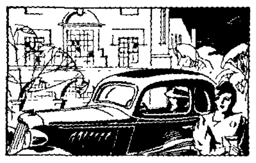
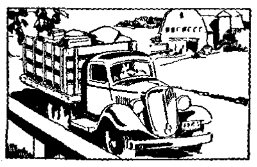


FOR BUSINESS MEN—Whenever you drive, be in touch with things. PHILCO *brings you important news* and market quotations on your way home—to say nothing of musical entertainment.

FOR TAXI OR BUS—Happy passengers are good advertisements—and frequent *patrons. Music and entertainment* make the longest journey pleasant—and every traveller agreeable.



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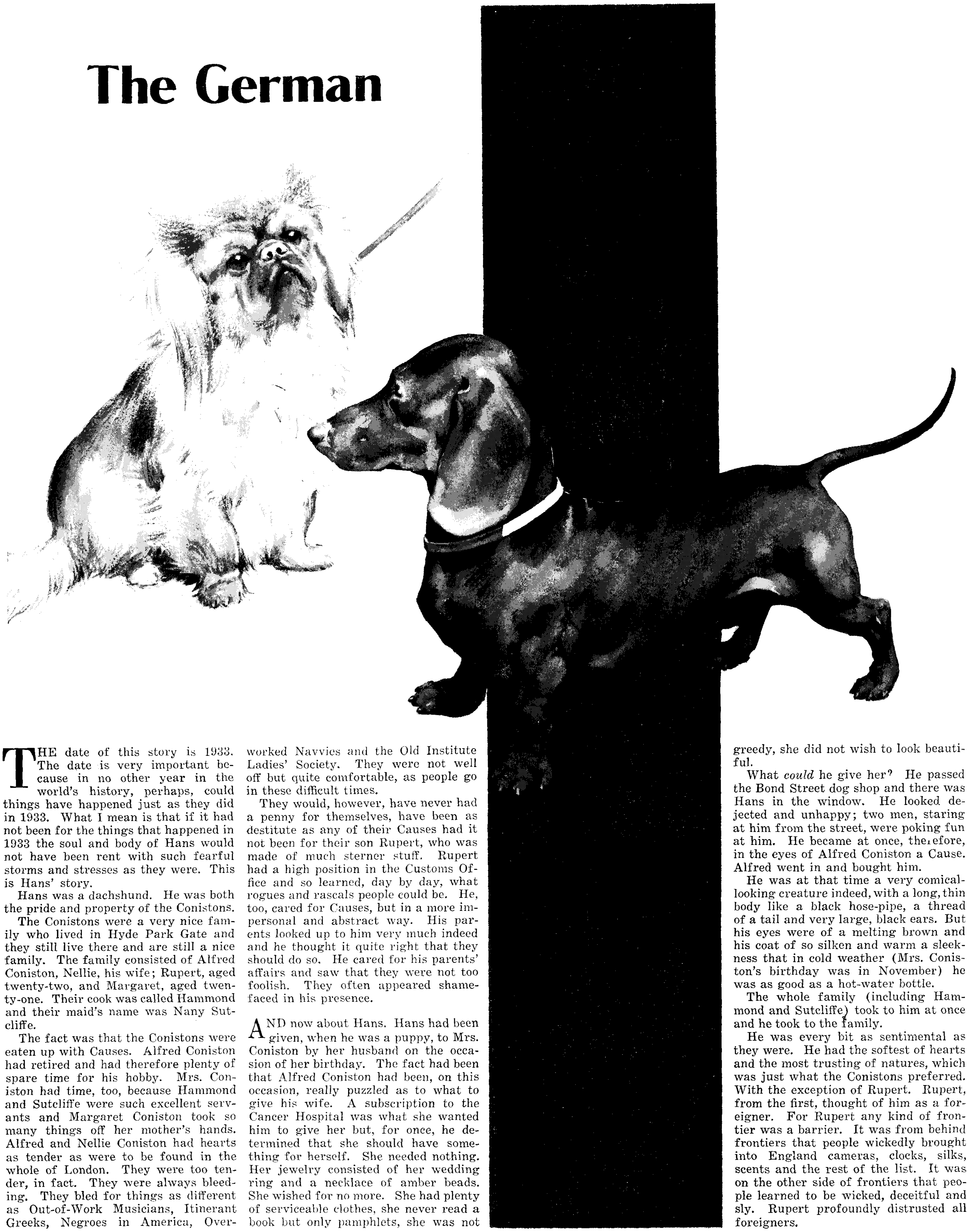
LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

The German



THE date of this story is 1933. The date is very important because in no other year in the world's history, perhaps, could things have happened just as they did in 1933. What I mean is that if it had not been for the things that happened in 1933 the soul and body of Hans would not have been rent with such fearful storms and stresses as they were. This is Hans' story.

Hans was a dachshund. He was both the pride and property of the Conistons.

The Conistons were a very nice family who lived in Hyde Park Gate and they still live there and are still a nice family. The family consisted of Alfred Coniston, Nellie, his wife; Rupert, aged twenty-two, and Margaret, aged twenty-one. Their cook was called Hammond and their maid's name was Nany Sutcliffe.

The fact was that the Conistons were eaten up with Causes. Alfred Coniston had retired and had therefore plenty of spare time for his hobby. Mrs. Coniston had time, too, because Hammond and Sutcliffe were such excellent servants and Margaret Coniston took so many things off her mother's hands. Alfred and Nellie Coniston had hearts as tender as were to be found in the whole of London. They were too tender, in fact. They were always bleeding. They bled for things as different as Out-of-Work Musicians, Itinerant Greeks, Negroes in America, Overworked Navvies and the Old Institute Ladies' Society. They were not well off but quite comfortable, as people go in these difficult times.

They would, however, have never had a penny for themselves, have been as destitute as any of their Causes had it not been for their son Rupert, who was made of much sterner stuff. Rupert had a high position in the Customs Office and so learned, day by day, what rogues and rascals people could be. He, too, cared for Causes, but in a more impersonal and abstract way. His parents looked up to him very much indeed and he thought it quite right that they should do so. He cared for his parents' affairs and saw that they were not too foolish. They often appeared shamefaced in his presence.

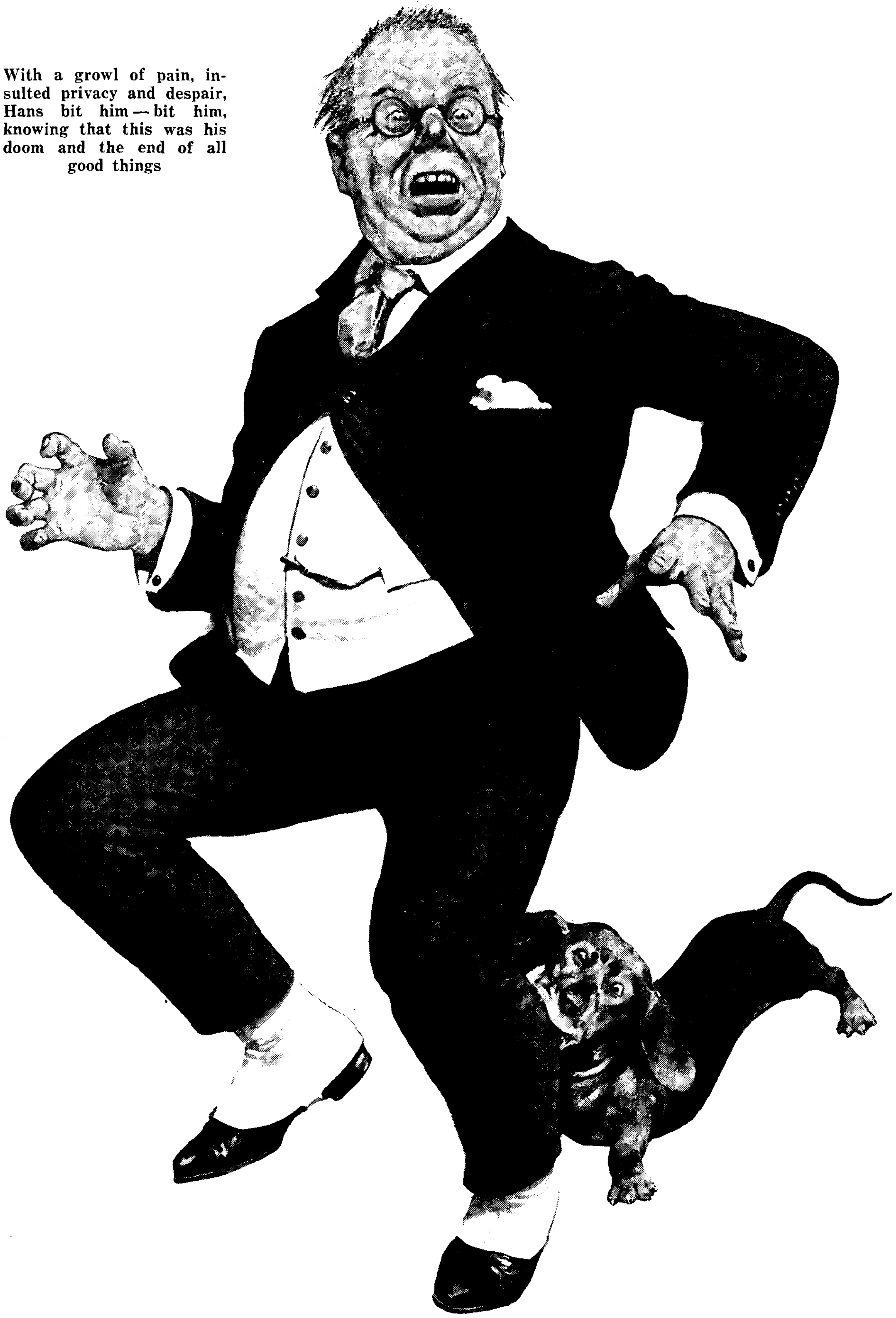
AND now about Hans. Hans had been given, when he was a puppy, to Mrs. Coniston by her husband on the occasion of her birthday. The fact had been that Alfred Coniston had been, on this occasion, really puzzled as to what to give his wife. A subscription to the Cancer Hospital was what she wanted him to give her but, for once, he determined that she should have something for herself. She needed nothing. Her jewelry consisted of her wedding ring and a necklace of amber beads. She wished for no more. She had plenty of serviceable clothes, she never read a book but only pamphlets, she was not greedy, she did not wish to look beautiful.

What *could* he give her? He passed the Bond Street dog shop and there was Hans in the window. He looked dejected and unhappy; two men, staring at him from the street, were poking fun at him. He became at once, therefore, in the eyes of Alfred Coniston a Cause. Alfred went in and bought him.

He was at that time a very comical-looking creature indeed, with a long, thin body like a black hose-pipe, a thread of a tail and very large, black ears. But his eyes were of a melting brown and his coat of so silken and warm a sleekness that in cold weather (Mrs. Coniston's birthday was in November) he was as good as a hot-water bottle.

The whole family (including Hammond and Sutcliffe) took to him at once and he took to the family.

He was every bit as sentimental as they were. He had the softest of hearts and the most trusting of natures, which was just what the Conistons preferred. With the exception of Rupert. Rupert, from the first, thought of him as a foreigner. For Rupert any kind of frontier was a barrier. It was from behind frontiers that people wickedly brought into England cameras, clocks, silks, scents and the rest of the list. It was on the other side of frontiers that people learned to be wicked, deceitful and sly. Rupert profoundly distrusted all foreigners.



With a growl of pain, insulted privacy and despair, Hans bit him—bit him, knowing that this was his doom and the end of all good things

Nor did Hans quite trust Rupert. In spite of his soft heart Hans was not altogether a fool. He was a selector of persons. There would come into his warm, brown eyes, at times, a sharp, suspicious look and he was capable of secretly nipping the ankles of anyone he disliked.

The fact that he was a foreigner and a German did not distress the other members of the Coniston family. They strongly approved of it, for Germany had, for a long while now, been one of their Causes.

Mrs. Coniston for a long while did not sleep at night properly for thinking of the poor Germans. Someone had told her dreadful stories of the bread-line in Berlin; another friend had stayed in a small German town where the courage of the middle-class ladies was almost terrifying. So the Conistons were pro-German and very anti-French indeed. Had Hans been a poodle, his lot would have been a poor one. He would have been charged with immoral literature, taxing the English for their occupation of the trenches and mean avoidance of the American debt.

As it was, he flourished. He was, like all dachshunds, very well able to look after himself. The dachshund, more than any dog save the Pekingese and the French bulldog, knows exactly what he wants. His needs are partly material, partly spiritual. The satisfaction of both is essential to him. He will, for instance, quite naturally droop and pine in any house where the food is insufficient, but he will also droop and pine in any house where he is misunderstood.

He has also a very strong and almost ironical sense of humor—a sense of humor that is, strangely enough, not German at all but French rather in its lightness, gayety and absence of any moral prejudices. In addition to these things he is a very sporting dog and will chase anything that runs, not minding at all if he looks ridiculous (as he frequently does) in the act. The spirit is all!

Hans had all these qualities. He was as gay as a flattered baby, as ironical as Anatole France, as greedy (when he was hungry) as Pantagruel, and a perfect Jorrocks when out for a walk. And, as I have already said, he had a most sensitive and affectionate heart.

The only part of him that the Conistons did not understand was his irony. They had no irony at all in their own composition, and when a friend of theirs, Mrs. Burrows, said one day, "How delightful it is to see people to whom everyone else's affairs are their own," they agreed smilingly that they were a fortunate family in that respect.

There were occasions when Hans looked at them ironically—once, for instance, when Mrs. Coniston tied a blue bow around his neck at Christmas, once when Mr. Coniston went to a fancy-dress ball for the Distressed Crofters of Scotland dressed as a Bavarian peasant in very tight tights. But he soon discovered that irony was lost upon them and he liked them so much that he forgave them. His gayety they appreciated, for they were themselves (with the exception of Rupert) essentially gay people and laughed at almost everything.

Hans liked to play with them and every evening after supper a chewed and dissipated black ball was produced. This ball was thrown for him by Mr. Coniston, hidden under the bookcase by Mrs. Coniston, and bounced on the floor by Margaret. Hans played this game (it always lasted fifteen minutes exactly by the ormolu drawing-room clock) very prettily and pretended to take it seriously because of his love for them, but his real amusements were quite different. What he truly enjoyed was to exercise his imagination and surprise people.

Hammond and Sutcliffe adored him and would grossly have overfed him had they been able, but Hans realized that, hungry though he might be, true pleasure in food came from delicate choice. He was something of a gourmet, something of a sensualist. Like all sensualists he knew that one must refuse often in order to enjoy much.

Behind his gayety, his irony and his greed was his devotion. He had never loved any other human beings because of his tender youth and, as he grew, love became a necessity of his being. His trustfulness of all the world made him amiable to almost everyone, but the Conistons, even Rupert, commanded his entire devotion. He loved them in this order: Margaret first, Mrs. Coniston next, then Mr. Coniston, lastly Rupert—but he loved them all.

When, for several weeks, Mr. Coniston lay in bed with a stomach complaint (indigestion was his weakness) Hans led a bewildered, apprehensive existence. He could not understand why Mr. Coniston lay in bed, why he groaned, why he, Hans, was prevented from entering the room where Mr. Coniston was. He imagined that some enemy had done this and barked at everyone who came to the house. When Mr. Coniston at last appeared downstairs, very pale, very melancholy, Hans did everything that he could to amuse him. And when Mr. Coniston, at last stirred to life by the injustices of the Moscow trial of the English engineers, woke to activity again and wrote a long letter to the Daily Telegraph, Hans was overjoyed and became a perfect Don Juan in the park.

Such was his life—sheltered, you would say, safe, prosperous. But who is safe in these times? It is a commonplace that what happens in one country dreadfully affects all the others, so close are we today to all our fellow human beings.

What happened in Germany became Hans' tragedy.

I don't know when exactly it was that the Conistons became aware of the Nazis. Because Germany was a Cause therefore everything that happened in Germany was right—until, quite suddenly, everything was wrong.

The Conistons had never considered the Jews very carefully, which was odd because the Jews have been a Cause ever since the beginning of Genesis.

(Continued on page 46)

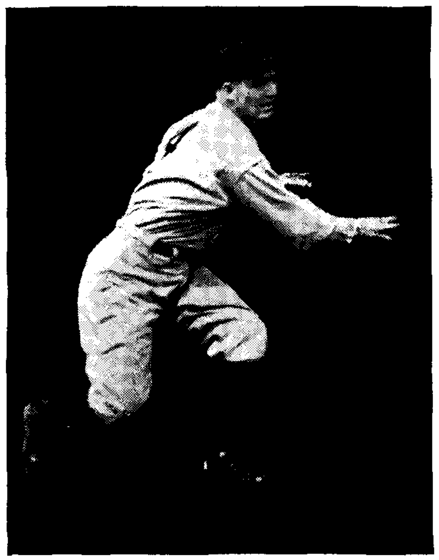
Playing Rookie

By Quentin Reynolds

Meet the new-style rookie, a fellow who uses his head. Here's the season's crop, out for glory and all set for the snakiest pitching. Got the signal?

Keystone

Manager Carey of the Dodgers liked Big Linius Frey (left), a heady lad typical of the new style of baseball rookie. Below him is Red Rolfe, who came from Newark to be a minor sensation in the Yankees' training camp. The third picture in the center column is that of Francis Parker, a fine hitter and a good fielder, who will try to help the Tigers spoil the plans of Washington to repeat this year


Keystone

Steve Larkin pitched 280 innings for Shreveport last year, and so he'll try his hand with Detroit

Keystone

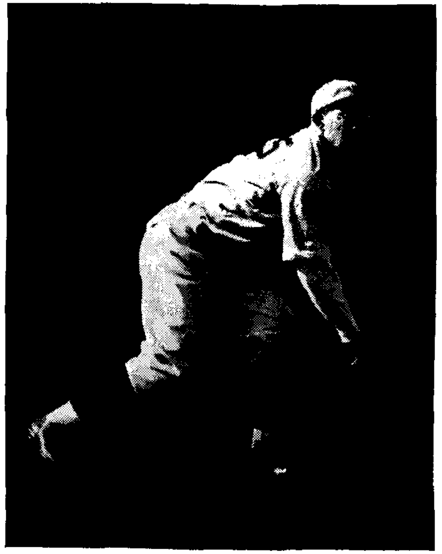
Fritz Ostermueller cost the Red Sox a lot of money, but this portsider looks like a good investment

Keystone

Keystone

Above is George Darrow, a Phillies' recruit and real baseball rarity, a portsider with excellent control

Keystone


Wide World

Johnny Broaca of the Yankees has a fine strike-out record to his credit

LINIUS FREY is a big boy with big hands, and legs which are slightly bowed, and that isn't a bad start at all because when Honus Wagner came up you could have said the same thing about him.

Frey reported to the Dodgers late last season and Max Carey, who was managing the club then, said to him, "Now, kid, the first things you have to learn are the signs. Now, listen . . ."

Carey went on to explain the signals used by the club and the kid listened without saying a word. It takes a veteran a week or so to get all the signs down and sometimes it takes a rookie half a season. Carey went over all the signs with Frey but he didn't figure on using the boy much, so he didn't make any special effort to make him learn them right off.

The next day Brooklyn was playing the Cubs. During the game Jimmy Jordan, the Brooklyn shortstop, broke his wrist and Carey had to stick young Frey in there. Big Guy Bush was burning them across for Chicago and he was very, very hot. The score was tied in the last innings and then Brooklyn got a man on first and one on second. Frey was at bat and there was none out.

Carey hesitated. He felt that he should lift his rookie for a pinch-hitter. Then he decided to take a chance on Frey. Now what should he tell the kid to do? Obviously, with none out a sacrifice hit was called for. That was orthodox baseball—that was what everyone would expect. Then Carey decided on another course. He'd try the hit-and-run.

He sent the hit-and-run signal to the two runners on first and second and both answered with a sign which told Carey that they understood. Big Frey looked expectantly at Carey and Carey gave him the hit-and-run flash. Frey didn't answer. He swung his bat a few times and stalked to the plate. Carey was in a panic. He didn't know whether or not Frey had gotten the signal. Suppose he let that first ball go and two runners, obeying the hit-and-run signal, lit out? They'd probably both get caught.

Just Leave it to Frey

Bush wound up. You could almost see Bush thinking, "This kid will try to sacrifice. He'll probably bunt. I'll give him a curve away outside. He'll never bunt that."

So he let go and there was Carey in a terrible state. Bush let one go high and outside and Frey leaned against it and the ball caromed off the right-field fence for a triple. The two men on base scored and the ball game was on ice.

"Then I remembered," Carey said, "that I had never given Frey the answering signal. I didn't want to give him too much at first. But he got my hit-and-run sign all right and he belted that ball beautifully. A smart kid, that Frey. Watch him this year."

Frey is typical of the new style of rookie now breaking into the big leagues. The Elmer the Greats have gone the way of the antimacassar and the five-cent cigar, for baseball is no longer a game of weak minds and strong arms.

Every team has at least one Frey trying to break in this season. Some of them may be the baseball greats of the future. Most of them will bloom for a bit and then wither under the hot fire of competition, hard-baked diamonds and curve-ball pitching. You'd need an Aladdin's Lamp to discover the future of a rookie. Right now managers are enthusiastic about the youngsters who have survived the rigors of a southern training season, but managers are likewise cautious about going on record with definite opinions about these youngsters who have been labeled "another Honus Wagner," "another Babe Ruth" or "another Christy Mathewson."

Look over the newcomers. Let's consider a few of them. We've seen them play in the south. We've watched them in the early season games. But at best we're only guessing when we predict that they will ultimately make good.

A Ball Player in the Making

There is Red Rolfe, now. Well, if you must know, it's Robert Abial Rolfe and where that Abial came from not even Red knows. He was born in Penacook, New Hampshire, and the names those New Hampshirites give their favorite sons are something dreadful. Rolfe went to Penacook High School, then to Exeter and thence to Dartmouth, and this robust intellectual background has helped Red to parse a ball batted to his right and to multiply a curve ball into three bases without the use of logarithm tables. Rolfe was born a Yankee and he's a Yankee today, and, if you believe smart baseball men, a Yankee he'll remain for many a July Fourth.

They'd done a great job with Rolfe. He stepped from the Dartmouth ball team right to Albany where they taught

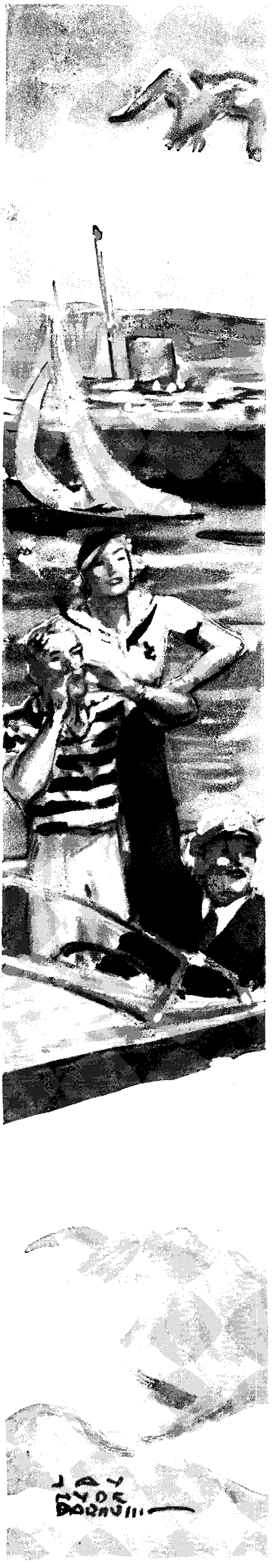
(Continued on page 37)

Treasure-Bound

Wherein Douglass Penness and a girl meet strangely—a story which may, possibly, cause old Sordna, the buccaneer, many a chuckle. Who knows?

By James Warner Bellah

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum



IT WAS a terrific great boat with a Vespasian swimming pool on A Deck—with a Pindar lounge and a smoke-room named Grenville—and Mr. Douglass Penness distrusted it.

However, after the massed mink-coated and rye-whiskied hysteria of sailing, it floated. But it was too far from the water for Mr. Penness, so he went below, wondering vaguely if the multiple air vents in the public rooms and the cabins were designed, as an afterthought by the owners, to supply sea air to the passengers who were so far above the water.

There was a very amazing young woman in the green-gold and maple marquetry lift with him, as Mr. Penness went to his cabin. Between A and C Decks, Mr. Penness noticed that she was dressed so beautifully that you couldn't tell what she had on. In fact, she was the only woman he had seen who apparently had not felt in duty bound to pay the boat a return compliment. He noticed that her face was not a mural painting but a rather delicate bit of authentic sculpture, built up from within with a certain individual character, by God and a few ancestors. There was a nose, for instance, short, straight and to the point of being a nose—with a definite nostril, cut definitely. There were eyes of a very clear blue that were intended primarily to look out of with some dignity and worldly assurance—not to be drooled into at the second daiquiri when the moon was high.

He noticed a mouth and a chin and he made a mental note to the effect that she would kiss somebody some day, and no one else ever again—and he felt sorry for her for he knew his world. He noticed that there was a lithe oneness to her body, and he saw behind her the smirking shades of a dozen roistering swordsmen who had culled from the world, in their time, all the available beauty of womanhood and forged it, through the generations, into one splendid entity, armed it with their eyes, and gone off to Valhalla roaring with indecent laughter.

ALL that in twenty-four seconds. At C Deck, Mr. Penness got off hurriedly without looking back and burrowed up a passage to his cabin and sent out his laundry, for he was thirty-two and susceptible, and he loved his freedom.

There was a matter of some forty steamers in Mr. Penness' past—a kaleidoscopic memory of smoke rooms and saloons and stewards' faces from the China Sea to Aden, from Cartagena to the Whangpoo—and thirty-nine of them had strengthened a resolve within him to beware the boat deck, the moon, and single girls afloat. Beyond the porthole were the snow and the keen knife winds of the November Hudson—the tumult and the shouting of New York.

A very few hours ahead was the quiet simplicity of out-of-season Nassau—Nassau of the blue waters and the white beaches, Nassau of the quiet nights and the ancient English pomp of Empire, pocket size, tinned for overseas consumption like a box of English Christmas toffee. As startling in the Caribbean as a yule log and holly wreaths. As permanent and complacent as a strutting piper in the streets of Kingussie.

When the silver notes of the dinner bugle rang out, there was a lift to the deck underfoot—an exhilarating liveness—the firm pressure of the open sea. It carried Mr. Penness in its long even arc of roll—and as he walked, a faint gleeful creak raced through the passages ahead of him.

AT THE saloon entrance the Third Steward came toward him and bowed.

"Penness," said Mr. Penness.

The Third Steward said, "Yes, sir—with your sister, sir." He noticed Mr. Penness' one stud and his cummerbund and the sleek bosom of his shirt, registered a mental five-dollar bill and led him down to a table for two on the starboard side forward. And the girl of the lift was at the table.

"Good evening," she said. And after a moment— "A brother is rather a new experience for me. You'll have to pardon me if it takes getting used to."

Mr. Penness stared at her. "Good evening," he said, and sat down. She was in a simple black dinner gown; her hair, Mr. Penness observed, was an Athena cabasset of tooled gold.

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Penness took the menu that the table man held for him, "what was it you said about a brother?"

"I said that having one was a new experience."

"I see," Mr. Penness said. The menu was, in part, a passenger list—the first part. And as he glanced at it, his eye jumped immediately to the P's and his own name—as do the eyes of all of us. And he saw Mr. Douglass Penness—Nassau, N. P., with, directly under it, Miss Gyshia Penness—Nassau, N. P., and he stared at her again.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but is your name Penness too, by any chance?"

"No," she said, "not by any chance—by quite definite design. My father's name was Penness—and he was married to my mother."

Mr. Penness laughed. "But, look here—I didn't arrange for this table. You believe that?"

"I'm inclined to," she said.

"Thanks. Consommé," he said to the waiter, "roast beef—very rare, Brussels sprouts, a baked potato, and Gorgonzola cheese, and a demi-tasse." He closed the menu and looked at the girl.

"Now then," he said, "you'll have to forgive me if I seem impertinent, but I have labored in the smug belief that I am the last and undoubtedly the least of the nefarious House of Penness, and it is somewhat disturbing to find that I'm not."

"But you probably are," she said. "My name is not really Penness. My great grandfather shortened it by an act of the South Carolinian legislature, from Pennesstoun, for he refused to have it inferred that he was speaking Scotch when he pronounced his name. He was Bledsoe Penness née Pennesstoun."

"But that makes it even worse," Mr. Penness pointed a firm finger at the girl. "So was my great grandfather! Now then—quickly—tell me what the Hussars captured at Waterloo and what Lieutenant Pennesstoun is supposed to have brought off as his personal loot."

The girl laughed. "I know," she nodded several times, still laughing. "This is too ridiculous."

"Tell me," he commanded.

"The Hussars captured Napoleon's carriage near Quatre Bras—"

"Go on!"

"And Douglass Pennesstoun took from it a small intimate vessel of silver, with Napoleon's crown and N on it—a vessel with a handle on it; and I'll tell you something about it that you don't know—it still sits on the mess table to this day—as the main piece of mess silver." She was laughing so she could hardly talk, and he was laughing with her and nodding and wiping his eyes furiously.

"You know Major Bell in Nassau—you've heard him tell that—"

"Of course I know him—everybody knows Hugh."

"OH, THIS is splendid," Mr. Penness chuckled. "I know who you are now. You must be the granddaughter of Carter Penness. He's marked died without issue in the records. Everything else is tied up tight from the Hussar down, with birth dates and gravestone inscriptions, except Carter. Carter went over into Kentucky with Boone and never came back."

"He went farther," the girl said. "My father was born in Dodge City—but old Carter must have told him about Napoleon's—"

"Potty," said Mr. Penness.

"Potty," laughed the girl, "for my father told it to me when I was six years old, and I had to stay in after school once, for telling it to the history class. It's funny," she was suddenly serious, "that you never knew my father. We practically lived in Nassau for years. He was Howard Peyton Penness—he wrote plays."

Mr. Penness shook his head.

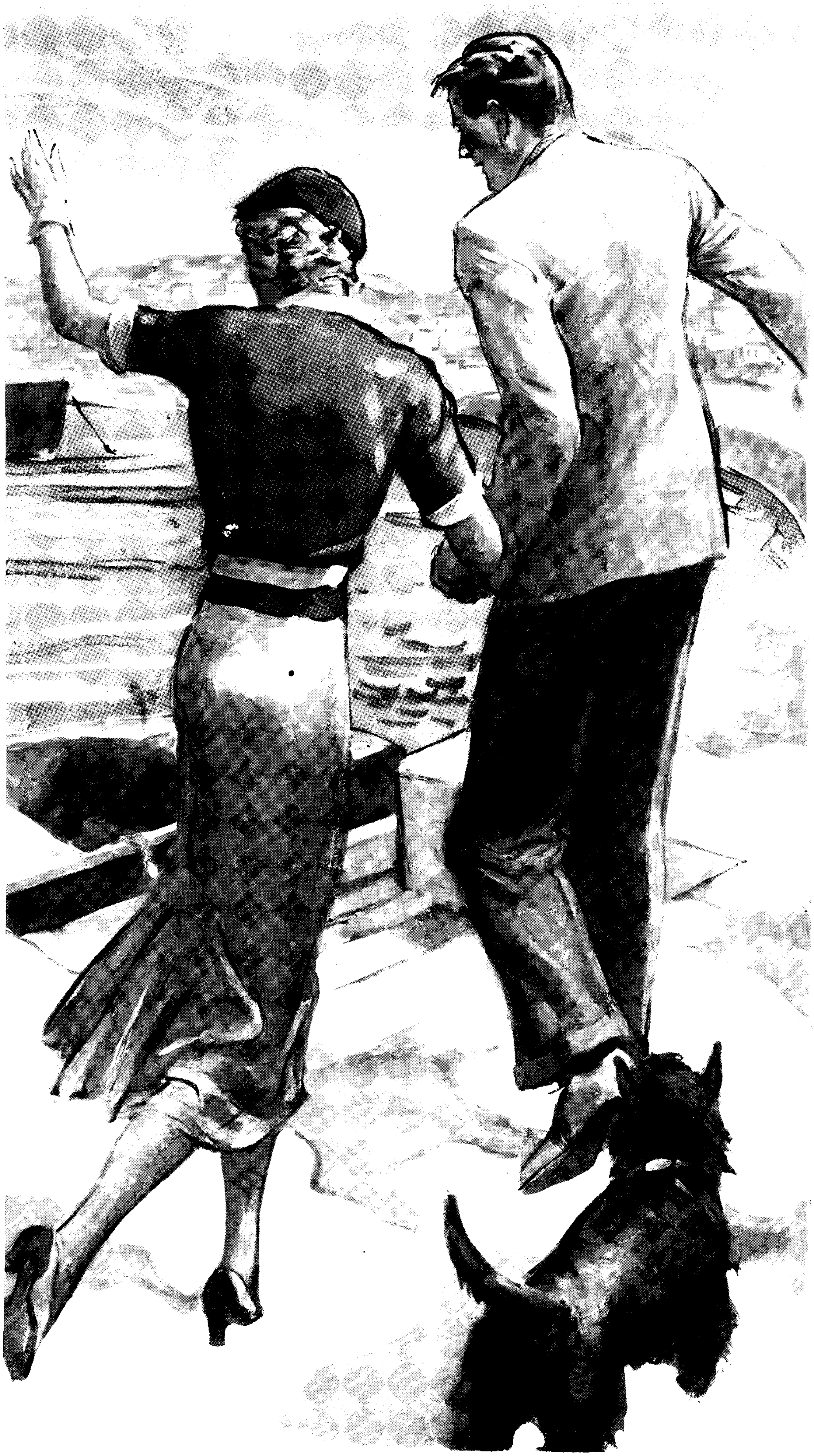
"The Bachelor," she told him, "and The Seventh Son."

"I haven't been in the States long enough to go to the theater—for years."

"Those would be before your time anyway," she said complacently. "But they were great plays. They carried him from the Old Knickerbocker to the Lambs Club on their shoulders the night The Seventh Son opened."

"Well, now—just a moment—it must have been before your time, too."

"I was a little girl—but I remember a lot of it. You see," she looked down



Pat and Gyshia ran down to meet them, hand in hand. Somebody at the rail said: "That's Tony Biddolph's boat"

at her fingertips, "I was always with my father—until—he died."

"Oh, come," Penness looked at her, "we shouldn't have gotten on this subject. That father of yours must have been a splendid person. Please don't talk about him. It hurts you. I've a theory about those things. It's taken me eighteen pretty awful months to work it out. You must draw an absolute curtain in your mind—and you must never think of the actual death—the actual parting. That must be wiped out forever by will power. You must have two pictures only. One of the person living, and one of a neat little celestial bistro somewhere beyond the curtain. A warm, cozy little pub, full of all the grand souls who have passed. There is a fire blazing on the hearth, and the bartender is fat and benign, there is pipe smoke in the air—and there is mulled ale ordered for you—just waiting for you to drop by and join the company."

They were looking into each other's eyes—solemnly.

"Thank you," she said after a moment. "You didn't have to say all that. You said it through kindness. Thank you."

"Nonsense," he snorted. "Let's go topside and have a brandy."

A YOUNG man burst out of one of the sun-deck suites—a sublimely tailored young man—burst out with a spontaneous exuberance of muscular energy and stopped dead on his toes, his arms suddenly thrown high above his head, fingers spread like starfish—eyes wide open with joy.

"Gy!" he roared at the girl and grabbed her suddenly by the elbows, lifting her straight up from the deck with a quick sweep as one lifts a child. "Gy—you little blond rascal—why didn't you tell me you were on this boat—what's the meaning of all this mystery in your life—when are you going to marry me?"

"It's all right." The girl nodded to Penness. "My friend is slightly deranged. Cast off forward, Pat, and put me down." The young man did so and put both fists on his hips.

"Now then," he growled, "speak!"

"Why didn't you tell me you were on the boat?"

"I?" Pat made a gesture of tapping her belligerently on the wishbone. "I would like to know how anyone could tell *you* anything since you've been in trade. Actually—" he turned to Penness for his sympathy—"actually, I say—this blond wretch goes dashing about in a jumper and a tweed skirt, answering telephones and riding in the subway—probably even wears horn-rimmed spectacles—"

"Mr. Bushnell—Mr. Penness."

Pat wrung Penness' hand fiercely. "Listen to me, Penness—in a tweed skirt, I say, and never has a moment for old friends. Won't go to lunch—won't go to dinner—never in—always busy. I ask you—is that any way to treat a pal? But we'll take care of that. You two go in to the smoke-room and sit down—I've got to go down and feed Broker his dinner. They won't let

(Continued on page 56)

Mayor's Day In

By Walter Davenport

No one in Pittsburgh was more startled by the last municipal election than Mr. William Nissley McNair. Mr. McNair had been elected. His inauguration as mayor was followed by a rapid exodus of robber chiefs from the City-County Building. Now Mr. McNair has hung out his shingle and, armed with literature on the single tax, is prepared to meet all comers. Have a pamphlet

Ifor Thomas

Ifor Thomas

William N. McNair, Pittsburgh's new mayor, with Mrs. McNair, at the desk in City Hall lobby from which he proposed to take on all comers, and above, in the private office to which he quickly retreated. Also above, 83-year-old F. W. Maguire, whose chief job is to spread printed single-tax gospel in the wake of the mayor's words

ALONG about the middle of the afternoon Mr. William Nissley McNair, mayor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, did precisely what his secretary had been predicting all day: he arrived in his office. But there was something in his manner that suggested that his arrival was merely incidental, even accidental. The stranger gathered that Mr. McNair might very well have shown up somewhere else; that his appearance in his office was not born of a grim determination to be about the affairs of state but of a passing whim to see what sort of nonsense might be going on. He seemed a bit skeptical, acknowledging with meager and doubtful nods the oily salutations of the crowd.

In his right hand there was a large red apple which Mr. McNair was devouring noisily, sinking his teeth deep and breaking off large hunks with moist crunches. Its mate filled his left hand, waiting its turn. It is wholly likely that when he left home that morning he had worn two rubbers, one on each foot. He had but one on now, a situation to which his attention was drawn by a large lady who had come to assure His Honor that he had erred when he had said through the public press that nobody in Pittsburgh knew how to make *Schnitz und Knepp*, his favorite food, a combination of ham, apples and dumplings. *Schnitz und Knepp* is alleged in central Pennsylvania to be a boss dish, although one uninitiated, upon beholding it for the first time fresh from the stove, has some difficulty in escaping the impression that somebody had been there before him.

About the rubbers, however, Mr. McNair was lofty. He verified the lady's report by looking intently at each foot, one after the other. Then, deciding that it was a matter of no importance whatsoever, he proceeded to his office, ignoring a suggestion from the crowd that both rubbers might be on the same foot.

A caller—a stranger to the mayor—was sitting at his desk chewing moistly on a dead cigar and holding forth upon the municipal evils concentrated in the person of a lady named Madge, who, one gathered, was out for no good to the male population of Pittsburgh. When Mr. McNair had pushed his way through the crowd this enemy of Madge's scrambled out of His Honor's chair.

"Don't hurry," said Mr. McNair mildly, "don't hurry. You can probably fill that chair as well as I do. If you can't you don't amount to much."

Hard on Mr. McNair's heels and surprisingly agile for a man of eighty-three came Mr. Francis W. Maguire, offering to all and sundry single-tax tracts by the late Henry George and that stout physiocrat's disciples. Mr. Maguire had no trouble finding takers. Indeed, several of the pamphlet receivers began at once to read therefrom to their neighbors in sturdy voices, frowning solemnly. Mr. McNair is a single-taxer and it is well if you would engage him in conversation on anything from *Schnitz und Knepp* to the weather that you be armed with a few of Mr. George's fundamentals. It is Mr. McNair's firm conviction that in the acceptance of the single-tax theory lies the solution of all humanity's problems—unemployment, poverty, wealth, personal and governmental corruption, war, budget-balancing, over- and under-production, malnutrition, nervous indigestion and similar abnormalities. For many years Mr. Maguire has been following Mr. McNair around, spreading the printed word in the wake of Mr. McNair's exhortations. Thus this pentecostal downpour of single tax upon the crowd that greeted him.

A Solution for Everything

Once at his desk, Mr. McNair takes on all comers. No matter what you happen to have on your mind, you are at complete liberty to lug it to Mr. McNair's office and unload it. There is no guarantee that Mr. McNair will do anything about it. To the contrary, it is wholly likely that he will assure you he knows as little about it as you do but that, under the single-tax system, it wouldn't have happened. While I mingled with the throng in his outer offices, awaiting an opportunity to wedge myself into his presence, the place took on the aspects of a bureau of general information.

A small, middle-aged Negro clinging to a huge canvas-telescope valise was inquiring where "a gentleman of good education could obtain a quiet room at student rates." He was equally given to economics and piccolo playing, he explained, but practiced both "in good taste." A lady wanted to know whether Pittsburgh dressmakers were reliable. A committee of gentlemen insisted upon seeing the mayor in person because they "represented two going manufacturing concerns who would locate in Pittsburgh providing the city would invest a hundred thousand dollars in them." An inventor appeared with a proposal to equip the city and county offices with doors "which would not open between the hours of nine and noon and one and five." The theory was that such devices would keep the employees in and

Ifor Thomas

Top, Mayor McNair, all slicked up to meet President Roosevelt, and the delegation of Pennsylvanians who did the slicking up and the presenting. Below, the author, Walter Davenport, talking with Mr. McNair

Apples, sandwiches and other tidbits are indispensable adjuncts to mayoring, in the opinion of Mr. McNair, who is seldom without them

the nuisances out. A Mr. Samset wanted a job. Mr. McNair looked at Mr. Samset with some interest. What sort of a job? Well, Mr. Samset was willing to tackle anything but was best at digging. What sort of digging? After some deliberation Mr. Samset said that as far as he knew there was no sort of digging that he wasn't pretty good at.

"Well," sighed Mr. McNair, "if you want to dig for Pittsburgh you've got to take an examination. How far is it to China?"

All in a Day's Work

Mr. Samset admitted candidly that he had never given the matter a thought.

"All right," said Mr. McNair, "then tell me how far it is to the moon."

Mr. Samset looked somewhat hurt, saying that he was just a plain digger.

"Maybe so," said Mr. McNair, "but if you are going to dig for our money that's the kind of question the examiners will ask you. Here, Maguire, give this poor man a few pamphlets."

Mr. Samset departed, looking a trifle frustrated but well equipped with Mr. McNair's favorite facts.

The crowd had grown larger and the atmosphere was getting a bit peppery with arguments about precedence and the urgency of the various businesses which Mr. McNair was to be asked to attend. Mr. McNair, a spare, fidgety man, was getting restive. But somehow he managed to maintain outward calm. To expedite matters he was receiving two callers or delegations at a time.

"I hope the President's program accomplishes what he hopes for," said Mr. McNair to the man at his right. "All these things could be accomplished with the single tax, the land tax. Who owns the land, anyway? Who is justly entitled to its use? The land should be common property of all the people and— What do you want?"

The question was aimed at a delegation of four durable-looking citizens with army haircuts. They all wore black overcoats and white mufflers and held derby hats clasped to their stomachs. One of them spoke up in a hoarse whisper. A lady had done him wrong to the extent of twenty dollars. He went into some detail, all of it nice and interesting. But Mr. McNair looked apathetic. Had the victim laid the matter before the police? He had, but the sympathy of the police tended toward the lady. Mr. McNair said that he had no proof that the police were not peculiarly right in this and waved the delegation off with a bit of philosophical advice:

"Put it down to education. Education's costly but worth it if it sticks."

The delegation straggled out, but not until Mr. Maguire had stuffed Henry George into their pockets.

A Mr. Wesofsky barged up to the desk. Mr. Wesofsky was an advertising man. He had read in the papers that Mr. McNair had said that the city needed such a man and would pay four thousand dollars a year to the right one. Mr. Wesofsky was frank to admit that he was that person—made no bones about it.

"You don't say," said Mr. McNair. "All right. Let's say I'm from Cincinnati. Go on now and give me a sales talk on why I should move my factory to Pittsburgh. I'm waiting."

Clearly Mr. Wesofsky was taken unawares.

"Well," said he, "as to that— Just a minute, Mr. Mayor, just a minute."

"All right," said Mr. McNair. "What do you know about single tax?"

"Nothing," admitted Mr. Wesofsky. "But give me five minutes and I'll have it."

"Is that so?" scoffed His Honor. "Well, I've been studying it twenty-five years and don't know it all yet. You get out and come back when you know all about single tax and give me a sales talk on Pittsburgh."

You Can't Cram on Single Tax

Mr. Wesofsky returned while the mayor was explaining to a lady that there was absolutely nothing he could do about milk wagons that ran up on the sidewalk and nipped three pickets out of her front fence.

"Shoot, Mr. Mayor," said Mr. Wesofsky.

"What's economic rent?"

"Economic rent?" sparred Mr. Wesofsky. "Oh, that. That's rent on ground or land."

"Is that so?" said Mr. McNair indignantly. "Listen. Go to Peabody High School and take a three months' course with Professor Miller. Who's next?"

We might go on indefinitely like this because practically everything that had happened in the preceding forty-eight hours was being dragged into the mayor's office and subjected to oratory. But while a windy opponent of the Gary System, which we had thought was as dead as single tax, was groping into a valise for a memorandum on something Andrew W. Mellon is supposed to have said to Herbert Hoover on Memorial Day, 1930, Mr. McNair salvaged his hat from the litter of his desk and departed. The faithful Mr. Maguire and a whole bagful of Henry George followed him.

"And don't spit on the rug," was Mr. McNair's parting admonition to the crowd. "That rug cost the city of Pittsburgh enough money to keep an honest family in luxury for a year. Your taxes paid for it, so give it a break."

A Candidate Who Couldn't Lose

Last November, Mr. McNair was elected mayor of Pittsburgh for a variety of substantial reasons, amongst which was that he happened to be running on the Democratic ticket. Without detracting a jot from Mr. McNair's worth it may be said that virtually anyone else running in his place might have won. Yet, no one except his wife and children was more surprised than he. For thirty years Mr. McNair had been running for office with a lack of success hard to match. For thirty years he had walked the streets of his adopted city and the roads of Allegheny County twanging away on his solitary string—single tax. In impressive numbers the voters ignored him and it was his custom, after the ballots had been counted (although the counting was really a sinful waste of time), to repair to his dingy office across from the City-County Building and, while Mr. Maguire read Henry George in fine sonorous voice, resume his pleasant avocation of writing single-tax letters to the public forum columns of the newspapers. He was his own stenographer.

It must not be assumed that his election signified an acceptance of the single-tax theory by the voters. It is admitted in Pittsburgh—and with reason—that not one in a thousand voters that made him mayor knew the difference between single tax and left hook. Moreover, some of his managers, sharing this blissful ignorance, were at some pains to delete all mention of single

(Continued on page 38)

Not Dictated

A mischievous, deceiving, graceless, immoral young woman was what he called her. But he was only partly right

By Ben Ames Williams

ALEXANDER WAGGONER, of Waggoner and Dale, importers of fine fabrics—no one ever called him Alec unless they knew him very well indeed—was dictating a letter, and Elizabeth Barclay—practically everyone called her Bess—was recording this letter in her notebook with conventionally eccentric pencil strokes. It was half past four in the afternoon, and the day was Friday, and fair. The sun shone through the west windows of the office with a disturbing brilliancy.

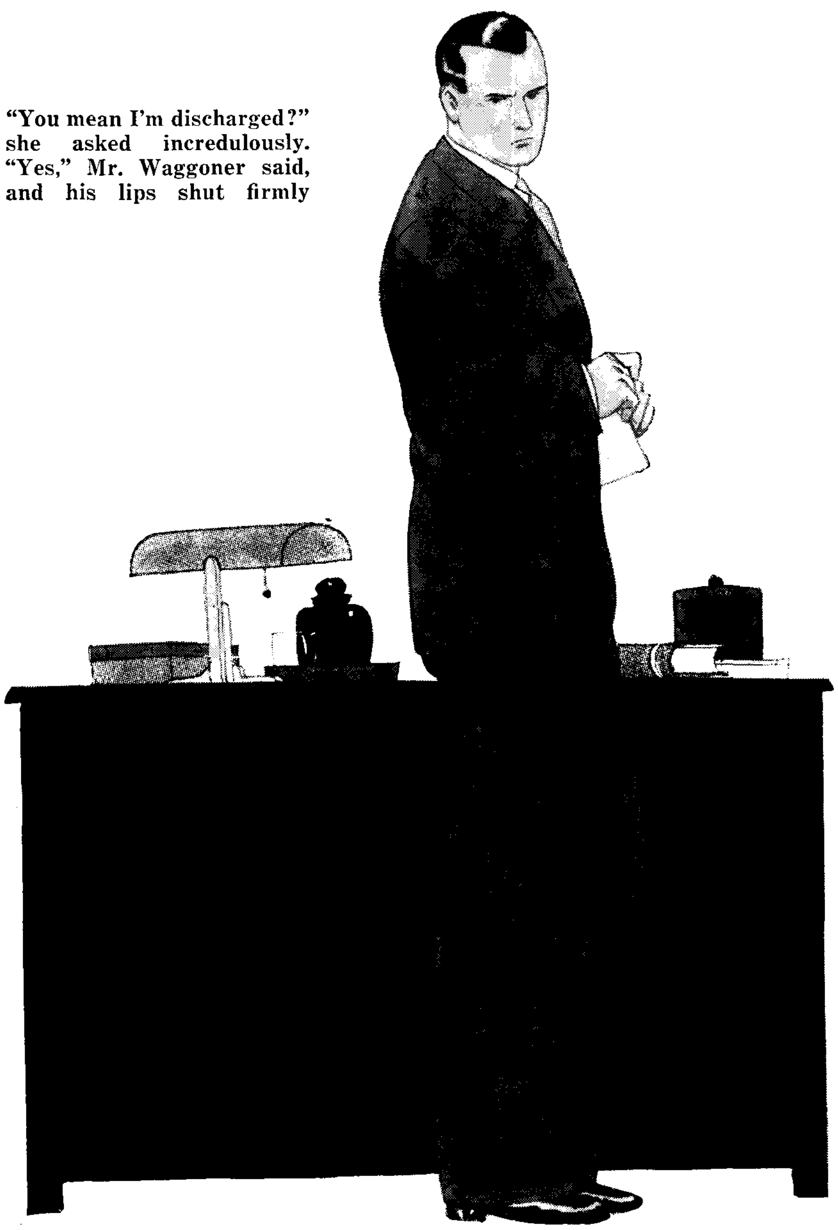
"Yours very truly," concluded Alexander Waggoner. Miss Barclay, in lieu of these words, inscribed in her notebook a character like the numeral "2" with the tail tipped upward at a forty-five-degree angle. Then while Mr. Waggoner considered the next letter before beginning to dictate a reply, she watched him.

Bess liked to watch Mr. Waggoner. She liked the suggestion of red in his hair, and the way his lips met. She liked the cut of his coat, the crease in his trousers, the polish on his shoes. She watched him now till his eyes lifted to hers again, and then, before he began to speak, she bent over her notebook and wrote that numeral "2" with the pertly tilted tail three times, very rapidly.

"Yours very truly! Yours very truly! Yours very truly!!!"

And her cheeks turned faintly pink. Mr. Waggoner noticed this but he thought it was the sun.

"M-hm," he said, clearing his throat, and he began. Miss Barclay's eyes were on her notebook now, so that he was free, while he dictated, to watch her as a moment ago she had inspected him. He too found things to approve: the faint waviness of her brown hair, the graceful roundness of her shoulders, the way her neck curved as she bent above her work, the smoothness of her hands.



"You mean I'm discharged?" she asked incredulously. "Yes," Mr. Waggoner said, and his lips shut firmly

THE letter became somewhat longer than its subject matter required, because his thoughts were more concerned with the exact color of her hair than with the words he uttered. But he finished at last. "Yours very truly," he said, and Miss Barclay, with the suggestion of a smile at the corners of her mouth, wrote "2" and underscored it heavily. Then she raised calm eyes to his.

This had been going on for an hour. Mr. Waggoner dictated and watched Miss Barclay while he did so; and between letters, she watched him. And whenever Mr. Waggoner said "Yours very truly," Miss Barclay either underscored the phrase in her notes or wrote it several unnecessary times for very good measure. Her eyes were bright and gay. She seemed to be enjoying some secret, happy jest very much indeed.

Mr. Waggoner was entirely unconscious of her periodic scrutiny of him; but Miss Barclay was acutely and pleasantly conscious of the fact that he watched her. Sometimes when he dictated a very long letter, under the pressure of his gaze her cheeks began to burn and her hand to tremble, and then she was likely to have trouble reading her notes afterward. But, on the whole, Mr. Waggoner found her a thoroughly efficient stenographer. In fact he had before this instructed Miss Teeman, who was in charge of his office force, that Miss Barclay should be sent to him whenever he rang. Miss Teeman had raised her brow at the order; for this was a departure from his accustomed routine. It had been his rule, before Miss Barclay's time, to take stenographers as they came, or rather as Miss Teeman sent them in to him.

"I do not even wish to know their names," he had once explained. "A business man's stenographer should be in his eyes a machine, not an individual!"

But he had by his actions eaten these words long ago. Miss Barclay was distinctly an individual, and he acknowledged this to himself, yet he salved his conscience by reminding himself that she was a conspicuously good stenographer; and also it seemed to him he thought more clearly when he could watch her smooth brown head.

IT WAS since discovering her abilities that he had begun to postpone his correspondence till afternoon. It did not occur to Alexander Waggoner that he put off this hour of dictation to Miss Barclay till the end of the day from very much the same motive which actuates a child to save the icing of his cake to the last.

Bess, however, was more acute than he. She had some pleased suspicion of the truth.

Nevertheless, the relations between these two were rigidly conventional. When the dictation was done, Miss Barclay, rising without comment, would close her notebook and walk quietly away. In this moment of her departure his eyes were apt to follow her. He liked the way she crossed to the office door, liked the way she turned to look back for the briefest instant, as though to be sure he had forgotten nothing, before she closed the door behind her.

Upon this particular Friday afternoon, however, the routine was disturbed.

The dictation over, Bess rose quietly; she gathered up her pencils; she closed her notebook; she walked across the office toward the door. She reached the door and opened it; and, about to close it behind her, she glanced back at him, as she always did.

And then she stopped, and hesitated for a moment, and at last asked: "Is there—something else, Mr. Waggoner?" For there had been, beyond any question, something unuttered in his eyes.

He coughed suddenly. He said: "M-hm!" And he swallowed hard, and even though the light was behind him she saw that his face was extremely red. He inquired:

"Are you—engaged this evening?"

Bess stood very still for what seemed a long time, and she smiled with a secret excitement; but she said at last:

"As it happens, I am dining with—"

He shook his head, hurriedly. "It doesn't matter," he told her, and seemed to sigh almost with relief.

"WHY?" she suggested almost maliciously, watching him with the faintest possible mirth in her eyes.

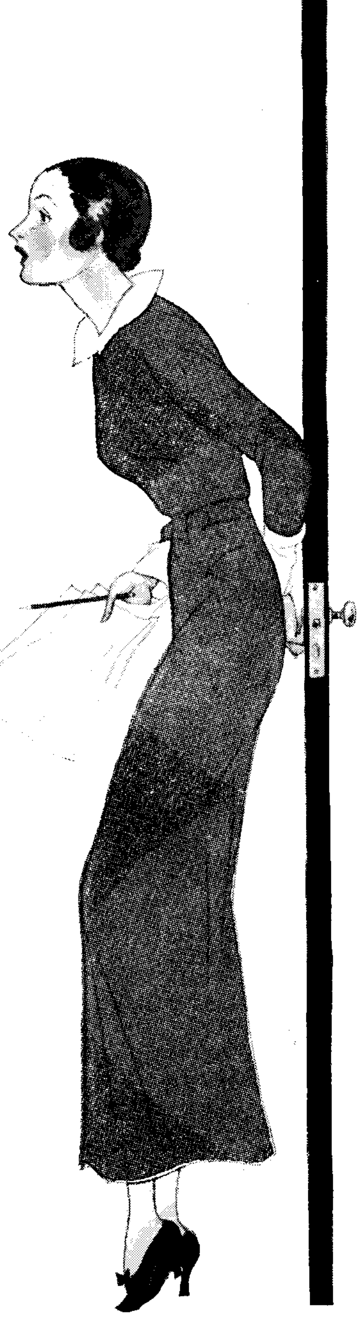
"I may wish to dictate for a while tonight," he declared hastily, and he was certainly crimson now. "It occurred to me you might not mind working overtime."

"I can stay, of course," she assured him.

He shook his head with an unnecessary violence. "Oh, no," he protested. "No, by no means!" And he explained: "In any case, I should not be ready till late, eight or nine o'clock. M-hm! No."

His confusion was a painful thing to see.

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



Bess closed the door upon him mercifully, and took the notebook to her desk. She closed the desk and went to the locker-room for her hat and jacket.

When she reappeared ready to depart, she met Miss Teeman in the corridor. Miss Teeman was a spare, calm woman who had been with Mr. Waggoner's father. Bess said to her, unnecessarily: "I'm going now. Unless there's something else?"

Miss Teeman nodded, as though consenting to this departure; but she looked at Miss Barclay thoughtfully. "That is a strikingly becoming hat," she suggested. Her tone did not imply a compliment.

Bess smiled. "But he never sees me when I have it on," she pointed out, answering the other's thought rather than her words. "Good afternoon, Miss Teeman!"

And she turned away. She went directly home to change, because she was to have dinner with Aunt Caroline.

AUNT CAROLINE was a spinster in her fifties, and she lived on the Avenue in an extremely modern apartment hotel; and her suite had silver furniture, and gold and black curtains on the windows, and gilt paper on the mirrored walls. Bess used to tease her about these walls.

"They make me feel like a goldfish in a globe," she told Aunt Caroline when she arrived this afternoon. "I can never get over thinking that I'm expected to swim languidly to and fro and open and shut my mouth in a vapid sort of way."

"I like them!" said Aunt Caroline firmly.

Bess laughed softly. "Of course," she assented. "But there's a sort of immoral grandeur about them. Every time I come here I feel utterly sinister and wickedly enticing. The very street number is risqué. It's never the place a person would expect to find a respectable spinster like you. Now if you were the other kind. . . ." She chuckled. "I saw the most glorious creature in the elevator, with five orchids on a mink coat!"

Aunt Caroline nodded contentedly. "The place is as full of them as a Follies cast!" she agreed, with a relish. "I don't suppose, aside from myself, there's another respectable woman in the building!"

The girl smiled. "If I didn't know you, my dear, I'd suspect you of all sorts of infamous things." She pretended to frown. "That bed of yours is shocking! No really decent woman would sleep in a bed eight feet wide, with silk sheets and canopies."

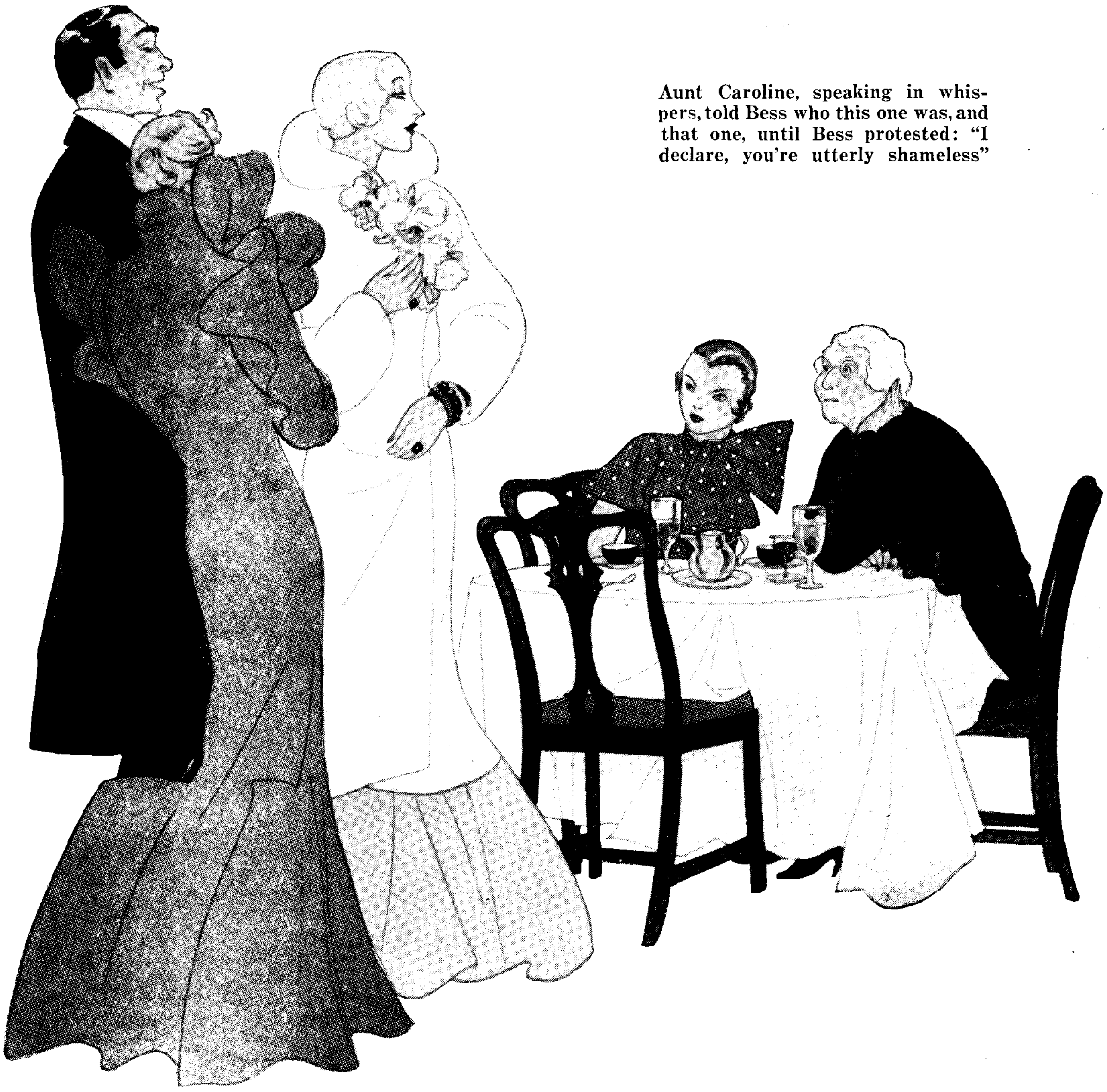
She swung to the nearest mirror—there were mirrors everywhere—to remove her hat, and paused to consider her own reflection. "Do you see anything improper in this hat?" she asked.

"You'll become blind in one eye if you wear it long enough," Aunt Caroline predicted. "Otherwise it appears all right."

"I'm not considering its effect on my optics!" Bess assured her. "The question of its moral character is the point at issue. Miss Teeman told me it was a scandalous hat, this afternoon." She pulled it off her head and tossed it aside and put her hair in order. "I promised not to let him see me wearing it," she explained.

Aunt Caroline made a gesture of disgust. "The woman's a fool!" she remarked. "I suppose she'd like to make the office into a monastery."

Bess laughed gently. "Convent, you mean, darling. But she's not so bad," she declared. "As long as we arrive on time, and don't leave too soon, and keep our phone numbers and addresses up to date in the office directory. . . . She has to protect him from designing wenches, you see."



Aunt Caroline, speaking in whispers, told Bess who this one was, and that one, until Bess protested: "I declare, you're utterly shameless"

Aunt Caroline watched her thoughtfully. "And how is Mr. Waggoner?" she inquired in a politely noncommittal tone.

"He seems very well, thank you very much," Bess assured her. She found a cigarette and lighted it and sat down, smiling to herself. "He came as near as anything to making improper advances to his stenographer this afternoon." She laughed under her breath. "I was greedy! I suppose he saw it, saw how pleased I was; because he got frightfully red and changed his mind."

"That young man," said Aunt Caroline grimly, "is a fool!"

BUT Bess smiled and shook her head. "No," she said. "No, he isn't!" And she explained: "He asked whether I was busy this evening. I affected a maidenly reluctance, told him I was dining with you. He literally snatched at that, as though my previous engagement had saved his life. It was most unflattering! I offered to cancel my date, but he said no." She laughed. "Next time," she declared, "I shall jump down his throat the minute he opens his mouth, before he has time to get scared!"

Aunt Caroline made a sniffling sound. "I declare, Bess," she said. "It's hard for me to understand your feeling for that young man. Nothing you tell me about him makes him seem in the least attractive. But I suppose you know your own mind. You ought to, after all this time."

Bess nodded, and her eyes were twinkling. "I do!" she said. "I'm pining away. . . ."

"You're as bad as he is," the older woman assured her. "If you love him, why don't you make him love you?"

"Oh, he does," Bess demurely declared.

"Then make him tell you so," Aunt Caroline insisted. "Have you tried wearing sheer stockings? Your shoes are always nice, but your stockings are severe. And your office dresses. . . ."

"Oh, they're regulation," Bess reminded her. "Miss Teeman is the censor, you know. The theory seems to be that no distracting beauty must enter the office during business hours. Mr. Waggoner, I am given to understand, must be protected. It is to be assumed that he is almost violently susceptible. So the fact that—stenographers have slender ankles, and nice shoulders, and other things must be concealed from him."

"Stenographers!" Aunt Caroline protested, with some violence. "That's the most absurd part of the whole business. Why you should choose to do typewriting. . . ."

"Bed and board, darling," Bess reminded her gravely.

"Nonsense," said Aunt Caroline. "I can manage an extra crust, and a blanket on the couch in my bedroom, if it comes to that. Your father. . . ."

"Was charming and most improvident," Bess finished. "But his daughter is an exceptionally good stenographer, thank you very much, and manages to paddle her own canoe very well indeed, in her modest way."

"His daughter may be an exceptional stenographer," Aunt Caroline retorted grimly. "But in other respects. . . . A woman who doesn't know how to bring a man to the point. . . ."

Bess made wide eyes at her. "Are you telling me?" she protested in amusement.

The little old woman made a vehement gesture. "Idiot!" she exclaimed. "You can't attract a man by trying to cut yourself to the pattern he admires. You must be everything he disapproves! If he's a rake, be virtuous; if he is virtuous, be wayward and flighty." She added: "Not too much so, of course! It is the young-ladies-about-to-be-damned whom good men rescue. Man's a natural reformer, Bess. You must. . . ."

Bess repeated in affectionate derision: "Are you telling me?"

AUNT CAROLINE'S tone had an edge. "I hate slang catch words, and particularly that one!" she declared. "It's quite true I never married. But the most skillful hunter may come home empty-handed if he sees no trophy worth his while."

Her tone suddenly was shaken; and the girl moved in swift contrition to her side, touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry," she whispered, her touch a caress and an apology. "You shouldn't have been so particular, darling. But don't worry about Alec and me," she insisted. "There'll come a time! Wait till I see the whites of his eyes." And she confessed: "I was a cat to tease you. Shall we have dinner downstairs?"

"Of course," Aunt Caroline assured her. "I like to see what's going on. That's why I live here."

"I'm going to put you on the boat afterward," Bess told her. "So we've hours and hours!"

And they spoke no more of Alexander

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

TRIED for the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames is acquitted. Whereupon her attorney—the brilliant Carlton Forman, who, she feels sure, loves her—calmly informs her that he believes her guilty, and sails for Europe.

Sam Kernochan, New York's cleverest detective-reporter, then receives the surprise of his life. Out of a job because of his conviction that the Ames jury was wrong, he is offered fifty thousand dollars by Mrs. Ames to *prove* her innocent—or guilty! He accepts the offer. He does not believe Mrs. Ames' story—that, alone in her bedroom, she had heard a shot, rushed to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. All exits had been locked *on the inside;* Mrs. Ames had been the only witness. In a skeptical frame of mind, Kernochan sets to work. He soon establishes the following facts: Ames (like the well-known Ansell Layman, who had been murdered) had had a secret affair with one Emily Trephon of The Jollities, regarded by Jimmy Pottery, a racketeer, as his exclusive property. Johnson, Rose Ames' butler, is a close friend of Callie Curtis, one of Pottery's satellites. For reasons of his own, and unknown to Mrs. Ames, Johnson is in the "hardware" business, has a very dubious shop on Lexington Avenue. . . .

Having incurred the enmity of Pottery, Kernochan is warned by Laurette Marks (a girl of the underworld who gives him numerous "leads") that the racketeer is planning to kill him. He resolves to be careful. And he makes another resolve—one far more difficult to keep: not to fall in love with beautiful Rose Ames! Mrs. Ames learns that her butler has been stealing from her, prepares to discharge him. Kernochan persuades her to retain the man for a time. Then—having learned that two other Broadway girls, Amy Lanton and Gertie Maxwell, have played parts in Ames' life—he dines at the Humidor with Laurette Marks. "Say," she whispers, "you better lay off Pottery, Trephon—*and Mrs. Ames.*" Kernochan smiles. "Let's talk it over," he says.

VII

"THE Casino," said Kernochan to the taxi man.

Laurette squeezed his hand. She was wearing gloves and so was he, but there was something very pleasant about the pressure of her fingers.

"Nix, laddie," she said. "The Humidor was swell and the show was great, but there's plenty of places to dance besides the Casino. You might run into people you wouldn't want to see you with me."

"That," said Kernochan, "is about as stupid a remark as you ever uttered."

"No, it isn't, Kernie. Suppose Mrs. Ames—"

"She won't be there. And if she were, what of it? When did you get the idea that a man would be ashamed of you? I'm pretty proud of having you with me."

"Well, some of her friends may see us together."

"That's the second time you've mentioned friends—associates, you called them the other time—of Mrs. Ames. What do you mean by it?"

"Well, aren't you trailing with her friends? I hear you and Coghlan Buell, her uncle, are buddies."

"And you still won't tell me where you hear all these things?"

"WHAT difference does it make where I hear them, Kernie? Anyway, you know those people, and they belong, and so do you, and I don't—"

"I wonder how these motion picture actors feel when they punch a girl in the jaw," said Kernochan. "But I suppose it's the only way to knock sense into some women. One of us has turned out a terrible snob, Laurette, and it isn't I."

"Okay, my pet," she laughed. She made no further protest and she chatted gayly about the play they had just seen for the rest of the brief ride.

Kernochan, as they entered the restaurant, felt that pleasurable stir within him which most men feel when they realize that the woman with them is being admired. And certainly the eyes of men lighted as they rested upon the girl. Kernochan, placing a chair for her, was conscious that her brown hair held decided tints of red. It was not the first time he had noticed this fact, he supposed, but he hadn't been aware of noticing it before. Nor had he ever realized that her eyes were so large. She had always been a beautiful girl, but tonight she was lovely.

"My name is Marks, Laurette Marks, and you've met me before," she said to him.

"Am I staring?" he smiled.

"As if you'd never seen me before."

"Perhaps I never have," he said slowly.

"What am I supposed to make of that?" she asked.

"Whatever you like; I wouldn't know myself. Shall we dance?"

"I'd love it," she replied.

They circled the floor and were halfway around again when Kernochan bowed and smiled. Laurette followed the direction of his gaze.

"Who's that old battle-axe?" she asked.

"Tut-tut, my dear Miss Marks," chuckled Kernochan. "That is Mrs. Aaron Penfield."

"Goodness me," she giggled. "What's she doing with all those chorus boys and show girls?"

"You mean that group of distinguished young people whom she is entertaining?"

"Is that what they are?"

"Miss Marks, my dear little girl," he said with mock severity, "you mustn't speak so of the upper classes. This sort of talk would lead to definite unpopularity."

"I guess maybe that's what stopped me from getting in the Junior League," she laughed. "Say, Kernie, when that old dame finds out who I am I'll bet she'll put the burn-up on you. She'll be asking you what you want in your tea, arsenic or just arsenic?"

"Think so?" Kernochan reversed; over Laurette's shoulder he looked at Minta Penfield. She signaled him imperiously, and he walked his companion backward to the table where Mrs. Penfield sat.

"How dare you monopolize the prettiest girl in the room?" demanded Mrs. Penfield. "These young men with me want to dance with her."

"That's just too bad," said Kernochan. "I'm giving her up to no one."

"The usual Kernochan good manners," said Mrs. Penfield. "Are you going to present her to me?"

"I'M NOT sure that I should," replied Kernochan. "You'll start telling her that she's wasting her time running around with a man like myself. Up to now, we're doing very well. Why should I let a woman like you, who never has a good word for anybody, spoil my pleasant friendship with Miss Marks? However, Mrs. Penfield, this is Miss Marks."

"Have Kernie bring you in some afternoon," said Mrs. Penfield. "Meanwhile, join us. I'm sure you're tired of him by now and would like to dance with someone else."

Kernochan put his arm around the girl.

"No, you don't, Aunt Minta."

As they glided off Laurette's cheeks lost the sudden flush that had come to them.

"Why, she's swell," she whispered. "But she doesn't know who I am."

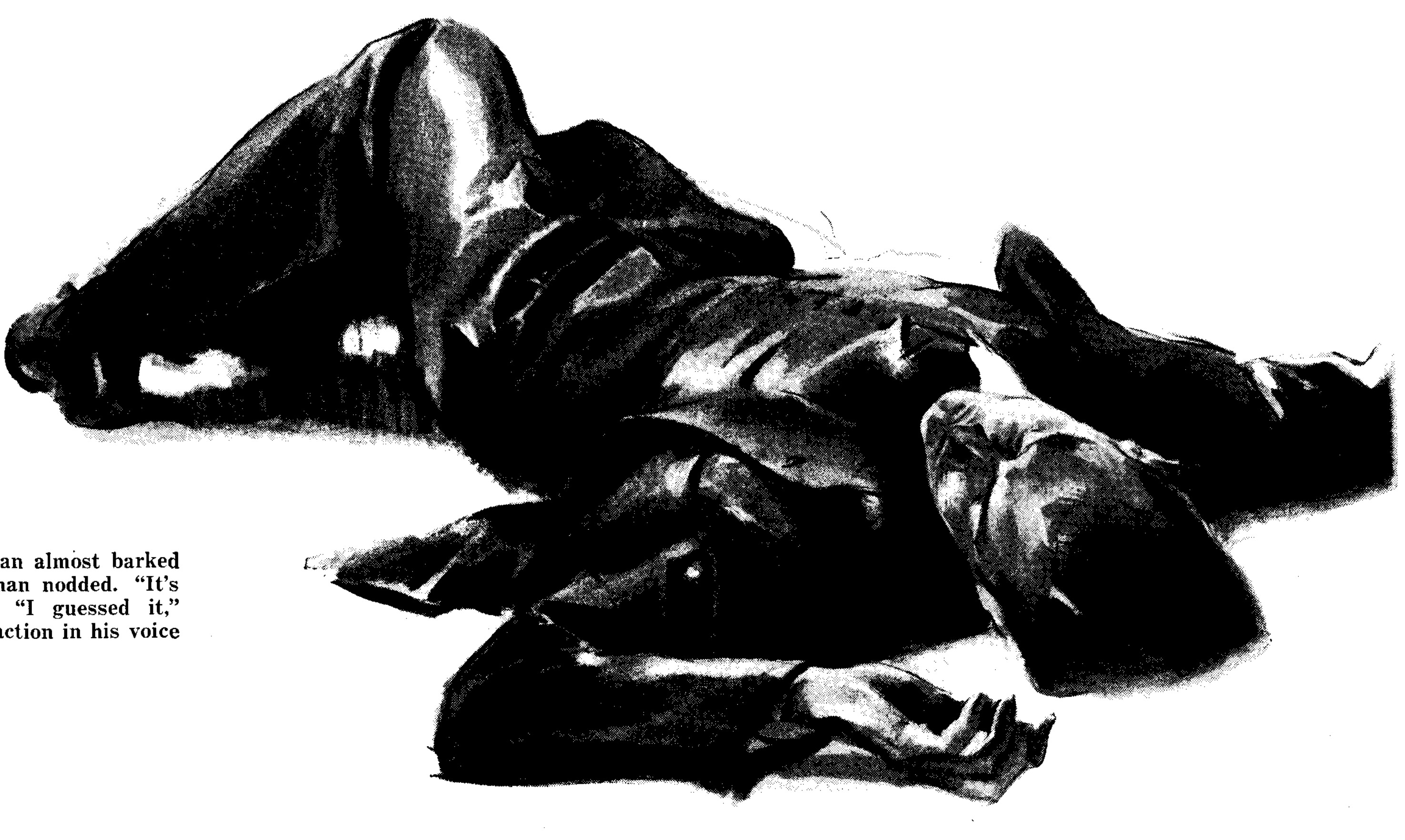
"Well, who are you?" demanded Kernochan. "What's so terrible about you, Laurette?"

"Oh, nothing much, I suppose. Except—you know—I know the men, but the women—well, what difference does it make?"

"Not the slightest," said Kernochan. "Aunt Minta is all right. We'll drop in some afternoon and knock over a drink."

She leaned her shoulders away from him so that she could look into his eyes.

"You mean that, Kernie? You mean you'd really take me to call on Mrs. Penfield?"



"Know him?" Kellerman almost barked the question. Kernochan nodded. "It's Mrs. Ames' butler." "I guessed it," said Kellerman, satisfaction in his voice

"Or on anyone else that I know that you wanted to meet," he told her.

She relaxed in his arms and her cheek came close to his. Into his ear she whispered:

"I know you don't mean it, Kernie, but it's swell to have you say it."

"You're hard to convince, aren't you, Laurette?"

"Of some things. Of others, not so hard."

"Such as what?" he asked.

"I'll tell you sometime. Has this place heard that the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed?"

"I guess so. I've heard the good news, too." He guided her to their table. "Champagne?"

"It's a real party," she said. "I'd love it."

But to Kernochan's surprise, after a glass of champagne had been drunk, she suggested leaving.

"But the evening is so young," he protested.

"You don't care a hoot about dancing," she told him. "And if you knew how many miles I've danced on the stage you'd realize it's no great treat to me. Let's go up to my place."

"As you wish," said Kernochan. He paid the check, put Laurette's wrap about her, and a moment later they were in a taxi. Across the snow-covered park they rode, to be deposited at her West End Avenue apartment ten minutes later.

Her living-room was cozy and warm. The fire in the grate was not of logs, but the gas blaze was bright and cheery.

"Drink?" she asked him.

She stood before the fire; she looked like some lovely witch that had emerged from the blaze in her flame-colored dress.

He shook his head.

"Don't feel the need," he replied.

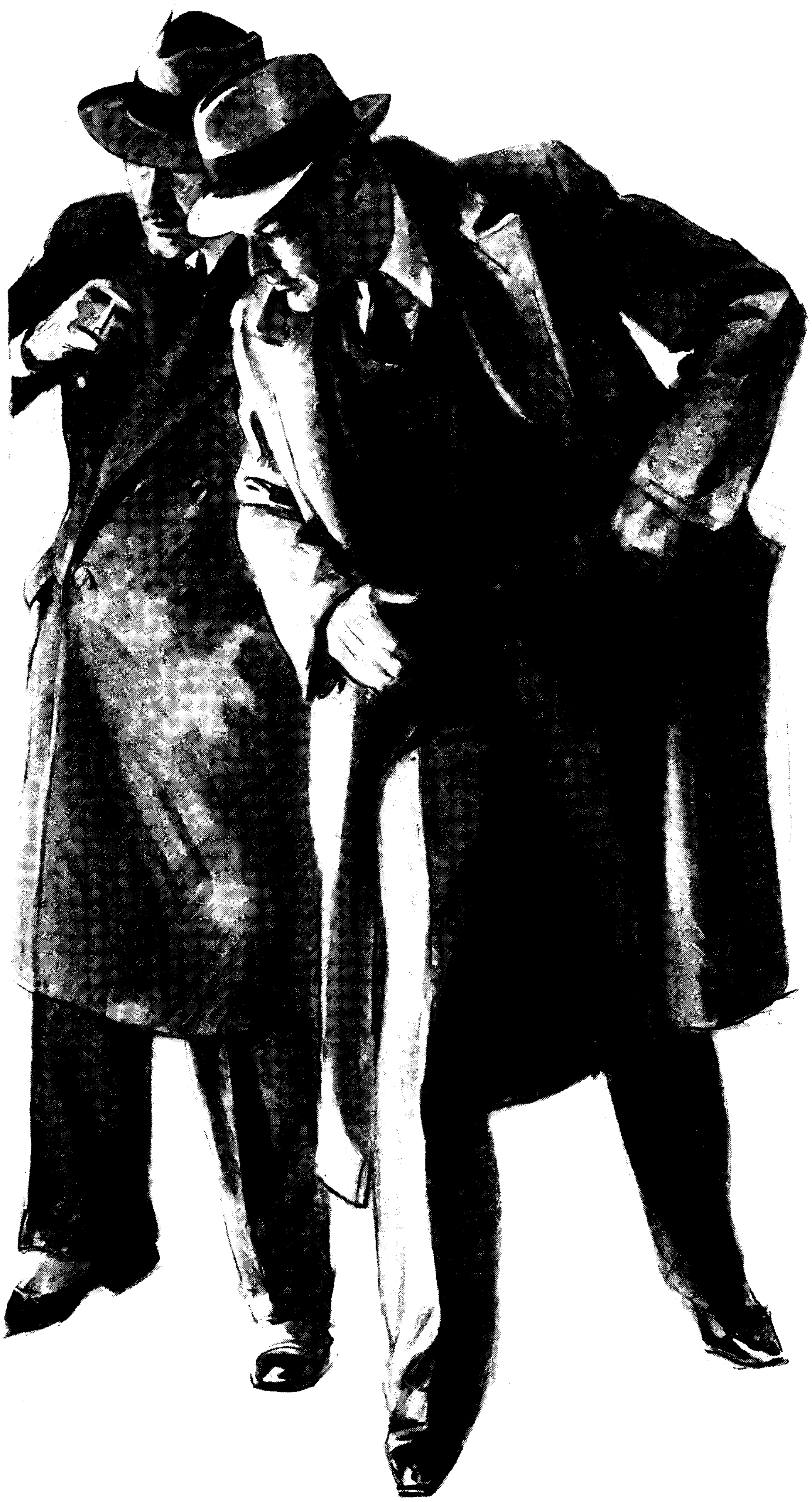
"Won't mind watching me have one?" she asked.

"Not a bit," he assured her.

She mixed a drink and, still standing before the fire, sipped it.

"You certainly have changed, Kernie. And maybe I'm not tickled. You know you're a swell lad."

"You're a swell girl."



SHE left the fireplace and sat down beside him on a couch not too far from the blaze. She leaned back against the cushions. Kernochan decided that rarely had he been so close to anyone so seductive.

"Kernie, you could go with the swells. Why don't you?"

"Have a better time with the people I do go with," he responded.

"If you had lots of dough would you run around with Mrs. Penfield's friends?"

"God forbid," he ejaculated.

She laughed.

"I don't mean the old dame or the men with long gray beards, but the young people."

He shrugged indifferent shoulders.

"Never gave it a thought. I'm having a good time now."

"You mean right this minute?"

"I didn't, but I do, if that makes sense," he told her.

"I had a better time the last time you were here. You kissed me that time, Kernie," she said. "Remember?"

"It's one of those memories that will never die," he laughed.

"Too precious to be repeated, eh?" she jeered. "Kernie, do you know something?"

"What do I answer to that pet question of yours, Laurette?"

She ignored this.

"It's warm in Havana tonight," she said. "It's not like here, freezing cold. In Havana, there's racing, and bathing, and golf if you cared for it."

"If *I* cared for it?" he asked.

"Uh-uh. I wouldn't mind trying it myself. We could do that in the morning, then have a swim, then lunch at some funny little restaurant, go to the races in the afternoon, dine and dance at night. Does it sound swell, Kernie?"

"I can't think of anything more divine," he said. "What put the idea in your mind?"

"Got a present today. Two round-trip tickets to Havana. The best suite on the boat. There's jai alai and roulette, too. And I hear those señoritas are something. I wouldn't mind if you gave them a tumble. Broad-minded Laurette. Far be it from me to cry because a man's eyes wander. Can you see us picking oranges from the trees?"

"IT'S a lovely vision," he laughed. "Like most dreams it probably won't happen."

"Safe down there, too. Americans will be popular there."

"Especially heavy spenders like myself," grinned Kernochan.

"I didn't tell you all my present. Several grand. Enough to get the best apartment at the best hotel. This dream *could* come true, Kernie."

Kernochan's eyebrows lifted.

"What's the idea, Laurette?"

"I want to use my present. I can't think of anyone I'd rather use it with than you. Am I so hard to take, Kernie?"

"Fie on you, Laurette. Nice girls don't proposition men."

(*Continued on page 30*)

Lady in the Wings

By Kyle Crichton

After a long life of fame and a few flops, she says, "I think with a little more practice I'll be all right." Here is the story of Fay Templeton, who jumped from the cradle to the stage and has been there—or as far away as the wings—practically ever since

The record of a lifetime of trouping. Center: Fay Templeton as Eva in an 1870 production of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Below: with Fields and Kelly in Hoity-Toity, a Weber and Fields production of 1901. Left: in Roberta, a 1934 Broadway success

At the right is Fay Templeton in The Runaways, a 1903 production. Above: with Weber and Fields in Hokey-Pokey, the 1912 jubilee show

FAY TEMPLETON was sixty-eight years old on Christmas Day and spent a quiet holiday playing matinée and night in the new Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach musical show, Roberta. If there had been an extra midnight show, she would have been in that. If there had been a special Tuesday morning performance to accommodate people who had missed their train and would otherwise have had to wait in Pennsylvania Station, she would have been in that. This is the result of having practically been born in a wardrobe trunk.

Between shows Miss Templeton thought up a few aphorisms pertaining to the stage:

1. The modern girl is just like the old-fashioned girl, and not a bit brighter.
2. Never believe quite all you hear about anybody.
3. Look behind every good story for the press agent.
4. Weber and Fields should never have broken up.
5. Mae West is a great showman and a fine actress, with a genius for the touch which makes true theater.
6. After seeing the floor shows in night clubs, it is easy to understand why stage-door Johnnies have died out.
7. The theater is the finest of all professions.
8. There is no excuse for feeling old so long as you can do your work with pride.
9. Singing a song sitting down is harder than singing a song standing up—especially a Jerome Kern song.

The fact that Fay Templeton is one of the cultured women of the theater despite a hard childhood which saw her getting, in all, only six weeks of schooling, is a tribute to the fact that it is impossible to play Shakespeare and be a dumb-bell. She was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1865, and jumped almost directly from the cradle to the stage. Both her mother and father were actors and the Templeton Opera Company played in towns which have since disappeared as completely as the Lost Continent of Mu.

They played everything from Hamlet and East Lynne to an English version of Carmen, the first ever given on the American continent and considerable of a surprise to the residents of Far Agone, Oklahoma, who couldn't quite figure out about the toreador. Because of his costume there was some betting on the chance that he might be a stray brakeman, but this was rejected on the ground that no brakeman would ever be sissy enough to wear a cape. Miss Templeton was thirteen by this time and was getting a dollar a night on those occasions when Papa Templeton considered it was better to pay than have a rumpus.

The trick was to find towns which had seen no entertainment and if possible no white visitor for at least three years. They would rent a clapboarded store room, install benches and a platform for a stage and play until there was nothing left in town but a few last helpings of salt pork and grits. The company traveled in three-seated surreys and young Fay was always hopeful that the horses would get so thoroughly entangled in the gumbo of West Texas that they couldn't possibly get to the next town.

"I can still remember those night trips with me asleep on the back seat and the yells of the drivers when one of the surreys got stuck and they unharnessed the other horses to drag it out. When they dragged it out, then's when I got mad."

Miss Templeton thinks Roberta is a great show and thinks it was a fine show from the first moment of rehearsals. Broadway gossip, however, is quite clear on the point that the try-out in Philadelphia was a sad affair. You would never get Miss Templeton to admit this in a hundred years. It seems that Messrs. Kern and Harbach, contrary to their usual practice, entertained the quaint notion that in addition to writing the show they should direct it. By the time it opened they had spent $50,000 and discovered to their amazement that they had everything which went with a show except the show.

A hurry call was put in for Hassard Short, who took one look and held his nose in polite aversion. He thereupon revamped the production, bought entirely new scenery and new costumes and spent an extra $50,000 of producer Max Gordon's money as casually as if it were something growing around the back porch. The important point is that he whipped together a show which has turned out to be a New York success. This is probably one reason why people prefer New York to Philadelphia. Even in New York the beginning wasn't robustious, but when the radio began to play Smoke Gets in Your Eyes the customers started to come in. By late January even the press agent had to buy his seats from the agents.

Roberta was originally called Gowns from Roberta or Gowns for Roberta or something and is the Broadway version of the home-talent fashion show put on by the Elks for the benefit of the swimming pool in McClellan Park. The big scene is where the girls parade in gowns from Rosenwald's, hats from the Economist, wraps from Kistle-Collister and Miss Bartley, with furniture loaned by the Hoit Home Outfitting Co., Charles S. Hoit, Prop. Mr. Harbach has built a plot around this and Mr. Kern has supplied some of his most beguiling music and the girls who wear the garments are slightly more on the side of lusciousness than a like crowd of females recruited from Miss Wooley's dancing school in Grand Junction, Colo. In addition it has Lyda Roberti, Tamara and Bob Hope.

Amid this swirl of young ladies and gentlemen, Miss Templeton is entirely at home. The six weeks of formal education snatched at Key West, Florida, on an occasion when Papa Templeton had ventured South to investigate an orange grove he had bought sight unseen and subsequently discovered to be part of the Gulf Stream, seems to have

(*Continued on page* 59)

Lord and Master

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By J. P. Marquand

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

AFTER a smooth trip and four unalloyed days steeped in the soft light of the semi-tropical sunshine of Bermuda, it dawned upon Charles Tarrant that his Uncle Tarry had been right.

"I appreciate you two coming to me," Uncle Tarry had said. "Now, listen to me carefully!

"There is nothing more serious than the first adjustments of a marriage. They are insidious, because they are intimate little nothings with which none of us can cope. But there is one thing which I can safely say: a man *must* dominate the situation to make a happy marriage. He is lost if he cannot dominate his honeymoon."

"Oh, come now," Charles answered. "I shall want to do everything Clarissa wants."

"No, you won't," said Uncle Tarry, "and Clarissa won't either." And Clarissa had nodded.

"Yes, Uncle Tarry," she said, "I feel the way you do about it. But how *can* a man dominate his honeymoon?"

"My dear," answered Uncle Tarry, "if I could tell you that, I would not be the most married man in New York today. That's for you and Charles to decide. But there are two things I might add— Don't interfere with your husband's smoking habits; there is nothing, I believe, more calculated to arouse the savage instincts of the male. And lastly—you may laugh, but I assure you that it's serious—don't use your husband's razor."

AS HE remembered all these things, a chuckle, scarcely audible, escaped from Charles.

Clarissa, lying beside him on the brink of their hotel's swimming pool, turned. "Happy, lamb?" she asked.

"Why, sweet pet," he answered, "happy isn't even a name for the way I feel. And when I think of Uncle Tarry making those cracks about honeymoons—" He laughed. And Clarissa laughed. But he could not be sure—was it possible that neither of them was laughing with that utter conviction which should go with perfect bliss?

"Lamb," Clarissa said, "would you like to go up to our room and get me that sun cream? I hate to—"

Before Charles could remember that he always had disliked people making indirect requests instead of announcing frankly what they wanted, he was on his way. But upstairs he could not find the sun cream. When he came back he found that Clarissa was very sorry. It occurred to him that it was not the first time that she had been very sorry—for much the same reason.

"Oh, sweet, it was so silly of me, but it was in the pocket of my beach coat all the time!"

It amazed him that he was glad of all that trouble; something in her smile had made him glad.

The nice fat stockbroker who had come down with them on the boat pursued by an incidental nervous breakdown paused at their corner. "Charley," he said, "how about eighteen holes at the Mid-Ocean Club this afternoon? Take my word, she'll like you better for it."

Charles recalled that he had some interesting questions to ask about the immediate future of various bonds. "O. K., Bill," he said, "three o'clock?"

"Oh, Charles," said Clarissa, "I'm *so* glad you're going to get a little exercise. And I must write thank-you letters."

"You sure you won't be bored, dear?" Charles asked. When she said she would not be bored Charles felt like a cad and brute, and something about the honeymoon did not seem right. Not that there was any friction. Everything was perfect. Over the cocktails before luncheon he did the only thing which he felt a really nicely disposed husband should do. He told Clarissa that it was not necessary for him to play golf that afternoon—that under no circumstances would he even seriously consider such a thing as golf.

CLARISSA seemed pleased. It was perfect the way she took it, and yet, somehow, he could not be sure. Was it possible that she was disappointed that he had not played golf after all? In some vague, groping fashion he felt he had been wrong. He wanted to make it up to her as best he could. A quiet dinner upstairs in their rooms perhaps. The afternoon had been so perfect.

"How about dinner up here, sweet?" he suggested. "None of this bother about dressing. No music and just you and me."

An acid note in Clarissa's voice startled him.

"Just as you like, lamb, but you *know* that I've got a new black lace dress. And—"

Charles laughed heartily with perfect comprehension, but somehow his laughter echoed back to him as against a blank wall. "All right, old lady," he called back, "we'll show 'em that black dress!"

"Charles," said Clarissa, "I don't think you're being very nice."

For a moment he was astounded, scarcely able to speak. "Why, honeybee," he faltered, "aren't I doing everything you want?"

"No. . . ." There was a sob in Clarissa's voice. "You're being mean. You're being selfish."

"But, honeybee—" said Charles. He seemed to be struggling with the shadows of a nightmare. "I'm doing everything you want. That's what I've been trying to do ever since we reached Bermuda."

Clarissa was calm again when he had finished. "Lamb," she said, "I didn't mean it. I know you're being as sweet as you can. Put on your white tie. Let's go down to dinner."

When it was over he could find nothing essentially wrong with his evening. Yet he knew it had not been right. There had been a clash between them—something small but ugly. And why? For the life of him he could not tell because he had only tried to be agreeable.

He did not sleep well that night. When he awoke in the morning, Clarissa was already awake.

"Morning's morning to you, beloved," he said. And then he reached beneath his pillow as he had on a thousand other mornings, opened his cigarette case with a joyful snap and searched for his matches. "Darling," he said, "I didn't know it was in the capacity of a human being to be as happy as I am now. And I've got a new idea. This is the day for a picnic on the beach. Just you and me!" Clarissa sat bolt upright. Her eyes were hard.

"I've got a great many letters to write," she said, "and the boat leaves this afternoon." She coughed slightly, and added, "Charles, *must* you keep up this disgusting habit?"

Charles flicked a cigarette ash on the carpet and stared at her incredulously. "What habit," he asked, "honeybee?"

And then her voice lashed him like a whip. He could not believe that it was his Clarissa that was speaking. "Smoking in bed," Clarissa said. "It's a dirty, nasty habit. And the smell of smoke makes me ill before breakfast!"

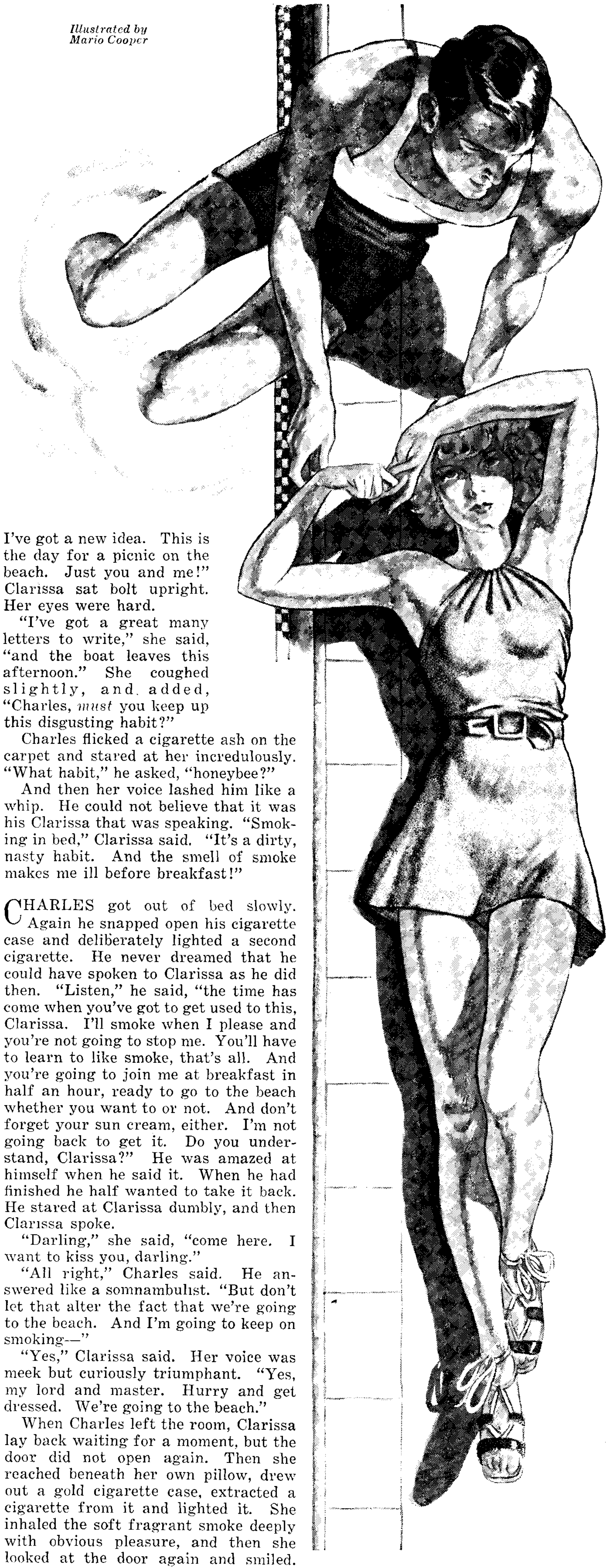
CHARLES got out of bed slowly. Again he snapped open his cigarette case and deliberately lighted a second cigarette. He never dreamed that he could have spoken to Clarissa as he did then. "Listen," he said, "the time has come when you've got to get used to this, Clarissa. I'll smoke when I please and you're not going to stop me. You'll have to learn to like smoke, that's all. And you're going to join me at breakfast in half an hour, ready to go to the beach whether you want to or not. And don't forget your sun cream, either. I'm not going back to get it. Do you understand, Clarissa?" He was amazed at himself when he said it. When he had finished he half wanted to take it back. He stared at Clarissa dumbly, and then Clarissa spoke.

"Darling," she said, "come here. I want to kiss you, darling."

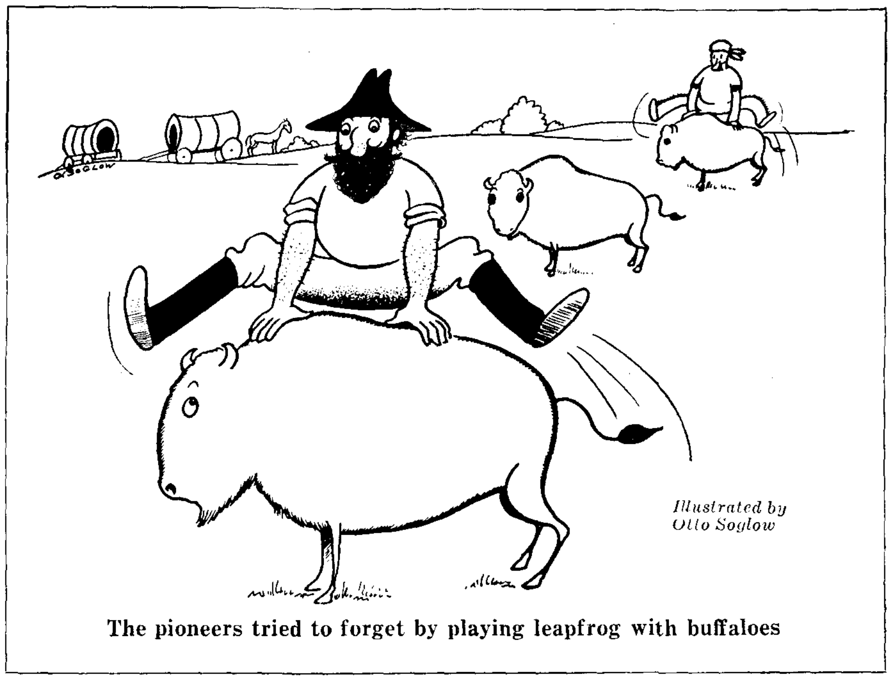
"All right," Charles said. He answered like a somnambulist. "But don't let that alter the fact that we're going to the beach. And I'm going to keep on smoking—"

"Yes," Clarissa said. Her voice was meek but curiously triumphant. "Yes, my lord and master. Hurry and get dressed. We're going to the beach."

When Charles left the room, Clarissa lay back waiting for a moment, but the door did not open again. Then she reached beneath her own pillow, drew out a gold cigarette case, extracted a cigarette from it and lighted it. She inhaled the soft fragrant smoke deeply with obvious pleasure, and then she looked at the door again and smiled. "Thank heaven!" she said. "I didn't have to sharpen any pencils with his razor—"



"Lamb," Clarissa said, "would you like to go up to our room and get me that sun cream?"

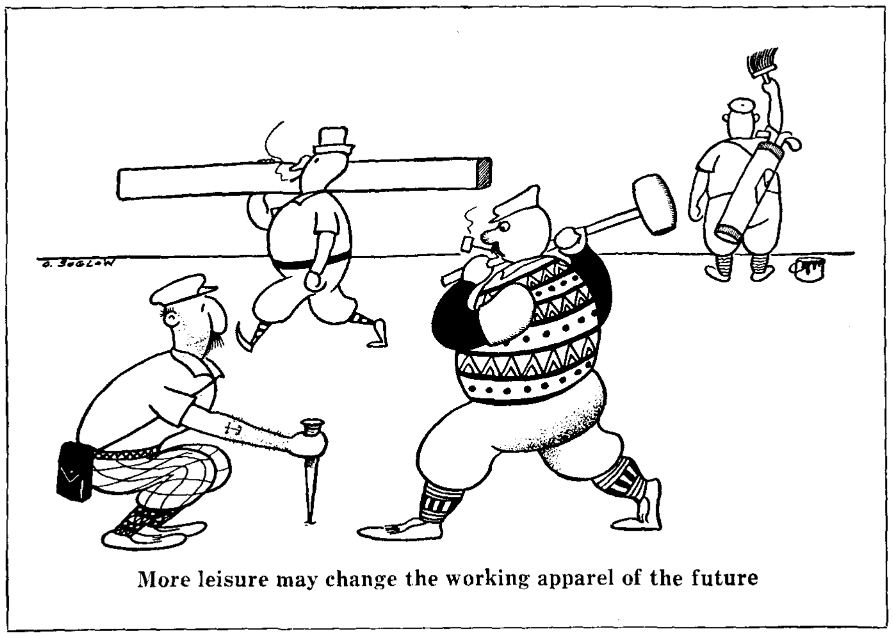

Illustrated by Otto Soglow

The pioneers tried to forget by playing leapfrog with buffaloes

Have a Good Time

By H. I. Phillips

Overproduction of spare time has brought us to a crisis; the Republic stands at a parting of the ways. Are we to have wise planning in our recreations or headless anarchy? Suppose everyone were left to his own devices! Mr. Phillips, part-time economist and social planner, shudders at the thought and hurries to the rescue


More leisure may change the working apparel of the future

WHEN a night watchman suddenly finds himself with two nights off a week, will it be best for his soul, his temperament and his general well-being to see that he gets bigger bowling alleys, better books, more midnight swims or more frequent fireworks on the village green?

Is it a mistake of governmental policy to let a telephone lineman spend his spare time accumulating wisecracks at Mae West releases or should a serious effort be made by his state and country to interest him in airplane lessons by mail, the Alaskan exhibit at the Museum of Natural History or squash tournaments at the Union League Club?

Is it best for a calciminer with the five-day week to use the other two days raising rabbits at home, fishing for bullheads, carving umbrella handles out of natural wood or helping his wife with the housework?

Should a steel puddler with Saturday and Sunday on his hands go in for golf, kite flying, stamp collecting, tap dancing or the study of filling-station architecture?

Will a buttonhole maker be a better man from Friday noon to Monday morning if he divides his time equally between pinochle, burlesque and a trip to Coney or will he and civilization get more of a break if he paints the garage, raises a rock garden, visits the newsreel houses and reads Conrad?

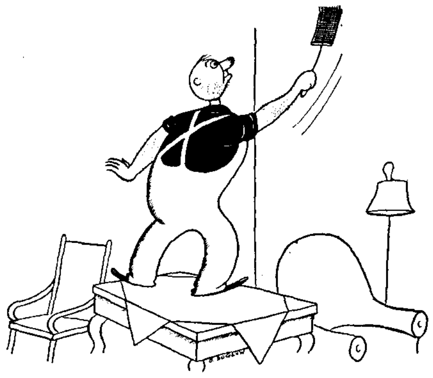
These are grave questions of the day, taking their place beside the problems of stabilizing the dollar, giving the farmers enough money to own their hens outright, keeping a mortgage suspended in midair and saving Uncle Sam from the Old Men's Home.

Believe it or not, commissions are at work on the matter. A serious study of the proper use of spare time is being made by some of the nation's best minds. And by some of its best haircuts.

Nothing is worse for a workingman with two or three days a week off than sitting around the house trying to make up his mind whether he will find the greatest satisfaction in watching a southpaw pitcher, studying wild bird life, going down to see the boys at the firehouse or hopping into the flivver and taking his chances with the traffic cops. That's what the new committees on the use of leisure time think, anyhow.

It's a Brand-New Problem

In the past it has been nobody's business except the man with the leisure time on his hands. Up until the last fifteen or twenty years the amount of time on the average man's hands was not enough to worry anybody except his wife.


Swatting flies is a pretty good way to spend your spare time

The Pilgrim Father, when he found the wood chopped, the Indians driven away, the next day's dinner bagged and his religious duties fulfilled, went out and wrestled a bear for diversion. It was his own idea and nobody interfered with him. He may have been open to suggestions but he got none from any local committee.

The pioneers in the Covered Wagon era, after an eighteen-hour day clearing roads through the forest primeval, digging wheels out of the mud, fording rivers and burying their dead, took a hitch in their belts and tried to forget by playing leapfrog with buffaloes, nobody dissenting.

Your father and mine, after a six-day week of ten hours a day, got out the old bicycle on Sunday and had the time of his life inspecting cinder paths and cutting capers at the Wheelman's Rest. Nobody sent him the directions.

Back in the boom days ending in 1929 there was no attention given to the problem of leisure time. Everybody did the same thing; got into the limousine and went to the beach with all the financial pages, the latest copies of the Wall Street magazines, a Babson letter and a day's supply of charts. Hey nonny, nonny and a hot chart chart! You could do anything with your leisure time in those days, except predict that there was danger ahead, recommend the sale of a stock before it reached three hundred or express an opinion that Andrew Mellon was not the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. What fun!

But it's different now!

The people of the country won't be happy in their spare time in going for a long walk through the bid-and-asked tables any more. Mr. Lucius Jay Public, with a week-end staring him in the face, won't find all the fun he wants romping through the woods with the market letters or lying on the beach in the hot sun with a list of stock split-ups and fresh-cut dividends.

So what?

So we gotta do sumpin.

Under the New Deal, if we get aces, the supply of leisure time in this country is expected to exceed the demand. Even if we get deuces it will exceed the demand. In fact the one thing the country seems sure of, come what may, is that every man will get his full quota of spare moments.

The shorter working day and working week are making headway at a dazzling speed. In the near future a man may look upon his job down at the vinegar works as a place to rest up when he is not shooting the chutes, trying to grab the brass ring, treating the family to hot dogs, mastering the Australian crawl stroke and trying to perfect his Number 3 iron shots.

The day may not be so far off when the workingman will go to work Monday and Tuesday and have Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday to learn tap dancing, high diving, salmon fishing, kite flying, pony polo and contract bridge. The working apparel of the future may be the sport shirt and knickerbockers rather than overalls and flannel undershirt.

That's where the crisis will come in. America can't have all the workers picking their pastimes indiscriminately, catch-as-catch-can and without a little government control. There aren't enough ball parks for all, and it would be tough if all the people should happen to develop a yen for ski-jumping at one and the same time.

The Dangers of Leisure

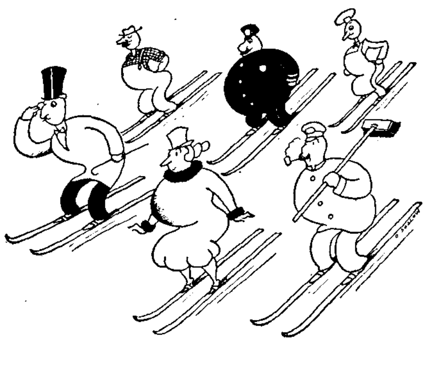
When you have millions of people holding down good jobs with two or three days off a week, and with the boys all home from the working days in the middle of the afternoon, you never can tell what they will decide to do for good, clean fun. Suppose they all went in for flagpole sitting? Or radio crooning?

Talk about a crisis!

The more we contemplate the possibilities the more we think the idea of a Committee on Leisure Time is great stuff.

Of course there will always be garage mechanics who will use their spare time

(Continued on page 55)


What if everyone developed a sudden yen for ski-jumping?

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by George Howe

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Jim Breed, noted movie stunt flyer, Anne Carson, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper, figures in a distressing episode—blackmailers photograph her with Barry Trent, a film star, in what the public would regard as a compromising situation. Then (having misinterpreted various incidents—Breed sincerely loves her) she breaks the engagement, convinced that Breed is interested in the glamorous Carol Castaine.

Carol, Hollywood's greatest, acts quickly. Loving Jim, she catches him "on the rebound," inveigles him into a half-hearted promise to marry her. Then comes some shocking news. One Dolly Vay, ex-chorus girl, sues her husband, Barry Trent (known in Hollywood as a bachelor), for divorce, naming Anne as corespondent!

Breed, determined to have a talk with Trent, goes to the star's apartment house. It is eight o'clock, dark. Silhouetted against the shade of one of Trent's windows are two figures—Trent and a girl. Two hours later, having decided to postpone the call, Breed returns to his apartment. Sunshine Smith, a fellow flyer and close friend, greets him with more startling news. At about 8 o'clock that night, *Barry Trent had been murdered, shot to death, in his apartment!*

An hour later, Jim Breed is jailed. He, everyone feels sure—even Sunshine and Sam Wein, his manager—killed Barry Trent. . . . Anne, it appears, had been in Trent's apartment at eight o'clock. She had gone there to intercede for little Wyn Andrews, a girl who had become involved with Trent. Another caller—so she tells Breed—had arrived. Trent had thrust her into a rear room, closed the door. She had emerged from the room later to find him dead.

Breed makes his decision quickly. Anne's life in peril, he forces her to tell a story which will make it appear that he is the murderer. She tells it once, hesitantly; then prepares to tell the truth. Whereupon, Breed is released. The killer has been found! Bill Gaynor, city editor of Anne's paper, and Sunshine Smith, it appears, have forced one Tom Ween, a blackmailing detective, to tell what he knows of the crime. As a result, Dolly Vay Trent is arrested, and a confession wrung from her. . . . That Anne loves Breed is quite obvious—but not to Jim Breed. Miserable, he enters his plane, flies away "to think things over." Sunshine Smith watches the plane disappear. "He'll never come back," he says.

Conclusion

BREED left Los Angeles at nine o'clock, not entirely certain of his destination but glad to be in the air. Traveling a little east of north he skirted the Mojave desert's west border and began rising to clear the tangled series of small mountain ranges that mark the dissolution of the great Sierra chain. An hour and a half later he was over Owens' Lake, with the sharp spires of Williamson and Whitney on his left, gleaming through a luminous night; at midnight, high above the Walker range, he sighted the red beacon lights in the desert beyond Hawthorne where the naval ammunition depot lay; one o'clock brought him over the bright crisscross of Reno.

He banked and came in, taxied to a hangar and got out. Presently a man walked across the field. He recognized Breed. He said: "Gas, Captain?"

Breed nodded, standing by a little while to watch. Afterwards he strolled to the pilots' office and signed the book. He shook hands with a transport flyer loitering on the field at this late hour. "Going through?" asked the transport pilot.

It had been on Breed's mind to stop for the night, to run over to the Bank Club and play a little faro, to drink three silver fizzes and sleep off the odd weariness that had taken all the snap and resiliency out of him these late days. But he nodded at the question, not knowing why his mind should so unaccountably change. "Breakfast in Portland, I guess," he said, and killed his smoke.

"Glad to have seen you," he added, and turned back. He paid for the gas, taxied and turned and left Reno behind. Over in the west a cloud layer showed silver and black edges; but below him the desert floor was a pale and shining surface under the quarter moon. The ship heeled faintly to small air currents scouring down the range to his left; he lifted and crossed the range and headed into a region of broken hills and narrow, turning valleys. He opened the cockpit cover, but the wind coming in had a high-elevation bite to it, and so he closed the cover again and sat idly back.

"FIFTY hours from Seattle to Yokohama," he thought. "It could be done, if we got the breaks, if the motor can that long." And he knew then where his more or less pointless course this night was leading him. It had been in the back of his head all the while: Seattle. Seattle, to have a look at the big ship built for the Dole flight. A clean-up and out, that was what he wanted. The game had been good to him; it had held him up for seventeen years, it had made him a headliner, and all his breaks had been lucky. But there was always an end to your luck, and for a month or more the feeling had been in his nerves and in his bones that his time was about run out. You couldn't reason with a thing like that; you felt it and if you were wise you obeyed the warning. So, one last flight—one last gesture at the gods. Then set her down and walk away from seventeen years of life that had been as full as any man could ask. Full, that is, for the days thereof. But very empty afterwards. What was he taking away from this game but a knowledge that everything was behind him and nothing ahead?

He passed Susanville and he rocked a little with the odd cross-drafts playing around ridges and gulches below. Clouds rolled sluggishly against the cone of Lassen, westward. Over that way, and running upward toward Klamath, were the blackly barren lava beds. North was Alturas, and a more open country. But the land immediately below was, dimly as he viewed it, a tangle of dry river courses, pine-sloped hills and rounded peaks. A lake glinted yonder, jeweling the shadows.

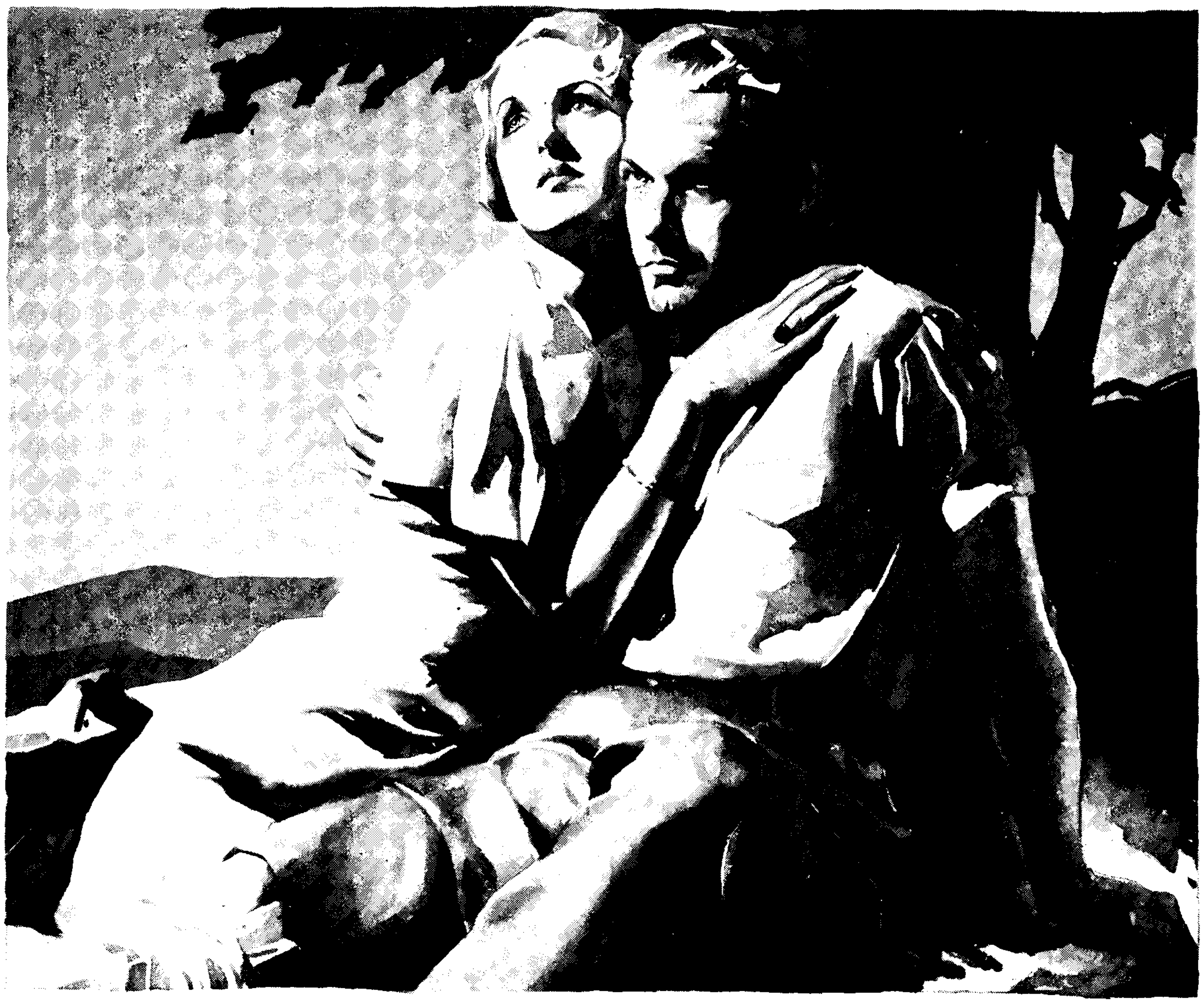
Abruptly he pulled up his head, slapped his hand smartly across his face. He had fallen into a half-doze, unconsciously.

He reached up instantly and pulled the cockpit cover back. And then, with the fresh air coming in, he smelled the odor of gas fumes. His eyes flicked across the instrument panel and he bent forward, realizing how heavy his eyelids were, how slow his visual reactions were. He passed his palm across the panel glow; and he placed his fingers against the loose flesh of his neck and pinched sharply. Looking again at the instrument faces, he knew he was in trouble—for they were dim and the light was dim and the weight of his body seemed suddenly heavy in the seat. He banked the ship, heading back for Susanville immediately; and yet as he looked into that southern horizon and saw only darkness he knew that he should never reach the town. There wasn't any alarm in him at the moment; only a cold conviction that he had pressed his fast-fading luck too far beyond the previous warnings; that somewhere in the darkness of Northern California the third bad break in the recent chain of accidents now reached suddenly out to tell him he was through.

HE BANKED again, physically sick of stomach—and that was all he needed to know of his condition—and turned northward. Ahead and below, one blink of light from some ranch house reached up; and when he saw it he fell off and drove downward, gambling on the possibility of a cleared field being near the house. A dully outlined ridge appeared off his right wing; and wheeling about the light he vaguely discerned the glint of a creek. At a thousand feet he released a landing flare, cruised in a steady circle till the region below bloomed under the garish radiance. The house was a mere shack tacked into the side of a rough, yellow hill; below the house was a bare slope apparently split by road ruts. There was some kind of a mine dump, which he saw he could avoid, and an arroyo at the end of the slope.

Five hundred feet up he began to glide, seeing two men standing in the

*(**Continued on page** 61)*



Watching, they saw the ship at last vanish beyond the haze

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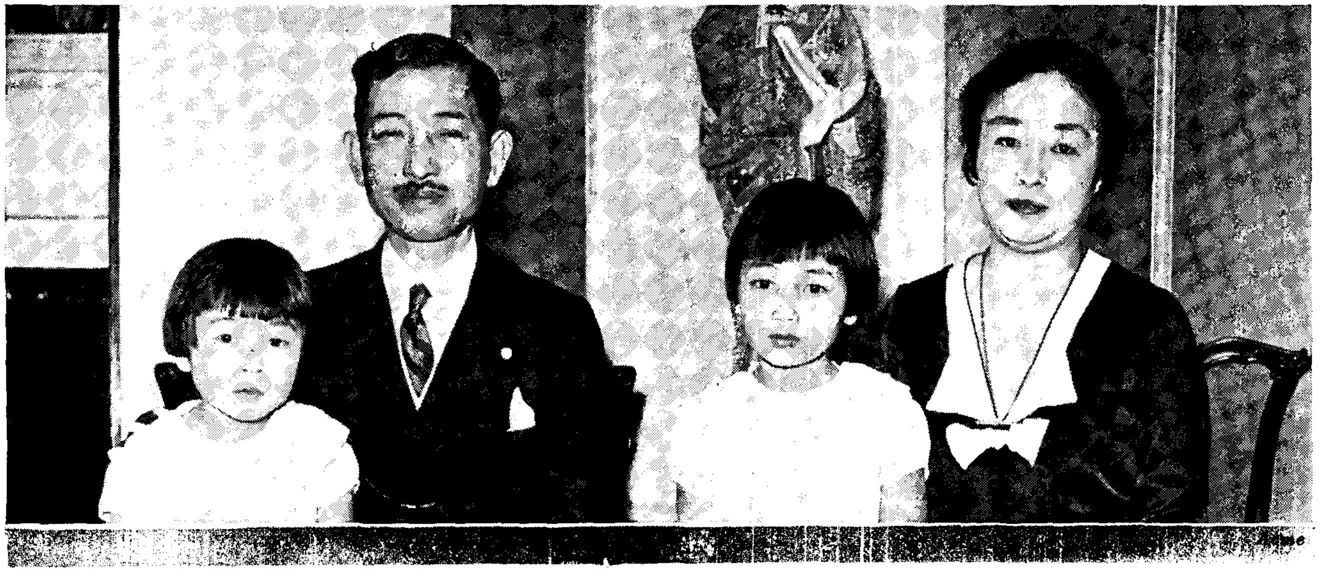

Upsetting with a smile the tradition of Oriental reserve, Hiroshi Saito, Japan's ambassador to the United States, is ready to chat on any subject. He may think in Japanese, but he talks our language

HIROSHI SAITO is Japan's diplomatic Johnny-on-the-spot. After taking part in all the most important conferences since the World War and observing the European scene for a twelvemonth from that international watchtower, The Hague, he was shipped here as ambassador when relations involving Japan, Russia and the United States tightened up over developments in the Far East. Tongues wagged immediately in a dozen chancelleries, including our own State Department, where his eminence in the foreign field is recognized. But this forty-eight-year-old diplomat is the most easy-going and disarming fellow Japan has ever sent to Washington in time of possible crisis.

"I'm a lazy man," he says with an infectious grin. "I like to write poetry, and that proves it. When I ought to be going through diplomatic correspondence, I look out the window at the sunlight, write a poem or revise one. I will quit Shakespeare for contract any time, although I'm not crazy about it, and I am a good Sunday golfer. I am always ready for a good time with people. I am nonchalant, shall I say, or easy-go-lucky?"

He surprised and charmed reporters who met him at Quarantine. Instead of bumping against a diplomatic sphinx, who issued a formal communique and ran, they sat around with a seemingly frank and friendly chap who led in the banter, and who spoke and thought in our language, even in our slang. Talk of war between Japan and the United States, he said, was "poppycock," and war with Russia would be "suicide." Although he looked upon his new post as one of great responsibility, he expected that it would be a "cinch of a job." Birth control in Japan, he replied, was no problem, and his dark, lustrous, unslanting eyes twinkled when he added, "in spite of your Margaret Sanger."

Escorting them to his quarters, he proclaimed that "the first thing in order is a round of drinks, for I want to drink whisky with good Americans." His emphatic misplacement of the adjective, "good," and the sly grin accompanying it showed that even while abroad he had kept informed of our latest and most serious domestic difficulty. In return for his hospitality he asked if he might "swipe another cigarette." An exceptional linguist, who writes poetry in Japanese, Chinese, English and French, he spoke more precise English than some of his interviewers. Except for his short, slender body, his glossy, black hair and his brown complexion, there was little to suggest the Oriental in this man who has spent more than half of his twenty-four-year diplomatic career in the United States.

The End of Formality

He does not boast when he says: "Yes, I think I know your country." It is because he knows us so well that he has been sent here at this particular time. Nor was he acting when he exhibited a robust and slangy understanding of American men and manners at Quarantine. At the embassy he has introduced what his staff describes as "our own New Deal." Under the roly-poly but dignified Debuchi, his predecessor, there was an air of stiff formality about the place and in its relations with official and unofficial Washington. Debuchi held weekly teas to which his staff was invited punctiliously, but the presence of so many outsiders killed all chances of camaraderie between the ambassador and his official household.

Saito changed all that immediately. He ordered all hands to stop work each afternoon at 4:30, and come over to the embassy for tea, cakes, a chat, a smoke and a drink.

In the past there was less contact between the embassy and Americans who could tell Japan's representatives what our people were thinking and saying with respect to Tokyo's policies and actions. The embassy was isolated from the helpful and critical opinion of the clubs, hotel lobbies, the street, the newspaper offices and the private homes. That may explain the amazement of the Japanese people and government when the Hoover administration condemned Japan's military course in Manchuria and persuaded the League of Nations to follow suit. It was soon after this episode that Debuchi was recalled and placed on the diplomatic waiting list. Unlike Saito, who is especially popular with the military elements, Debuchi was more closely aligned with the conservative business men and industrialists.

Liking folks, Saito has always mingled with the people of countries where he was stationed, and especially with journalists, who are supposed to report and mold public opinion; he has been a popular and lively figure in Fleet Street and Park Row. Through frequent meetings with American leaders he has kept abreast of developments in this country. In entertaining dignitaries from home while consul general in New York City, he used to collect such a galaxy of bigwigs as Owen D. Young, Thomas W. Lamont, James G. Harbord, the late Judge Gary, Henry W. Taft, George W. Wickersham, Gerard Swope, the late Elmer Sperry, Don Seitz and Carl Ackerman.

A Literary Samurai

With keen amusement he recalls the evening when, in introducing former Ambassador Matsudaira to this group, he explained that Matsudaira meant "peace under the pines," and next morning a New York newspaper added that it had no connection with Desire under the Elms. It explains a lot about Saito that he was able to appreciate this journalistic dig and explain its import to the slightly bewildered Matsudaira.

Although more of a cosmopolite than recent Japanese diplomats, he is still an Oriental—and proud of his Samurai heritage. His friends point out that he has mastered the mind of the Occident without losing the spirit of the Orient. Although his literary tastes and accomplishments violate the ancient code of the Samurai class, which banned these things as womanly pursuits, they show that his travels and studies abroad have affected him only superficially.

His favorite poem is Edgar Allan Poe's The Raven, and he has translated it for Japanese school children to read. He also translated Evangeline, finishing it as a "sorrowful memento" after the death of a sister who began it. But these two poems, the one of a black bird croaking "Nevermore" and the other of the sad exile from Acadia, reflect the spirit of Samurai fatalism—the same spirit which leads Japan to flout the world if it thinks its national honor may be involved.

When he discusses international affairs, all trace of poetry vanishes. Then he is a realist, a practical Japanese statesman. He talks bluntly, even aggressively, about Japan's aims, and the reaction in Japan and China to the joint effort of the United States and the League—he has a low opinion of that body—to mobilize world opinion against his country's invasion of Manchuria, and the establishment of the "puppet

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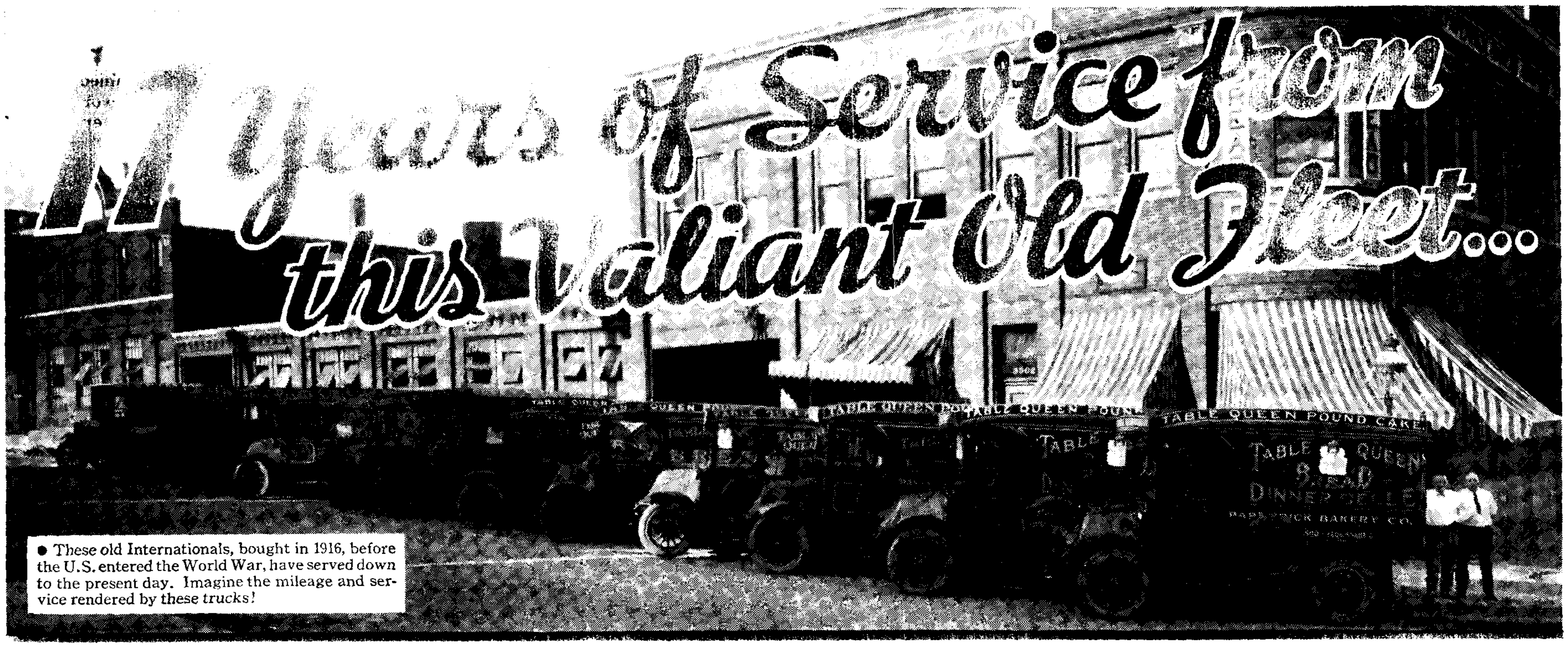
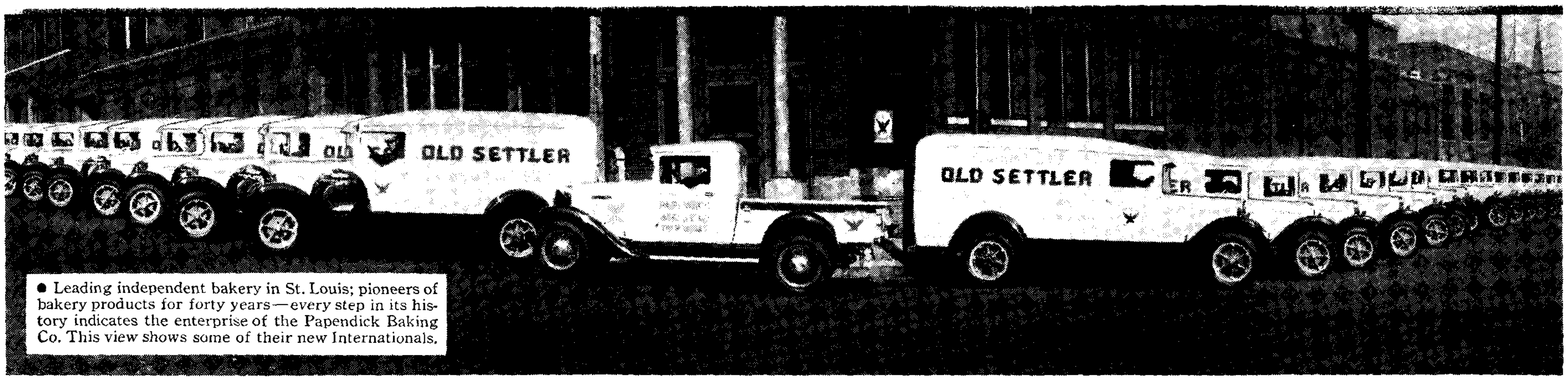
17 Years of Service from this Valiant Old Fleet...



• These old Internationals, bought in 1916, before the U.S. entered the World War, have served down to the present day. Imagine the mileage and service rendered by these trucks!

now THIS FIRM BUYS 33 NEW INTERNATIONALS



• Leading independent bakery in St. Louis; pioneers of bakery products for forty years—every step in its history indicates the enterprise of the Papendick Baking Co. This view shows some of their new Internationals.

[illegible] Gustav Papendick, of the Papendick Bakery Company, St. Louis, put a fleet of Internationals on his routes. It was a brilliant move, destined to have a profound effect on his daily business and the degree of his success and profit. He did not know it then, but he came to know it *intimately* through 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933. For 17 years these trucks were on the job. In the meantime other makes of trucks were purchased, and weighed in the balance of performance. Other Internationals, too, were bought.

[illegible] The Papendick Bakery Company has standardized on Internationals, replacing all its trucks with the *fine modern* fleet of 33 Internationals shown above. The Papendick experience offers YOU a convincing recommendation of ONE superior make of truck—INTERNATIONAL.

Do we build our trucks too well? Is it good business to make a product—a *truck* product—that will last for 17 years? Some would say No, but *not* the experienced users of our trucks! And not International Harvester. To build to the limit of engineering and manufacturing skill and quality is our steadfast aim. And it *does* pay! It pays International Harvester in reputation and new business. It pays in our record of sales—rising irresistibly year by year, advancing ahead of the field through the years of depression, years of close buying forced by economy. Wise truck buyers have learned to judge trucks not by first cost but by performance, dependable service, low-cost operation—hauling satisfaction spread over many years.

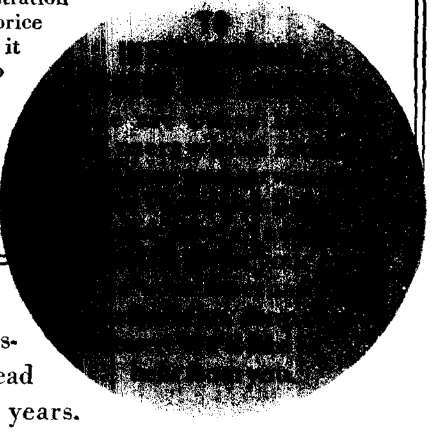
See the near-by branch or dealer for demonstration of any International model, ½-ton to 7½-ton.

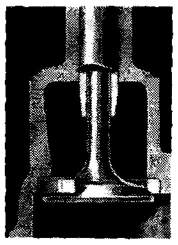
• International Quality is available today at amazingly *LOW PRICE.* Efficient production on a large scale now enables you, for example, to buy the International 6-cylinder, 1½-ton Model B-3 chassis for [illegible] f. o. b. factory

• The ½-ton Model D-1, seen in the center of the lower illustration above, carries a chassis price of $360. You may have it *complete* with pick-up body as shown for

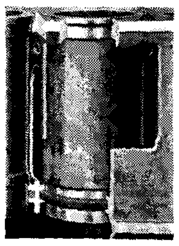
$500

f. o. b. factory. ½-ton with panel body, $590.





• In 1916 International Harvester was building long-lived trucks. Today we build them *vastly better*, not only abreast of the industry but pioneering in many principles of QUALITY.



• *Hardened Exhaust-Valve Seat Inserts* are an International engine feature. They retard valve seat burning, engine efficiency is retained, and the valves seldom need grinding.

• *Replaceable Cylinders* save expense of reboring or replacement of cylinder block. This great feature of advanced design has long been everyday practice in International Trucks.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

At Alexander's Palace

Concerning the wildly romantic Macalister adventure on the plains of far-off Persia, where a girl can spot a hero just as easily as she can in Boston, Massachusetts

By Harold Lamb

Illustrated by Franz Felix

ANDY BEVAN put a fragment of pottery among a ring of other fragments. He shifted the pieces about until they assumed the shape of a broken bowl—a bowl that had been broken, he knew, some twenty-two centuries ago. For more than two thousand years those pieces had waited under the heaping earth until Andy Bevan's men had dug them up again at the four-foot level. To be exact, four feet below the surface of his excavation of the Kangavar mounds in the desert of northwestern Persia.

Only an expert could have reassembled the particles of that bowl from the mass of shattered potsherds on the canvas before him. To Andy Bevan, however, the bowl was just a detail of a long day's work. Leisurely, because he was tired—having done the work of three men for the greater part of three years—he placed the fragments in a small bag and marked the bag, with an indelible pencil, D—7—4. D was the mound, 7 was the segment of the mound, and 4 the level in which the bowl had been found. Rising, he turned to a wall map of the excavation and marked the spot in red ink with a cross and a circle. These red crosses on the map all converged toward a blank corner where no digging had been done as yet. Bevan had been excavating Kangavar for three years and still the job was not done. He would not stop until it was done.

He was, you understand, that kind of man. He had sandy hair and a long chin and meditative eyes. Dust and sun and scanty food, bad water, fever and dysentery had thinned and made brittle all six feet of him. Under a mask of quiet he hid a flaming temper. When you have lived twenty out of twenty-eight years east of Suez you learn to be quiet. . . . Bevan had two dozen men and their families to feed and doctor and keep in a good humor—twenty Kurdish tribesmen who, like children, worked well only when driven; and the American drove them, impassively. Beside his desk stood a rack with five rifles locked in it. The key of the rack was on the ring in his pocket, and he had had no need of it.

The room in which he worked had a roof pieced out of canvas; the floor was priceless mosaic, the walls polished limestone. It had been the hall of the ruined palace that he had dug out of the earth, the small palace that he now knew had been built by Alexander the Great, that indomitable conqueror of Asia twenty-two centuries ago. The slender marble throne beside Bevan's camp chair had been Alexander's.

Beyond it on the table loaded with books and notes, lay dusty piles of personal letters, among them one particular letter from the university explaining with regret that owing to the change in financial conditions no more funds could be remitted to Bevan in Persia for the Kangavar expedition. After receipt of that letter, Bevan's co-workers, the professor from the university and the French expert in Seleucid art, had gone home, perforce. But Bevan had stayed on.

A DIGGER, naked to the belt, with a bag on the back of his head, came striding in from the glare of sunlight.

"*Ai Beg,*" said the digger, smiling. "Oh, Master, now at last Hassan has come. Listen!"

An auto horn blared, and men shouted. Bevan leaned back, filling his pipe slowly. So Hassan had got in safely with the provisions from Aragh. Aragh was the nearest point of civilization one hundred and thirty-odd kilometers distant over the desert plain, with a British consulate and a telegraph office (messages in Persian only accepted). Bevan hoped that Hassan had been able to sell the saddle horses for a good price, and that he had not gambled away the money, or been waylaid by tribesmen on the return journey.

But when the stalwart Persian headman came in, he nodded casually. "Was it women or backgammon that kept thee this time, Hassan?"

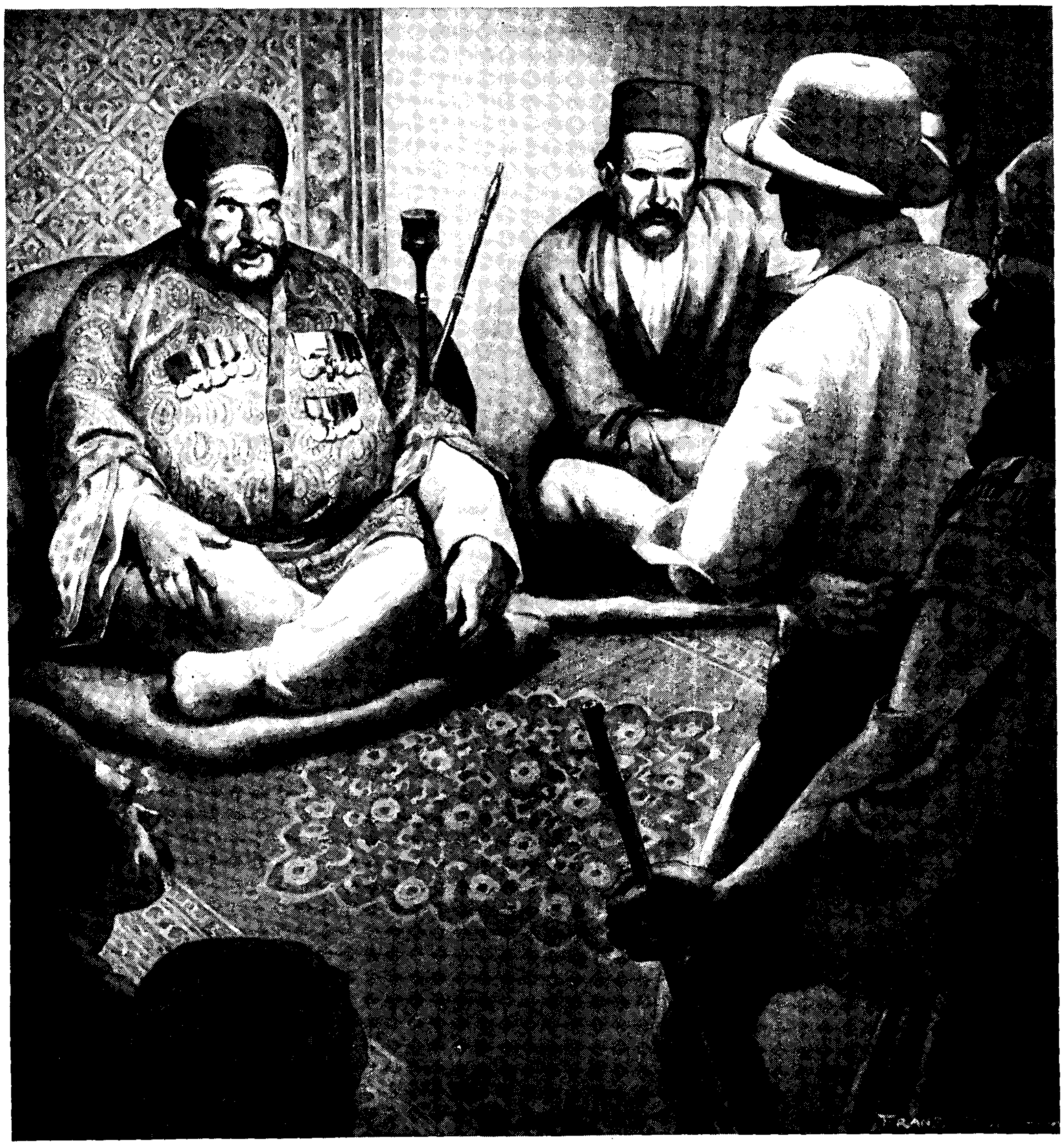
"*Ai Sarkar,*" exclaimed Hassan. "O Lord, it was neither the one nor the other. I have news." He beamed triumphantly. "Two travelers have been carried off by the tribes. Two rich, lordly Americans—" he called them Amrikai—"like Your Lordship but in a beautiful new automobile, much finer than our old broken automobile."

Rich Americans, Bevan reflected, had never ventured in automobiles within this desert before now, and news in Persia had a way of growing amazingly in the telling. Probably the genesis of the tale might be the breakdown of a car belonging to some member of the Aragh consulate.

HASSAN, however, was afire with the certainty of his innocence and the importance of the tidings.

"One of the Lurs told me. It is all true. He said the car lost its way when it was trying to find this place. Those Americans being without sense asked the way of a band of Lurs. The Lurs guided them into the hills to the house of Ali Khan. Now Ali Khan is holding them for a ransom of thousands and thousands of tomans. Otherwise, he will kill them."

(Continued on page 50)



"I have come," Bevan said bluntly, "to take away my two guests who are here"

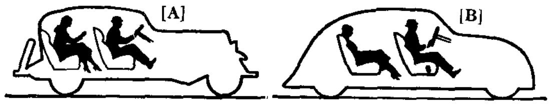
TO THE 550,000 PEOPLE WHO *flew* LAST YEAR!

Your first Floating Ride in the New AIRFLOW DeSoto will bring back the Thrill of your First Airplane Ride

YOU'VE MINGLED WITH THE CLOUDS! You've flown faster than the wind! Now another new thrill awaits you . . . your first Floating Ride in the new AIRFLOW De Soto!

And just as you accept flying as the "only way" to get to far places in a short time, you'll welcome this car as the "only way" to drive.

It's an entirely new *kind* of car. Back seat passengers no longer ride over the rear axle as shown



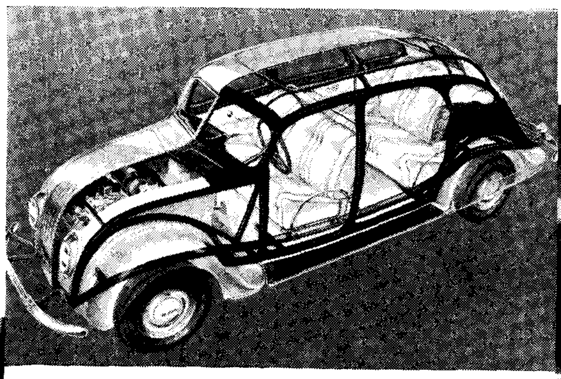
in (A). The engine is moved forward . . . the passengers too. Everyone gets a bumpless ride between the wheels (B). You can't confuse it with so-called "streamlined" models. It's designed differently throughout. Constructed on new, scientific principles . . . its "ride" is as different from that of other cars as flying is from train travel.

This car is so balanced and its weight so distributed that you sit perfectly relaxed at all speeds . . . barely swaying . . . able to read or write or even sleep peacefully while skimming along the highway at sixty-five or seventy miles an hour.

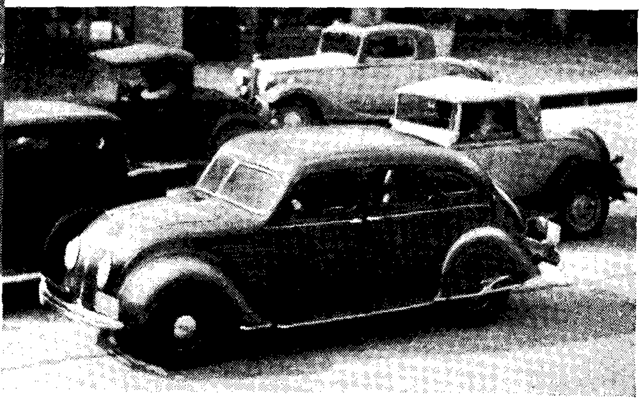
You'll like its modernity . . . its pure and practical beauty. You'll appreciate its roominess. For the AIRFLOW De Soto seats three in front or back seat as comfortably as most cars seat two.

AIRFLOW De Soto sets the style for an industry to follow. But isn't it fun . . . and good buying judgment . . . to ride the modern way *today* . . . in the car with a future! Have a talk with a De Soto dealer. He'll arrange for you to take a Floating Ride . . . the most thrilling experience you've had since your first "take-off" from an airport.

FOUR MODELS: 4-Door 6-Passenger Sedan; 4-Door 6-Passenger Town Sedan; 2-Door 6-Passenger Brougham; 3-Passenger Coupe with enclosed rumble seats. Improved Duplate Safety Plate Glass throughout at slight additional cost.



(Above) Here you see how the frame and body in AIRFLOW De Soto form *one all-steel unit* 40 times more rigid than the type used in ordinary cars . . . there are 181 feet of steel girders to protect you.



Airflow DE SOTO

*©1933 BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Feet Hurting? Look out for LOPSIDED HEELS

FEW people realize how much foot-misery can result from wearing lop-heeled shoes.

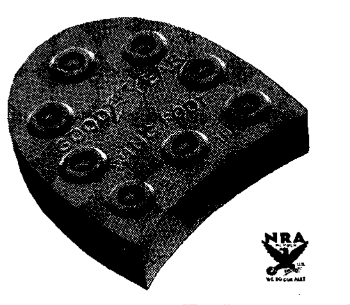
But just feel your foot. You'll find that the heel is the most important bone in the arch. When it turns over the whole foot is wrenched, straining the arch. And the foot is jammed against the side of the shoe, inviting corns and bunions.

That's why there is no tonic like Goodyear Wingfoot Heels for touchy feet. Goodyear builds these heels so resilient, so tough that they wear down EVENLY—*keeping shoes and feet straight; relieving strain.*

Proof of that is the fact that more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. You'll rejoice in their comfortable, easy-walking protection, too.

Have them put on today—at any repair shop.

GOODYEAR



WINGFOOT HEELS

keep shoes and feet straight

Not Dictated

Continued from page 15

Waggoner that evening. Aunt Caroline herself mixed the cocktails, measuring them with a punctilious accuracy, stirring them according to ritual in the deep pitcher, making a mystic pass over each glass with a twist of lemon peel. Bess sipped hers and murmured her approval; and Aunt Caroline nodded with some satisfaction.

"It's because I don't shake them," she explained. "Shaking ruins them."

Bess smiled in a deep amusement. "'Oh, thou who dost with pitfall and with gin,'" she chanted. "You'd corrupt me in no time, if you should beset my wandering path a little more often!"

"A little corruption wouldn't hurt you," Aunt Caroline asserted. She hesitated, as though her own words awoke a train of thought. "You're entirely too correct for your own good, Bess," she said.

"I'll surprise you, some day," Bess laughingly threatened; and when the cocktails were gone they descended to the restaurant and dined discreetly, and considered a theater and negatived that proposal, and so sat long at table. The restaurant was crowded; and Aunt Caroline, speaking in whispers and without moving her lips, told Bess who this one was, and that one, till Bess smilingly protested:

"I declare, Aunt Caroline, you're utterly shameless! I don't believe you even disapprove!"

"The things I was taught to disapprove as a girl are so usual nowadays that I no longer censure anything," the older woman explained.

"You're an immoral old lady!" Bess declared. "My reputation will be in shreds just from being seen with you."

AUNT CAROLINE looked up quickly, as though she had by this been reminded of something almost forgotten; and she was somewhat silent thereafter. By and by they went up to her black and gilt and silver suite again; and presently the last bags were packed and ready.

"I hate having you go," Bess confessed.

"If you were sensible, you would be going with me," the older woman urged almost wistfully. "I wish you were! Even Paris can be lonely for a woman my age, alone."

Bess shook her head, smiling.

"I'm a working gir-rl," she pointed out. "Heaven will no doubt protect me, but I have to hold my job just the same."

"I hate to think of you stifling in one room all summer," Aunt Caroline reflected; and she suggested as though on inspiration: "Bess, why don't you move in here? This place will be empty. You'll be more comfortable, and quite as convenient to the office, and I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that someone is taking care of my things."

Bess laughed. "Darling, you're sweet," she retorted. "But I like my own diggings, and I hate silk sheets! And besides, my sacred reputation! Any lady less than fifty years old who lives here alone is a hussy, per se, you know."

"Nonsense!" Aunt Caroline assured her. "Where you live is your own business! And you can have linen sheets if you want to be so austere. You needn't use the restaurant, and I shall tip the floor servants myself. Bess, do humor me this far, for once."

"You've been humored all your life," Bess protested, weakening.

"I like it," Aunt Caroline complacently assented. "Bess, do!"

And in the end, the girl agreed to this arrangement, and with a rising enthusiasm. When she said goodby to Aunt Caroline at the liner's rail, she called warningly:

"But if you come home and find me with a lover hidden in the closet, it's your own fault! Don't blame me!"

Aunt Caroline's eyes twinkled briefly. "I shall blame you if I don't!" she retorted.

Then the last whistle blew, and the liner inched out into the stream. Bess went home, wondering just what Aunt Caroline meant by her last word.

AT THE office next morning she remembered to tell Miss Teeman her new address. "I'm moving up there Monday," she explained. Miss Teeman looked at her in a curious fashion, but she made a note of the address and telephone number without a word.

Bess proceeded to type the letters Mr. Waggoner had dictated to her the afternoon before. She glanced up once. Miss Teeman was just coming out of Mr. Waggoner's office. She looked at Bess in a fashion which the girl found vaguely disturbing; but she said nothing at all.

Bess finished the letters and went to knock on Mr. Waggoner's office door. As she waited there, instinctively she touched her hair to make sure it was in seemly order; and again she caught Miss Teeman's steady eye upon her, and was, for no reason, ill at ease. Then Mr. Waggoner bade her enter, and she opened the door.

He was standing by the window, looking out, his back toward her; he turned and saw her, and turned his back again. She said quietly, "Your letters, Mr. Waggoner!" And she laid them on his desk, and waited for him to look them through and affix his signature.

But he said, over his shoulder: "Leave them, please."

Now this was an innovation, and it startled Bess. That instinct for danger which lies latent in most of us awoke. She started obediently toward the door; but at the door she checked and turned.

"I'm not sure of one sentence in the letter to McKim and Pastor, Mr. Waggoner," she confessed. "If you will look at it."

He made an impatient gesture; he left the window and came toward her. She was startled to see that his hair was rumpled, and he was pale, and at the same time he was perspiring faintly. There were the marks on him of some distress of mind; and Bess knew a quick solicitude.

Mr. Waggoner sat down and began to sign the letters with quick scrawls of his pen. When he came to the one addressed to McKim and Pastor, he swept it with a brief glance, said curtly:

"This is all right!"

And a moment later he was done.

Bess had watched him while he signed; now he watched her collect the letters and prepare to move away. She turned and started across the office toward the door. For no reason she was trembling. His tone had been harsh and angry; anger in her answered him—yet made her tremble too.

She raised her head proudly. If this was to be all. . . . She touched the knob of the door.

And he spoke, behind her:

"Miss Barclay!" His voice was hoarse and shaken.

She stopped quite still, her back toward him.

He said hurriedly: "Miss Barclay, you need not report on Monday. Miss Teeman will give you an order for two weeks' pay."

Bess heard him plainly enough, yet unbelievingly too. She stood for an instant motionless; and then, very slowly, she turned again to face him.

"You mean—I'm discharged?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," Mr. Waggoner said, and his lips shut firmly.

Her fingers were nerveless. She dropped one of the letters, and bent to pick it up, and the others slid out of her hand across the floor. She gathered them all, and put them in order again; and by that time she was able to control her tones.

She asked gravely: "Why, Mr. Waggoner?" Her lips were dry.

He seemed to suffer. "The matter calls for no discussion," he assured her.

"I thought I was doing very well," she urged, groping in a dark bewilderment.

"Your work is satisfactory," he agreed.

"Then—you're curtailing, cutting costs? Is that it?"

"Not at all," he retorted stiffly. "Our business is running ahead of last year's."

She shook her head in honest perplexity. "But I—don't see. . . ." she protested.

He stood up, flushing. "Any discussion must only be painful to us both," he insisted. "I don't wish to go into it at all."

Bess hesitated, and her first dismay gave way to a rising anger. "But you know, this is ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "I don't intend to be discharged without the least explanation. I'm afraid you will have to be explicit—no matter how painful it may be." She smiled ruefully. "I'd rather know the worst than not know anything."

"There is no occasion to discuss it," he repeated, and wiped his brow.

"You're told me I'm discharged. That is sufficient occasion," she reminded him. "Why, Mr. Waggoner?"

HE SUFFERED visibly. "M-hm!" he said at last; and then, reluctantly: "Well, Miss Barclay, since you insist! We try to maintain a high standard here. Our employees are expected to conform to it. This is an old house, with a tradition; a tradition of respectability. Our models are not expected to accept dinner invitations from customers; and—our stenographers are under a corresponding obligation."

She looked at him, smiling in some bewilderment. "But I don't know what you're talking about," she protested. "I haven't the remotest idea!"

Mr. Waggoner said "M-hm!" in an unhappy fashion.

Bess cried swiftly: "I'm not going till you tell me! What is it, Mr. Waggoner?"

He made an explosive sound. "Very well, if you will have it in plain words! Miss Teeman says you are moving into an apartment on the Avenue. That is plain enough, certainly!"

His tone implied that this was a sufficient explanation.

Bess stared at him, and her color faded ever so little, and then it flooded her cheeks again; she smiled, or at least her eyes smiled. Her lips did not, even though her eyes were dancing.

She hesitated only for an instant, said then readily: "Yes, of course. A very attractive apartment!" She protested: "But I don't think those are such very plain words. I really don't see how my

(Continued on page 29)

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Six Years Old and Sparkles Like New

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You'll really enjoy Simonizing your car. With a few easy strokes, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes a dull car sparkle like new again. And washing isn't necessary first! Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans the finish and restores its original lustre. An amazing new cleaning feature does away with all hard rubbing so that Simoniz Kleener is safer, quicker and easier to use.

❷

After cleaning your car with Simoniz Kleener, apply Simoniz. It takes only a few minutes to put on, gives the finish perfect all-weather protection and makes it last longer. Then, no matter where and when you drive, your car will stay beautiful.

Insist on SIMONIZ and SIMONIZ KLEENER ... REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

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So Simoniz your car . . . and you'll always be glad that you did. Even though it is dull now, the finish will sparkle like new again . . . and it will stay beautiful. Washing will seldom be necessary, as dust and dirt wipe off of a Simonized car with a dry cloth. There couldn't be anything easier or more economical! Buy a can of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener today.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Recognized for over twenty years as authorities on the care of motor car finishes

With a few quick strokes, wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes dull cars sparkle like new

Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps cars beautiful for years

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So be sure to get these famous products for your car. Always ask for them by name. They're sold by hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

"I DON'T SEE MUCH DIFFERENCE IN MOTOR OILS"

"NO, LADY— BUT YOUR ENGINE DOES!"

Mobiloil makes your Car Run Better

Today's Modern High-Speed Engines Need Finer, Tougher Oils

Sure, oils look alike! It's hard for anyone to tell much about them, lined up in a service station! But once they're in your crankcase—your engine knows the difference in a hurry!

Because you're really not buying oil at all! You're buying *engine performance.* Smoothness. Protection for all the flying parts in that intricate piece of machinery under the hood.

And here's the important thing about that! Today's cars—and by that we mean cars built since 1930—are "cranky" about oil. High speed and higher temperatures in modern motors make them *twice* as hard on oil as cars built five or six years ago.

It's much more important now to have an oil that won't thin out dangerously under terrific heat. It's more important to have an oil that stays *tough* when spread in a much thinner film.

Mobiloil has been the largest selling motor oil ever since the modern high-speed engine came into general use. That's significant—clear indication that car owners find their cars run better on Mobiloil.

No, it isn't safe to trust to the *looks* of oil. But you *can* be sure by buying when you see the Mobiloil trademark. Just review these facts:

It's the largest selling oil in the world. It's used by more motorists than any other kind. It's sold at more places. Pretty good proof, don't you think, that you can rely on it?

You can buy Mobiloil literally everywhere. And wherever you buy it, the dealer sells from a simple chart that guarantees your getting the exact grade of oil *best fitted* for your make of car.

This Spring, get all the fun that's coming to you—all the performance that was built into your car. Change to Summer Mobiloil at the first sign of warm weather—and listen to your engine purr!

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

SOCONY-VACUUM
CORPORATION

BETTER CRUDES... MORE CAREFULLY REFINED

Not Dictated

Continued from page 26

moving to the Avenue affects my efficiency as a stenographer."

"It is not a question of efficiency," he told her sharply. "It is a question of character!"

"Character?" she repeated, and her brows lifted warningly. "Character, Mr. Waggoner?"

"You know perfectly what I mean," he told her in some exasperation.

Bess was enjoying herself; but this did not appear on the surface. She shook her head, and her eyes were wide and bland. "I'm afraid I don't," she insisted.

"I believe your salary is thirty-five dollars a week," he suggested.

"Yes, of course."

"Well!" he exclaimed, as though this were answer enough; but when she slowly shook her head, he cried: "The rent of such an apartment must be almost as much as that a day!"

She smiled delightedly. "Oh, I should think so!" she assented. "It's charming! Beautifully furnished. Some lovely things!"

"Exactly!" he barked.

"But I still don't see. . . ."

HE LEANED toward her, his clenched fists resting on the top of his desk. "Do you suppose me blind?" he demanded. "It is obvious that you cannot live in such surroundings on your salary."

"Why, no, I couldn't, naturally," Bess agreed. "But I don't see how it can matter to you—to Waggoner and Dale—where I live."

"There has never been any scandal in connection with an employee of this company," he told her.

"Mercy!" she protested earnestly. "I don't intend to be mixed up in any scandal!"

"Scandals are seldom intended," he said in a somber tone. "But these things can only end in one way." And he urged slowly, almost appealingly: "Miss Barclay, your private life after you have ceased to be our employee is not my concern. But—may I not urge that you are doing a mistaken thing?"

She shook her head. "Why, I think you're absurd!" she exclaimed. "To object because I happen to choose to live in a most attractive apartment, in a most attractive part of town!"

"You can't afford to do it," he insisted.

"Of course not," she agreed. "But this is only a temporary arrangement." She saw him wince at that word, and she added calmly, turning the steel in the wound: "I think it will be rather a lark. I'm looking forward to it!" He groaned, and she explained carefully: "You understand I'm not paying for it myself?"

He said frigidly: "I have no curiosity as to details."

She frowned, apparently unable to understand. "Then why. . . ." she persisted.

He looked at her hopelessly; and as though against his will he moved around the desk till he stood facing her.

"Miss Barclay," he asked at last, appealing to her, "is your mind made up to this? Miss Teeman says you do not—move in until Monday, so there may still be time. If it is—a question of money, we might raise your salary."

She smiled gayly. "Why, of course I'd like a raise of salary," she agreed. "I think I've earned it, don't you? But this isn't a matter of money at all!"

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Because I was asked to, and it sounded attractive," she told him calmly.

He seemed to shudder. "Is it too late—to change your plans?" he pleaded.

"Too late?" she considered thoughtfully. "Why, no, I suppose not."

"You suppose not?" he echoed half angrily. "Don't you know whether it's too late or not?"

"Why, I haven't moved in yet," she explained. "But I've promised I would!"

"You can change your mind," he urged. "Send word to—your friend. . . ." He was trembling; he stood so near her that she could see the uncertain movement of his lips. "Oh, I know I've no right to interfere," he confessed, and his words came tumbling. "But I beg of you—don't do this, Miss Barclay." He stammered: "I w-wish I c-could persuade. . . ."

So at last she relented, and her eyes were full of mirth. "Really, Mr. Waggoner, if you make such a point of it, I suppose I'll have to. . . ."

"I do!" he cried. "I do! Please change your mind!"

Bess watched him, and she said reflectively:

"I'd have to send her a radio, of course."

"Eh?" he echoed, startled. She saw him pale. "Radio? Her?"

"To my aunt," Bess explained. "To Aunt Caroline. She sailed for France last night."

"Aunt Caroline?" he repeated like a parrot.

She nodded. "Of course," she told him. "It's her apartment, you see. She's gone abroad for two months, and she thought I might as well occupy it while she was away."

"Your Aunt Caroline?" he echoed stupidly. "You mean. . . ." And he wiped his brow and stood dumb.

Bess looked at him in hurt reprobation, and her eyes grew wider and wider. "Why, Mr. Waggoner," she protested, "of course. What in the world did you think? You surely didn't think I. . . ." He faced her miserably. "Oh, you've hurt me terribly!" she said. "How could you think. . . ."

He was already within arm's reach of her; and she waited, a smile deep in her eyes.

Mr. Waggoner looked at her long and steadily. By and by he began to frown. He set his hands on her arms, and gripped hard, and he was red with wrath. She said, her lips curving gayly:

"You needn't look so stern! You can't frighten me now!"

"Frighten you?" he echoed.

She nodded happily. "Because, you see, you've quite given yourself away. If you hadn't—cared, you wouldn't have cared."

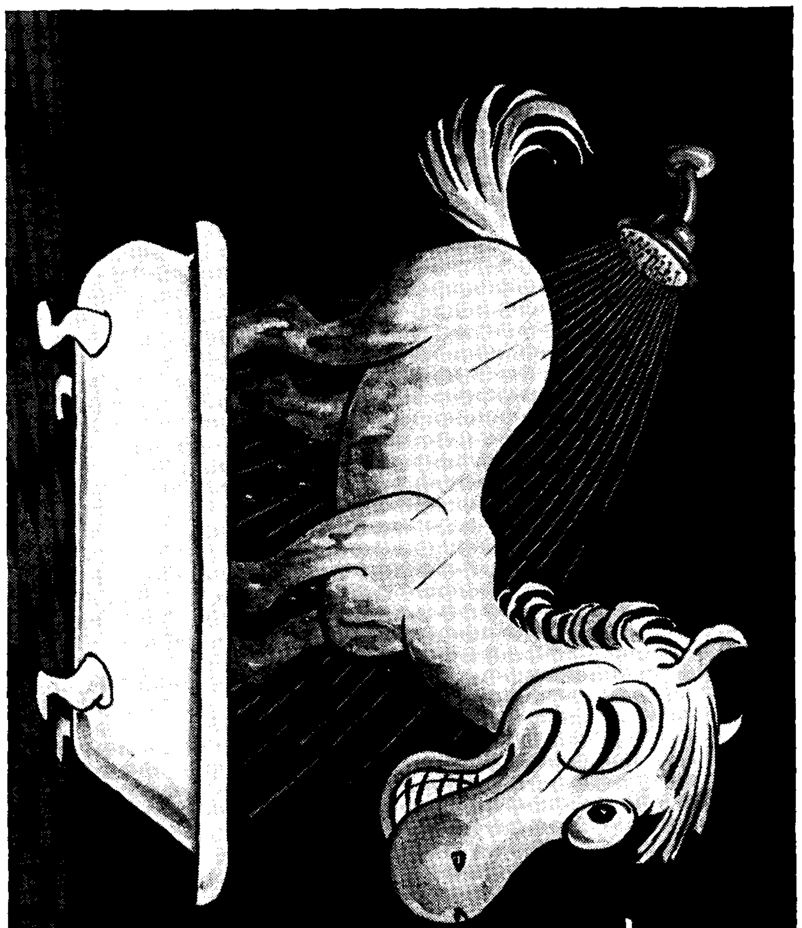
He exclaimed: "Miss Barclay, you're a confounded, mischievous, deceiving, graceless, immoral young woman! You need someone to. . . . I've a mind to shake you!"

She shook her head, her eyes dancing. "I'm afraid it's too late, Alec," she said gently. "I hate slang; but I don't think you can ever shake me now."

LATER that morning, and quite regardless of expense, Bess sent a radio to Aunt Caroline: "Sorry, darling, can't use apartment after all. Alec won't let me."

She smiled to herself as she wrote the last words. Aunt Caroline, she thought, would be so surprised!

But when the answer came, she was not so sure. For Aunt Caroline's reply was simply: "Are you telling me?"



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Tune in every Wednesday evening . . . NBC Blue Network—coast to coast . . . for a half-hour of fun, songs, and music. You'll love it.

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25c IN CANADA
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 17

"Who said I was nice?"

"I've often said so. I say so now." Her eyes were misty.

"I honestly think you feel I'm nice, in spite of—"

"In spite of nothing," he interrupted.

She reached for the drink that she had set on the table, and as she sipped it she looked at him over the rim. Her eyes held invitation, and as she put the glass down again Kernochan felt the color racing to his face.

"The boat sails tomorrow noon," she said. "Think of it, Kernie. Four days from now—"

"Don't be cruel," he pleaded. "It's about ten above outside. The comparison is too dreadful."

"Well," she laughed, "I'd hate to think that the weather was the clinching argument, but if that is the final inducement—" She paused expectantly.

HE LOOKED at her thoughtfully; the flush had left his cheeks now.

"Laurette, we've been pals quite a while. Why don't you come clean with me?"

"What is this Ames business? Why did you take Trephon to dinner?"

"Why do you get gifts of round-trip tickets to Cuba? Are the two things joined together, Laurette?"

"Don't ask silly questions when you know the answers," she told him.

"Who gave you the tickets?" he asked softly.

"Now, now, Kernie. You know I never talk."

"This is a time when talk might help."

"Think so? I'm a friend of yours, Kernie. And I'm not exactly a sap. I know when talk is good and when talk is bad. I know when to give a hint and when to stop at the hint. Don't you know enough to take a hint?"

"This is one of my dull nights," he smiled.

"Maybe I could brighten you up." Her answering smile was alluring. "You haven't kissed me, Kernie."

His eyes held surprise.

"Really? Are you sure?"

Before his gentle mockery she crimsoned.

"Do I have to ask you?" She swayed toward him; her slightly parted lips were close to his. For a moment Kernochan hesitated. The lovely mouth so close to his was eminently kissable. But only one pair of lips in all the world were really desirable. But that was ridiculous. He was not going to let himself fall in love with Rose Ames. Perhaps, like his craving for drink, his sudden desire for Rose Ames might prove to be a thing of his own imagining. Last night he had discovered that liquor held no sway over him, and liquor had been a habit of long standing. The desire for Rose Ames was a thing so recent that it could be easily quelled. If he took in his arms the lovely girl who offered herself to him, might not the sweetness of her embrace banish the thoughts of Rose Ames that filled his mind?

His head bent forward and his arms tightened about her. It was minutes before, gently releasing herself, her eyes opened to reveal a shyness that surprised him. Queerly, he compared the woman whom he held in his arms with the woman he wanted to hold there. Rose Ames made him think of ice through which fire glowed; Laurette made him think of fire through which one glimpsed the refreshing coolness of snow.

"*Now* you'll go to Havana, won't you?" she asked.

Slowly his arms dropped away from her.

"The bribe is great, the advance payment makes one eager for the rest," he smiled. "Perhaps you'll tell me what it's all about, now."

"I'll tell you tomorrow, when the boat is out at sea," she said.

He shook his head.

"No can do, Laurette. Tell me now."

"And you'll go to Havana?"

He took her hand in both of his and pressed it.

"Laurette, my dear, you know I can't do that."

"But why can't you? You like me, don't you? I don't suppose you love me, but what's love? We have fun together; we can have more fun."

"It wouldn't be fun if you paid for it—or if someone else paid for it. Laurette, who's the someone else?"

She shook her head.

"Don't ask me. I can't tell you."

"It's about the Ames case, of course. Pottery, eh? Am I stepping on his toes?"

"I'll tell you anything you want to know on the boat tomorrow," she promised.

"I won't be on that boat, Laurette. Listen, girlie, this is big-time business. Whose partner are you? Whose side are you on?"

"Yours, Kernie. But I can't talk," she almost wailed.

He rose from the couch, adjusted his black bow tie before a mirror, picked up his coat and hat, and smiled at her.

"Kernie, you're not leaving," she cried. "Kernie, you can't go home tonight. You must stay here."

"Stay here?" he grinned at her. "It's that last highball, baby. You shouldn't let liquor talk for you. I'll be seeing you."

Before she could protest further he went through the door.

ALL the way down to his Eighth Street rooms he puzzled over the matter of Laurette. She had always evinced a great liking for him; he had a great fondness for her. He had not forgotten certain sentimental exchanges. But tonight Laurette had acted as if she were violently in love with him. Laurette was not cheap; Laurette was not common. A glass or two of champagne and a highball did not make Laurette easy prey for any philanderer.

But Laurette, after these years, had not surrendered to love. Laurette had been putting on an act. It had been a most delightful act, an act whose performance had been most enjoyable. But why had Laurette put it on? Who was so anxious to get Kernochan out of town that Laurette had been supplied with tickets and funds for a trip to Havana? The answer was Jimmy Pottery. But why? Suppose that Pottery knew of Kernochan's activities? Those activities had led nowhere as yet. Why would Pottery think that they would eventually lead somewhere?

Could it be that he, Kernochan, was on the verge of an important discovery? Were all these things that seemingly bore no relation one to another about to group themselves together? Emily Trephon's faint, Johnson's dishonesty and his association with Callie Curtis, Pottery's annoyance—to use a mild word—did *all* these things blend together in a fashion legible to Pottery, and did Pottery fear that they were as readable to Kernochan?

It was impossible that John Ames could have been murdered by a third

(Continued on page 32)

"Driving a Taxi TAUGHT ME HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE BEST"

READ THIS CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH JOHN GRASSANO OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"IT'S NO CINCH driving a taxi in all kinds of weather, believe me! I have to travel fast . . . but always have to be ready to stop on 'a dime.' I'd be out of luck if I didn't have hydraulic brakes."

"I'm not taking any chances . . . you bet I picked a Plymouth for my Family"

STOPPING AND STARTING many times a day . . . weaving in and out of traffic . . . taxi driver John Grassano knows the importance of having good brakes . . . *always!*

That's why he picked a Plymouth for his *own* family. "Because it has Hydraulic Brakes. I've found they're best. They stop you quicker. They take hold on all four wheels at once—they're automatically self-equalized. There's no side-skidding, no swerving," said Grassano.

Another reason he picked Plymouth was for its safety-steel body—steel reinforced with steel. "We're taking no chances," he says.

• • •

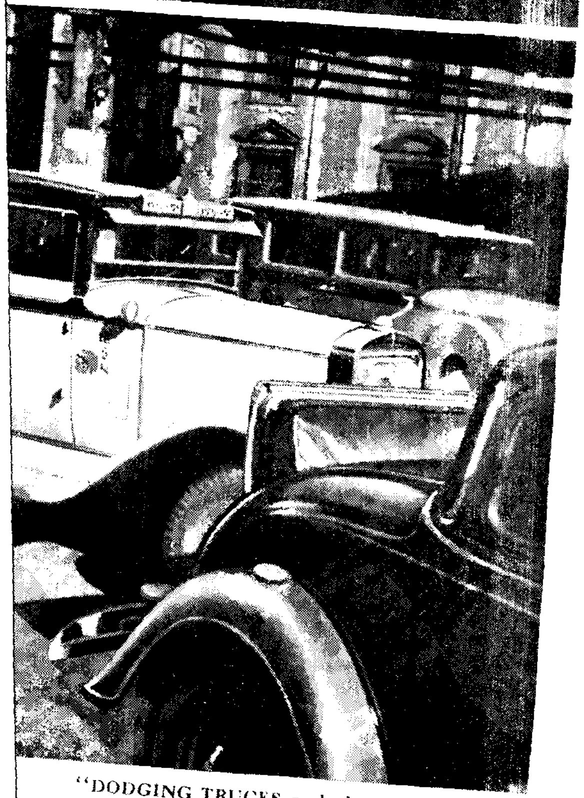
NEXT TO SAFETY COMES COMFORT. So Plymouth has Floating Power engine mountings to keep all vibration away from the passengers.

You'll also find improved Individual Wheel Springing in Plymouth—the simplest and strongest type you can have! These big coil springs let each front wheel "step" over bumps and smooth out the roughest roads.

You want smartness—roominess—economy as well as important features. Plymouth gives you all these.

But *in addition*, it is the only low-priced car that can give you all four of the vital features you need . . . Hydraulic Brakes, Safety-Steel Body, Floating Power and Individual Wheel Springing.

Ride in a Plymouth before you decide. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate.



"DODGING TRUCKS and elevated pillars takes good nerves and good brakes. I've got both. In eight years of driving I've never had an accident of any kind."

"HYDRAULIC BRAKES have kept me out of trouble hundreds of times. All of our cabs have 'em. And so you can bet I'm not going to take chances with any other kind of brakes . . . in the new car I have picked for my family to use."

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PLYMOUTH $495 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

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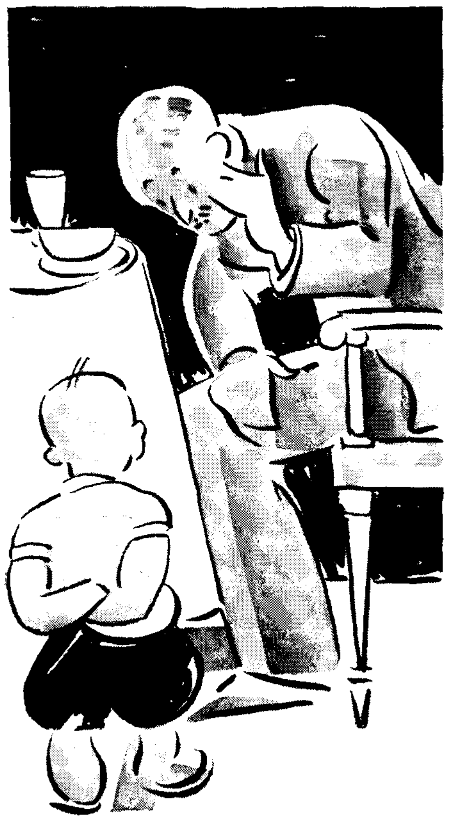


"I'm not saying a word against our mother

but why doesn't she get us PETTIJOHN'S?"

Menfolks, young and old, long for a different cereal. And Pettijohn's is different. Flavory, golden flakes of real whole wheat! Cooks, mind you, in 3 to 5 minutes!

YES SIR! The women keep on serving the same old breakfast until one fine day the menfolks'll say: "Either we get a different cereal around this house or else!"

Don't let this happen! Fend off revolution with Pettijohn's — *the only hot cereal* that's really *different.* Pettijohn's is *real* whole wheat. To make it, the firm, golden entire wheat kernels are *flaked* instead of *ground.* That's why Pettijohn's is never mushy. Why it has that crisp, luscious "cracked-wheat" texture. Why it cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. In addition, Pettijohn's brings you bran as Nature intended you to eat it. *With* the rest of the whole wheat berry.

If you believe in real whole wheat, if you long for a *change* at breakfast, get Pettijohn's today.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with All the Bran

Product of The Quaker Oats Company

PETTIJOHN'S
ROLLED WHEAT
WITH ALL THE BRAN
COOKS IN 3 TO 5 MINUTES

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 30

person. Suicide or death at the hand of his wife had been the only two explanations of the killing. And Kernochan had been convinced that the second of these was the true solution. Yet the moment he started investigation of Ames' past, influences began to work against him. If only Laurette would talk.

And why wouldn't she? Laurette had worked in night clubs; she knew the racketeers that had controlled, during the prohibition era, the midnight-to-dawn resorts of Manhattan. But Laurette was no gunman's moll; Laurette was no intimate of criminals. Stern moralists might find fault with certain of her actions, but the harshest of them would not consider her a criminal. Why, then, did she protect criminals by her refusal to talk?

But perhaps she wasn't trying to protect criminals. Perhaps she was endeavoring to protect Kernochan. He smiled at this thought. Pottery, realizing that all of Broadway knew by now of Kernochan's encounter with the racketeer last night, would hesitate at harming the newspaper man. Pottery would know that any attack upon Kernochan would be definitely linked with the racketeer. But Laurette, bless her heart, might be afraid of Pottery when Kernochan was not in the least concerned. Pottery wanted Kernochan out of town and was willing to pay to get him out of town, and Laurette believed that Pottery's wish would lead the gangster to violence if the wish were not acceded to. Laurette was a trump. She thought that if she told Kernochan that Pottery had given her the tickets, Kernochan would go to Pottery. Yes, Laurette had been trying to protect Kernochan from his own rashness. His smile was gentle as he let himself into his rooms. Lord love her, Laurette was swell, so swell that she was willing to go to any length to help a friend.

THEN, as he switched on the light in his living-room, he saw on the floor, where it had been thrust beneath the door, a square white envelope. He knew before he picked it up that it came from Rose Ames, and Laurette, her kisses, her warm embrace, her promise of greater delights, vanished from his mind. With fingers that trembled he picked up the envelope.

It had evidently been delivered by messenger, as there was no stamp affixed to it. It was the sort of handwriting that somehow Rose Ames should have, dainty yet strong, legible as print, with decision in the downward strokes of the pen. He opened it.

"Dear Mr. Kernochan: Please don't be angry with me, but I couldn't stand Johnson around. I had to discharge him. I tried not to let my feelings get the better of me, but the thought that I'd trusted him so many years while he'd been stealing was too much for me. I felt like a hypocrite and had to blurt out my knowledge of what he'd done. I couldn't be sorrier and hope you'll forgive me. Sincerely, ROSE AMES."

He put the letter down, took off his hat and coat, lighted a cigarette, and sprawled in an easy chair.

Too bad; Mrs. Ames should have been better able to hide her feelings. Yet the fact that she hadn't been able to do so was testimony to her directness. And perhaps, after all, it didn't matter. Johnson would not dream that his discharge was inspired by anything but his defalcations.

He looked again at the letter. He was glad that he had not yielded to invitation tonight. Then he cursed himself for a vacillating fool and started to undress. He was in shirt sleeves when his telephone rang.

"Kernie? Kellerman talking. Hope I didn't wake you up. You couldn't run down to headquarters to see me, could you?"

"What's the big idea?" demanded Kernochan.

"Something interesting. But say, don't bother to come down here. Meet me at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street. I'll be coming uptown in a police car. Be on the southeast corner."

"Sounds as though you're putting me on the spot," laughed Kernochan. "Have you been grafting, Kel? Are you luring the reporter who's wise to you to his doom?"

"Just like that," laughed the lieutenant. "Can you make it in ten minutes?"

"Sure I can," assented Kernochan.

He pursed his lips, whistled softly, struggled into his dinner jacket, donned overcoat and hat, and strode out into the blowy night. In front of the Renton he picked up a taxi. He had been slapping his hands together against the cold for three minutes when Kellerman stopped at the designated corner. The lieutenant was accompanied by two plain-clothes men. Kernochan had met them and they exchanged nods.

"What's it all about?" Kernochan asked.

"Want you to identify a man," replied Kellerman as the car started. "I'll give you *all* the answers when we get there. It's only a couple of blocks. Here we are now."

The car stopped on the right-hand side of the street. It was a neighborhood that had once been fashionable but now had been given over to shops and offices. Kernochan read the sign on the window of the only lighted store in the block, "Johnson and Company, Hardware."

HE TURNED, questions on his lips, to the police officer, but Kellerman merely pushed him toward the door. A uniformed man opened it and Kernochan stepped inside. Upon the floor, the lower half of his body shielded from view by a counter, but his pallid face clearly visible beneath a light almost directly above him, lay Johnson, Rose Ames' butler.

"Know him?" Kellerman almost barked the question.

Kernochan nodded.

"It's Mrs. Ames' butler."

"I guessed it," said Kellerman, satisfaction in his voice. "It ain't only you newspaper lads that can put two and two together. I got the word, just before I phoned you, that a hardware merchant named Johnson had been cooled. The report said that a letter was in his pocket signed Callie, and I remembered our little talk at lunch. A hardware merchant on Lexington Avenue don't seem like a butler on East Sixty-third Street, but funny things happen in this town."

"Who killed him?" asked Kernochan.

"Haven't got that far yet," said Kel-

(Continued on page 34)

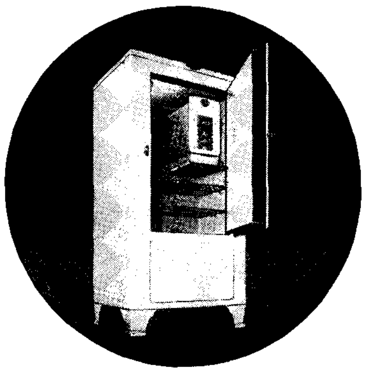
SAX ROHMER

A sinister shadow creeps to the very portals of Scotland Yard—and Nayland Smith again takes up the challenge

The Trail of Fu Manchu

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

A BILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRY



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The gas industry endorses Electrolux—your own gas company stands back of every one it sells

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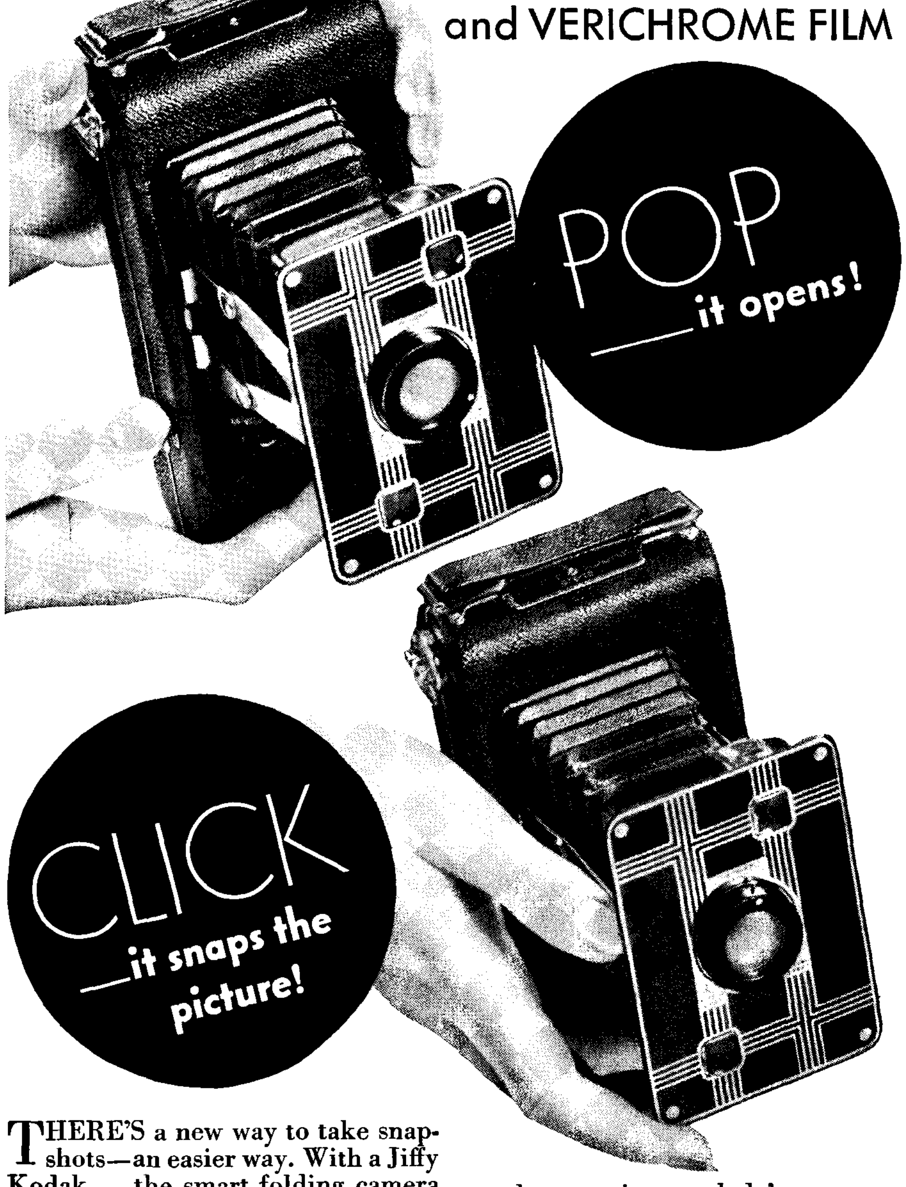

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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 32

lerman. "Did you know that Johnson ran this business on the side?"

"Not when I lunched with you. I picked it up later. And what a dumb-bell I was not to guess something like this when you told me to meet you on Lexington Avenue. I knew Johnson's place was along here, and I also had just learned that Mrs. Ames had discharged him for theft. Do you think he killed himself?"

Kellerman shook his head.

"Suicides don't shoot themselves in the back. Somebody got him. I'm rounding up that Curtis dame. And Mrs. Ames discharged him tonight, eh? I think I'll dash up and talk to her."

"Oh, for God's sake," protested Kernochan. "Why drag her into this? Hasn't she been through enough?"

"But this man was one of her servants," said Kellerman. "Everything I can learn about him will help."

"I'LL tell you everything you want to know. He worked for her family and for her for years. This afternoon she told me that she'd discovered he'd been robbing her to the tune of a couple of thousand a month. I begged her not to discharge him, but she lost her head and fired him."

"Why didn't you want him canned?" asked Kellerman.

"I had reasons," evaded Kernochan.

"What reasons?" persisted the lieutenant.

"Now don't crowd me, Kell. You didn't push me at luncheon today. Don't ride me now. I'll tell you something else that perhaps you didn't know. This hardware shop is a blind. Johnson was selling munitions to gangsters."

"Who gives you all your information?" asked Kellerman.

"What do you care as long as it's on the level? Now do something for me: Keep Mrs. Ames out of this. It isn't necessary to tell the papers that Johnson was a butler on the side. Mrs. Ames has had publicity enough. Something may happen any day, Kell, and if it does you'll get plenty of glory. But if you tie up this hardware merchant with the Ames butler, you may do a lot of damage."

"What sort of damage?" asked Kellerman.

"Can't you take my word for it?" pleaded Kernochan.

"You're working on the Ames case; that's a cinch," said the lieutenant. "Does this dead guy here tie into that? Kernie, are you out to hang the Ames killing on somebody?"

"If I told you your guess was right, and that any little thing might hurt what I'm doing, would you be nice?"

Kellerman nodded.

"I'll play ball. You don't want anything said about Johnson working for Mrs. Ames, and you don't want me to wake her up and question her. Okay—for a while. Want to read the Curtis note?"

He spoke to the uniformed man who had admitted them and the officer pointed to a pile of effects on the counter. From a billfold, a knife, a bunch of keys and money, Kellerman selected a letter. He opened it and over his shoulder Kernochan read the brief contents:

"Dear Joe: Sorry I can't see you tonight. CALLIE."

Kernochan nodded.

"You're rounding her up, Kell?"

"They'll bring her in," said the lieutenant.

"Who discovered the killing?" asked Kernochan.

"Officer Deegan here," said Kellerman, indicating the uniformed man. "Came by here on his beat, saw the place was lighted up, looked in, saw Johnson on the floor, found the door unlocked, and sent in word. He didn't know Johnson was dead and lifted up his head, to discover a bullet hole between his shoulder blades. Medical examiner hasn't been here yet. And that's all, so far. If anyone in the neighborhood heard the shot or saw the murderer get away, we don't know about it yet. I phoned you as soon as I heard about it because that Callie note made it tie in. Now I said I'd play ball with you; how about you doing a little fielding for me? Got any dope for me?"

"I'd look up Jimmy Pottery," said Kernochan. "I'd just find out where he was tonight. And I wouldn't wait too long for him to frame an alibi."

"Any reason for that suggestion beyond the fact that Pottery was with Callie last night when Johnson took her away?"

"Not a reason in the world. Just hunch. But a good hunch, perhaps. I'll see Mrs. Ames for you in the morning and everything she knows about Johnson I'll get for you. You'll keep your word about letting her alone?"

"When did I ever break my word to you?" demanded Kellerman.

"You never gave me your word before," grinned Kernochan.

"Trustful gent, aren't you?" laughed Kellerman.

"I still believe in Santa Claus," replied Kernochan.

With that he shook hands with the lieutenant, nodded to the other officers, and left the hardware shop just as the medical examiner arrived. He pushed his way through a knot of idlers attracted by police activity, stood on the curb, looked in vain for a taxi, and then, because the bitter cold made movement imperative, started at a brisk pace toward Twenty-third Street. There he turned east and in a moment found himself in front of a lunch-room. He stepped inside and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He glanced, as he paid his check, at the clock on the cashier's desk and saw that it was almost three.

OUTSIDE the lunch-room he found a vacant taxi. The driver was slumped in his seat, and his head had fallen forward on his chest. Kernochan shook him violently.

"A man can die of the cold if he doesn't watch out," he said.

The taxi man stared at him with dull eyes. He shook himself violently.

"Much obliged, boss. Where to?"

Kernochan gave him his Eighth Street address and stepped inside the cab. The chauffeur fumbled with his gear shift lever, stepped on the starter, and the machine protestingly chugged toward Fifth Avenue. Despite the missing engine, it managed to make the journey to Eighth Street. Kernochan tipped the man heavily.

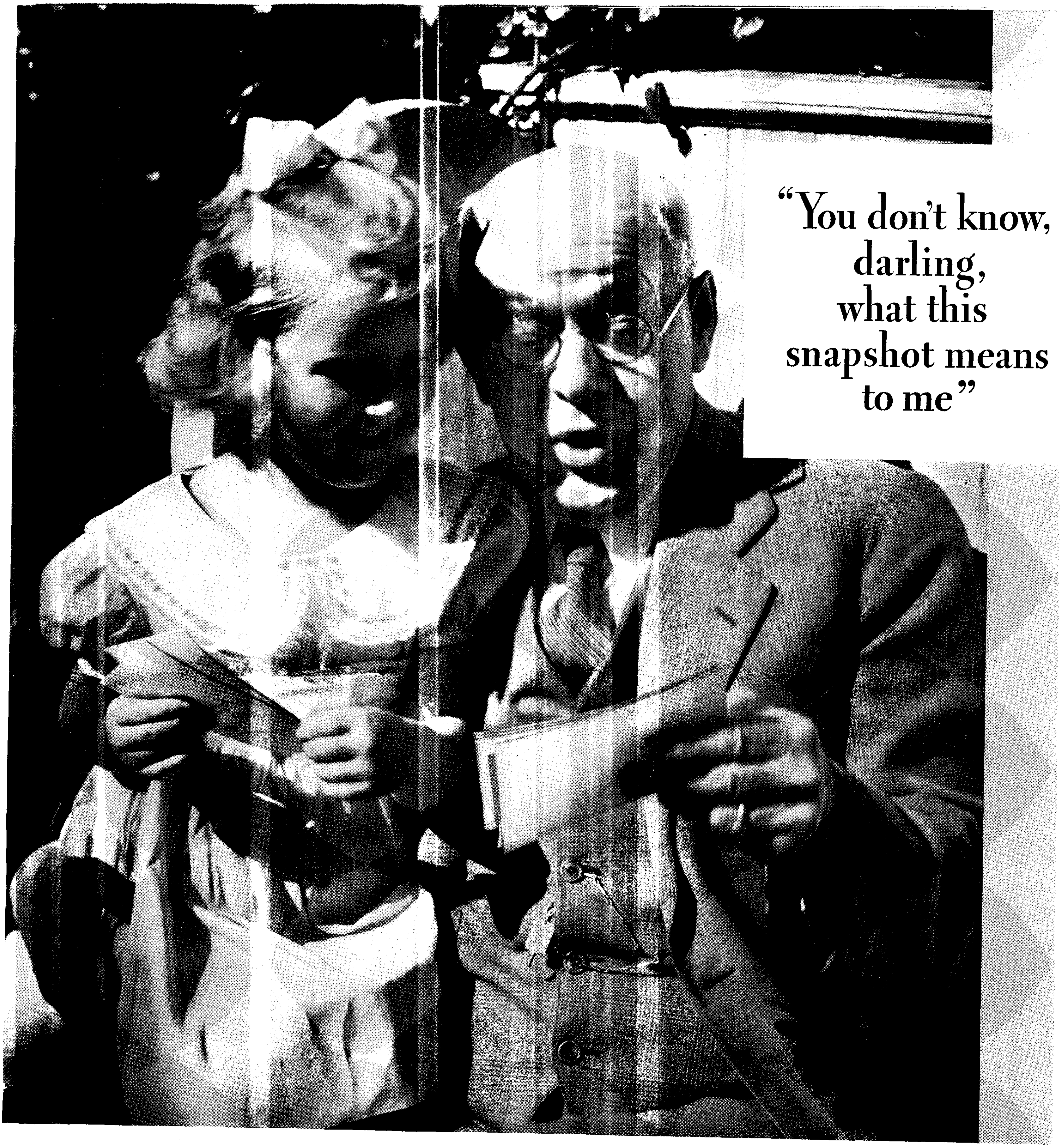
"That's for coffee to keep you awake," he said.

"Thanks, boss," said the taxi man.

Kernochan had difficulty putting his key in the lock, so cold was the night. But finally he opened the front door and with another key unlocked the door to his own little apartment. And he stood in bewilderment on the threshold.

"Come in out of the cold; I won't hurt you," said Laurette Marks.

(To be continued next week)

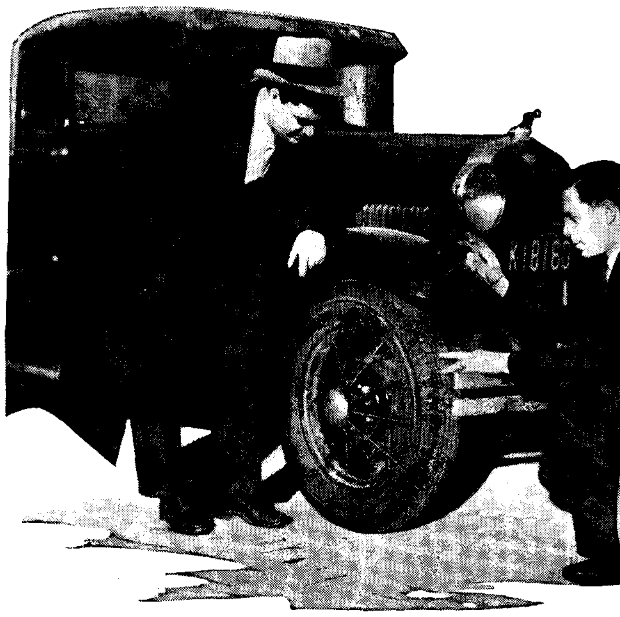


"You don't know, darling, what this snapshot means to me"

The days hurry by, every one bringing changes. Particularly to those who are very young, or very old . . . But snapshots are a way of stopping time. They will save the "little girl" smile and manner, just as they are. Something to keep, and look at often . . . Using Kodak Verichrome Film, you get the natural expressions of people, true to life. Try Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

"Slightly Used 32,000 miles...



...and good for 16,000 more TEMPERED RUBBER miles

Now, we don't claim that U. S. Tires will run on forever — but we do have some mighty convincing evidence that often the extra mileage in *Tempered Rubber* far exceeds the fondest hopes of many of our most optimistic users.

Gerald Nulton of New Brunswick, N. J., who traded in his U. S. Tires after 32,000 miles.

TAKE the experience of Gerald Nulton, Nathan Goldman and Willis Davis in New Brunswick, N. J., for example. Nulton thought 32,000 *miles far* enough to drive even U. S. Tires, so he turned his in at Goldman's tire store. Davis dropped in at Goldman's, examined the tires, asked the price and said, "Sold! Put them on."

"By the way," asked Davis, "who was foolish enough to turn in tires like that—they're only slightly used."

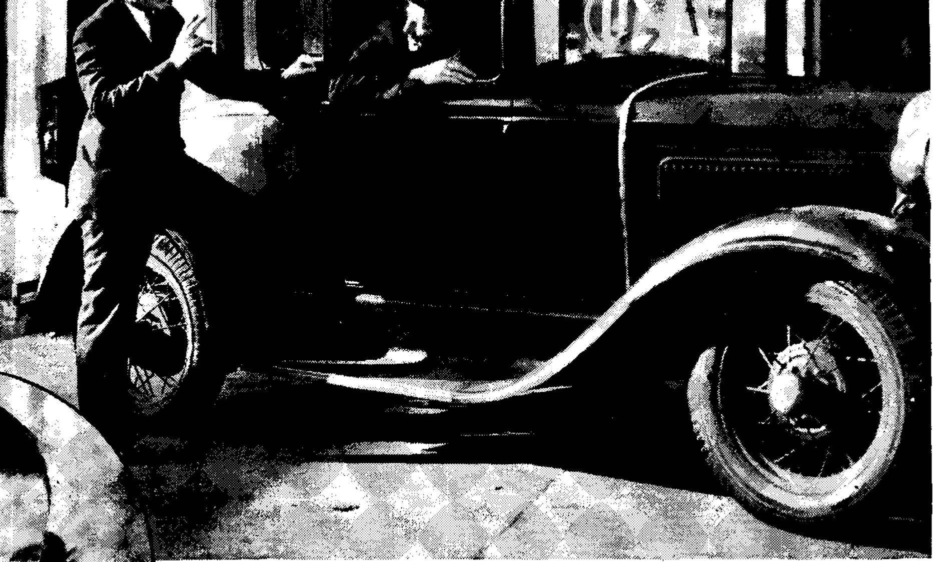
"Foolish?" replied Goldman, "Why, Gerald Nulton put 32,000 miles on them!"

But Davis' judgment of tire value was more than vindicated. He drove those tires 16,000 *more miles* before they wore out. His *used* U. S. Tires actually gave him as much service as he might expect from the *entire* life of many an ordinary tire.

That's Tempered Rubber for you — the toughest tire tread ever developed. Hundreds of thousands of motorists, whose cars came equipped with U. S. Tires, can tell the story of its remarkable mileage.

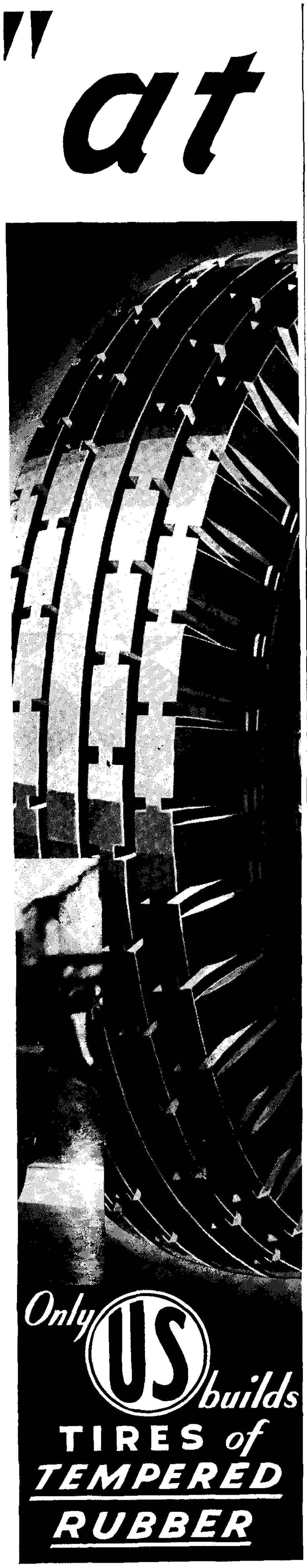
And a U. S. Tire dealer in your locality stands ready to provide you *with this same* extra *wear and long lasting safety — at* no *extra cost. Go to him for genuine U. S. Tires built with Tempered Rubber.*

Willis Davis, who got 16,000 more miles of highly satisfactory service out of the tires, following Nulton's original 32,000.



Nathan Goldman, of the O. K. Tire Store, who made the deals with Nulton and Davis.

United States Rubber Company



Playing Rookie

Continued from page 9

him a few things he hadn't learned at Hanover. This was in 1931 and Joe McCarthy's scouts told Joe, "Rolfe is your 1934 shortstop."

"What can he do?" Joe asked.

"Everything," they said.

He graduated from Albany with honors and then went to Newark for two years. He was being groomed as carefully as an opera star who is preparing for her début. Last year he looked mighty good at Newark. If you care for records, wrap these up: Batting average—.326. Games played—156. Hits made—197. Doubles—42. Triples—6. Home runs—7. Runs batted in—78.

Now he's through with Newark. He's ready to step out as the Yankees' regular shortstop. He may be a very great shortstop before those leaves start dropping next fall. Oh, he may be a bust too—but the betting is very much against it. Jimmy Foxx is a conservative and reticent sort of a gent (except when missing short putts) but I heard him talking about Rolfe and he was positively jittery.

Southpaw Prospects

"If that Rolfe isn't a big-league player right now," and these are Jimmy's exact words, "Lefty Grove has never had a fast ball. This kid would get up in the middle of the night to play ball if you'd let him. Name everything a great shortstop needs—and Red has it. Tell him a thing once and he remembers it. He's smart, he has a nice pair of hands, he can hit, he's a fighter."

"You mean he's a pretty good ball player?"

"I mean," Jimmy said, "that he's a heluva good ball player."

Well, we'll see. If those Yankees inaugurate a custom of singing college songs between innings, don't be surprised. There are more legitimate college boys on Colonel Ruppert's staff than many an old-time college football team ever boasted. In addition to Rolfe of Dartmouth the other young collegians are Johnny Broaca of Yale; Donald Brennan of Georgetown; Johnny Murphy and Joe Aube of Fordham; and Jesse Hill of the University of Southern California. They all look good now but Rolfe and Broaca seem to have the best chance of sticking (though, remember, we're only guessing).

Broaca is a pitcher but he can hit hard. He can hit with his right hand—and he was freshman boxing champion at Yale. Umpire take note. But Johnny Broaca never cared much for boxing. Like Rolfe he has a fine prep school background with Lawrence Massachusetts High and Andover getting the credit for easing him into Yale.

Broaca has wanted to be a ball player ever since he can remember. He went to Yale because Joe Wood was baseball coach there and he knew that Joe would teach him something.

Broaca, like Rolfe, is a student of baseball, smart not only around the edges but all the way through. He was with Newark last summer and one day he stepped in against Montreal and fanned sixteen batters. A week later he fanned ten Rochester men. How do you like that? Joe McCarthy liked it very much and that's why Johnny is with the Yanks. And he weighs 190 pounds, which is a bit of a help in burning fast ones across.

The Phillies have a yearling named George Darrow and he eased into baseball only because he wielded a coffee cup with his left hand. When he was a kid in Topeka, Kansas, he used to hang around the sand lots watching the big boys play. They wanted some practice against a left-hander, so George was elected. Thrilled at being allowed to play with his heroes, he pitched diligently and, afraid that they'd refuse to let him continue if he didn't keep the ball over the plate, he worked hard on his control. Now he's a southpaw with control, which is as rare as a Pekingese with a haircut.

At Washburn College he starred at baseball and basketball but now the diamond bug had entered his system. After college he started to climb the economic ladder by pitching in the Central Kansas League, ending up with Seattle of the Pacific Coast League. He bounced from league to league, showing an irrational fondness for baseball—a condition which prompted him to pitch five double-headers. This seemed to be a good idea at the time and so far the iron-man stunt seems to have had no bad effect on his left arm, but you can never tell. Last season he tolled off thirteen consecutive victories for Galveston of the Texas League and he was voted the most valuable player in the league and given a big red apple and a Philadelphia contract.

Another left-hander who looks as though he'd be eating big-league fodder at our leading hotels all summer is Fritz Ostermueller of the Red Sox. Tom Yawkey had to take the rubber band off his bank roll to outbid the Yankees for this port-sider and maybe it was a very good investment. The whispers around the league are to the effect that Fritz is a comer. He was with Rochester last year and he won sixteen games before getting the knife. He didn't get it from the club but from a doctor who removed a cranky appendix.

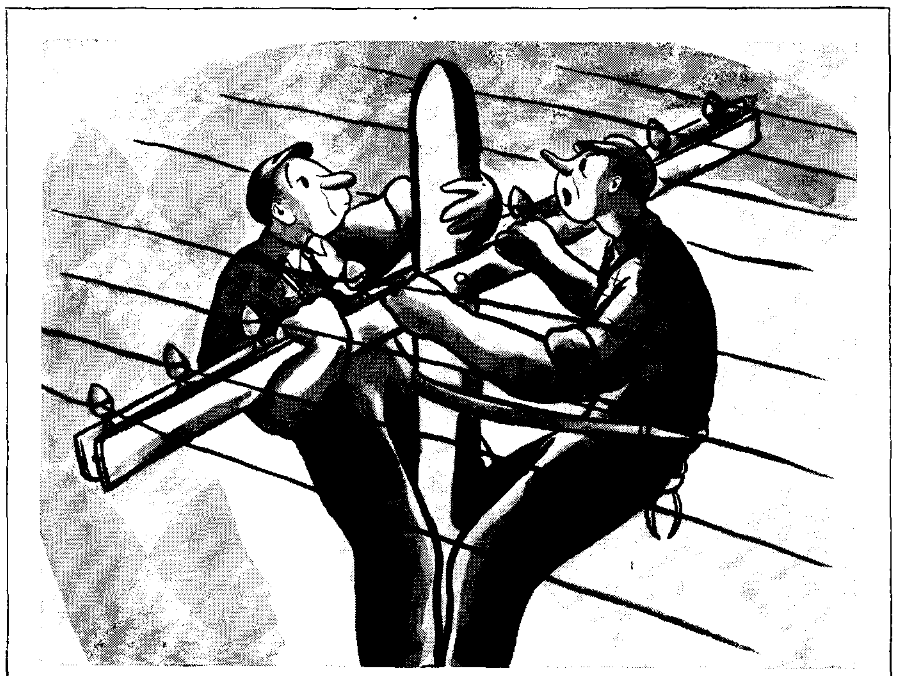
I see by the papers that most of the boys are picking the Washington Senators again to head the American League procession but I hear rumors that Detroit may upset that Washington applecart. The ball players themselves like Detroit a lot but it is quite possible that their almost fanatical admiration for Mickey Cochrane, Tiger pilot, may be warping their judgment. Cochrane himself, if pinned down, will admit reluctantly that he expects to get a slice of world series money next fall. If such a thing comes to pass a youngster named Stephen P. Larkin may have had a right-handed finger in the pie.

Parker's Place in the Sun

Larkin starts off well by weighing 195 pounds, by standing six feet three and by being twenty-three years old. Last year, before the NRA was born, he pitched 280 innings for Shreveport, which is working overtime in any league. Once upon a time Big Ed Walsh got a sore arm trying to pitch one thousand innings for Chicago in a single season, but nowadays any hurler who goes over the two hundred-inning mark is considered to be slightly insane. Larkin won twenty-two games for Shreveport while losing seven, and he looked awfully well all spring down in the grapefruit league. He owns and operates a very fast ball and he seems to operate it with deftness and finesse, not to mention enthusiasm and éclat.

Detroit has another youngster who likes baseball and who shuns the bright lights. He is Francis Parker, an infielder who played with Beaumont last season. Beaumont is one of those clubs which play night baseball, and under those arc lamps Parker could bat no better than .189, which wouldn't qualify him for anything but the clam-bake league. However, when the sun was out Parker slapped the ball around to a nice .325 tune and, after all, they don't play twilight baseball in the big American League. He is a sweet fielder and has a great throwing arm.

These are only a few of the youngsters who may or may not make good. There are others—dozens of them—and probably we've missed the two or three who will actually make the grade in a great big way. Picking the stars of tomorrow is strictly a guessing game. We haven't mentioned Paul Dean, the brother of the not-so-dizzy Dizzy Dean; or Herman Clifton, a promising Detroit rookie; or John Pasek, a good-looking White Sox catcher; or Art Ruble of the Phillies; or Pitcher Woodrow Wilson Davis of Cleveland or a great many others. You are opening blind when you are dealing with rookies and if veteran baseball managers can't pick the stars of tomorrow it's a cinch that we can't. We can only guess until they make a law against that, too.



"Last night I got a shock fixing my doorbell"

W. Von Riegen

"Man, what a Smacker"

TODAY, MACGREGOR OFFERS A SENSATIONAL, NEW GOLF CLUB THAT GIVES

10 TO 40 YARDS MORE DISTANCE

THE GRIP IS RIGID

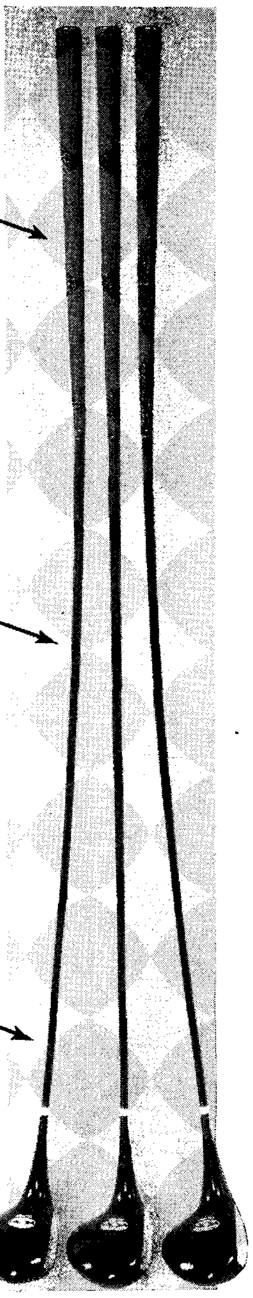
Note the stiffness of the shaft under the grip. This is because of the patented Control Sleeve which keeps the grip rigid. That's why you get the control and accuracy of a stiff-shafted club.

SHAFT BENDS HERE

Tru-Whip shafts whip only from grip to neck. The snap of a powerful short *spring* builds up on the down swing to put "Extra Wrists" and tremendous power into the impact... the clubhead must follow through.

THE NECK IS SOLID

The patented Neutralizer makes the neck solid. This keeps the head from wobbling and lets you hit *the ball squarely.* It also absorbs shock and vibration and prevents the shaft from breaking.



MacGregor Golfer-Craftsmen have developed an entirely new type of golf club. It is different from any club you have ever used. Golfers are getting 10 to 40 yards more distance off the tee—better long iron shots—more accurate approaches.

So if you have determined to get lower scores this season, here's a new line of golf clubs that will help you get them.

Puts "Extra Wrists" into Your Shots

Tru-Whip Clubs are the result of months of testing on the MacGregor Golf Course. The secret of their greater distance *plus accuracy* is a shaft that is entirely different. It has greater whip and *all the whip is between grip and neck.* (See pictures at left.) With this shaft you get the snap of a powerful steel spring. Yet because the *grip and neck are rigid,* you also get the *accuracy* of a stiff-shafted club.

More Distance Plus Accuracy

Try Tru-Whip Clubs yourself. You'll find a new confidence in every shot—from tee to green. You'll thrill to the feel of better timing and a smoother swing. There's no need to "press"—less tendency to hook or slice.

Every Tru-Whip—from driver to niblick—has the exact degree of whip required for best results. And your pro or dealer is offering Tru-Whip Harmonized Woods and Irons at prices much lower than you'd expect for clubs of MacGregor quality. See Tru-Whip at the first opportunity. In the meantime, write your name and address on the margin of this ad and mail for free, illustrated booklet that tells all about Tru-Whips. The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dept. A-21, Dayton, Ohio.

MACGREGOR
TRU · WHIP GOLF CLUBS

Mayor's Day In

Continued from page 13

tax from Mr. McNair's campaign speeches, urging him to "raise hell with Andy Mellon but lay off that Russian stuff." And Mr. McNair did lay into the Mellons and all their Republican works with great relish and was elected by about 25,000 majority.

No Time for Foolishness

By profession Mr. McNair is a lawyer—not one of your thundering advocates who rings the judicial welkin with the people's battle-cries and arouses the populace with a hoarse summons to revolt, but a simple fellow with a monorail mind and a fine contempt for government's intricate absurdities. If, said he, one might find a bland and self-liquidating cure for the world's manifold ills, further search was not only useless but little short of snide. And Mr. McNair had found it exactly where Henry George and his passionately sincere (if slightly naïve) followers had left it—single tax. As for the practice of law, Mr. McNair was neither a Choate, a Webster nor yet a Darrow. Nor did he wish to be. His specialty lay in such homely branches as title-searching and will drawing. If you wish to, you may trace his lack of legal fire to his Mennonite ancestry and early training. The Mennonites are a tidy people, unrelenting in their opposition to strife of all sorts, saturated in the blessed conviction that if you deal fairly with your neighbor there can be no call for wrangling.

You may have heard from time to time certain bizarre stories concerning the political condition of the city of Pittsburgh. There was absolutely no excuse for taking the time to disbelieve them; such ancient celebrated and successful buccaneers as Sir Henry Morgan, Captain William Kidd and the Brothers LaFitte would have been lucky to have left Pittsburgh's city hall with their earrings on and their trousers intact. The mere jingling of silver in the pocket of an ambling tourist fetched heads of city and county offices into the corridors on the run, their fingers working convulsively. I am told that there was a time, and not so distant either, when the more important members of the marauding patriots who ruled the town were wont to foregather in the mayor's office every Saturday afternoon and split up the city treasury among themselves, thus starting each week with a nice clean slate and no confounding arithmetic to bother with. The lesser statesmen got theirs via the speakeasies, the policy shops and the bagnios into which, if you were snooty about such indulgences, you were quite likely to be dragged by press gangs of policemen who stood for no moral nonsense. It was, in brief, pretty raw.

Now it is not on record that among the voices raised against all this carnival Mr. NcNair's was consistently noticeable. He deplored it. He despised it. And he predicted that the day would come when the people would be quite fed up with it. But (and of this he assures me) he is not a reformer of public morals.

By the fall of 1933 the political sewage that had collected in the City-County Building had just about reduced Pittsburgh to a pest-house status. A revolted populace that apparently couldn't be revolted managed to stagger through the smog to the voting stations. The city had given two hundred thousand dollars to an auditing company to scan its books, and while it couldn't very well afford such a survey it was one of the best investments Pittsburgh had ever made. A mayor was indicted, tried, reprieved because he was ill. He completed the job by dying. A city treasurer followed his example in every detail. An unhappy city purchasing agent went to jail, emerging alive after several months. A state senator and three hundred and twenty-four of his walloping followers had been indicted for every political crime from ballot-box stuffing to sheer burglary. And further on down the scale, down among the mobsmen, the professional killers, the liquor and bawdy house racketeers, there had been so many murders, kidnappings and so much general foulness that even the unquenchable Republicans, who had for years tolerated crime so long as it was Republican crime, decided that things had gone a bit too far. There is no room here for detail, but Pittsburgh had come to the conclusion that a few years in jail wouldn't be a bad experience for a few of its professional rulers who had, apparently, done everything and been everywhere else.

Therefore when it came time to elect someone to replace the Honorable Charles H. Kline, the graft-convicted mayor, who was subsequently to be relieved of the necessity of going to prison in order that he might die at home, Pittsburgh elected the Democratic ticket at whose head stood the hitherto consistently unsuccessful Bill McNair.

Defeat Takes a Holiday

They tell me that some time after the polls had closed Mr. McNair clambered aboard a street car in which he trundled home in a state of some bemusement, like a man who emerges suddenly from a long, dark cavern into blinding light. Home, he tossed his venerable felt hat at the hallrack and looked mildly at the little group of neighbors gathered with Mrs. McNair and the girls—Helen, aged fourteen and Betty, ten—in the front room. To Mrs. McNair, after many years, had come a deep, unmeasured understanding of failure. It no longer puzzled her that a man so regularly denied the fruit of ambition should still have appetite. Will was running for office and Will would be defeated—as usual. What else? But the defeat would not enter her front room where, year after year, she arranged little parties for him on election nights, to laugh at failure.

"Turn on the radio," suggested McNair.

"Nothing but election news," said Mrs. McNair.

"Let's hear it anyway," he said. "Maybe we'll hear something about the new mayor."

There was silence while one of the kids flipped the switch.

"Might as well," continued Mr. McNair. "He lives in this house."

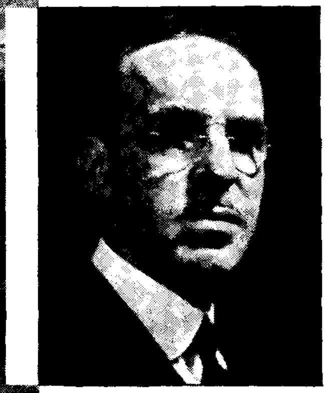
Today, at fifty-seven, Mr. McNair still bespeaks failure. There is nothing of the crusader about him. Tallish, spare, non-aggressive, nondescript in appearance, twitchy and ill at ease in anything but his solitary article of faith—single tax, he impresses one as a bit aimless, dubious, cautiously casual, even wistful. But scarcely the zany his disparagers paint him.

Nevertheless he has had Pittsburgh tittering since the day he assumed office last January. He has broached no reforms and denies contemplating any except that the highway robbery that was rife within municipal offices is no longer fashionable. The sensations of which

(Continued on page 42)

Parks car daily under steel mill chimneys...but LOOK AT IT!

"So pleased I could not refrain from writing," says Howard C. Kniss of McKeesport, Pa., in a voluntary letter—telling his experience with this new wax method for restoring and preserving car beauty.



"My auto is parked here in our mill yard where a greasy cast accumulates on all cars, together with much grit and dust from a very dusty road on one side and the B & O trains on the other.

"This would naturally cover a fine finish with a good tough film of oil, grease, road dust, etc., something very hard to remove. I cleaned my fenders perfectly with one application of Johnson's Auto Cleaner, bringing them back to their original lustre, having sufficient left in the can to clean the body of the car. The cleaner is the best I have ever seen, easiest to use, requires very little labor. Next I applied Johnson's Auto Wax, in accordance with directions, with the result that I have the best polished and cleanest car in the yard.

"If any person doubts this statement he is welcome to inspect my car now parked in our mill yard and see for himself.

"I was simply so pleased with the results that I could not refrain from writing and telling you about it."

(signed) Howard C. Kniss
1315 Pirl Street, McKeesport, Pa.

NOW . . . so easy you'll gladly clean and wax your own car. Here's how to do it. Saves many washings, increases trade-in values.

1. When car is washed and dry, apply the new JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER with a soft cloth. Cleaner works on entirely new principle. It's a liquid, easy to put on—and it dries to a white powder, which is quickly removed with a cloth, taking all dirt, scum and dullness with it. *Does not scratch the surface*—yet it restores beauty you thought was gone forever.

2. Then apply the new JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX—and be amazed at the result! *First*, because the wax is so easy to apply, takes much less than the usual waxing time. It is soft in the can for easy application—yet it gives the hardest possible wax coat for maximum protection against ultra-violet sun rays, weather, road dirt. *Second*, because it is so easy to *keep* your car (new or old) gleamingly beautiful once you have it waxed. Rain and dust slide off, dirt cannot penetrate the hard, protective coat of wax. An occasional rubbing with a cloth keeps the finish shining.

BUY THESE PRODUCTS from your dealer right away—and surprise your family with a new car! Cleaner is 75c a can—wax is 35c a can. Or send the coupon for generous trial sizes of both products.

JOHNSON'S WAX METHOD

1. JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER
2. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX

JOHNSON'S
SPECIAL
Automobile Wax
LACQUER & ENAMEL FINISHES

● S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Dept. C-4, Racine, Wisconsin.
Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage and packing charges.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

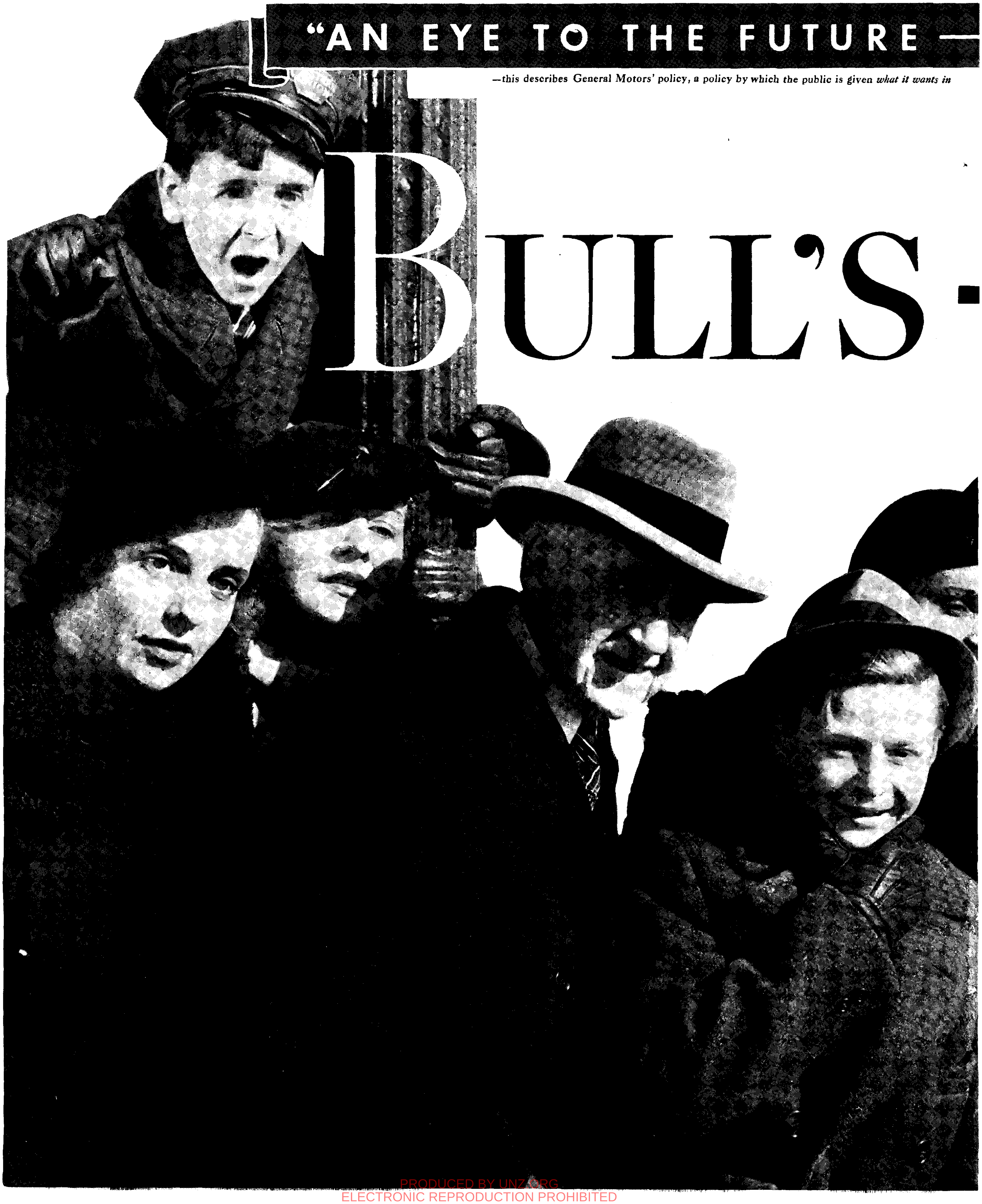
*City*____________________ *State*__________

*Dealer's Name*____________________

"AN EYE TO THE FUTURE —

—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants in*

BULL'S-



AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

better cars year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

EYE — *thanks to you!*

ON the dotted lines of dealers' order books is being written the public's notion of the fashionable 1934 motor car.

From where we stand it certainly looks as if General Motors had scored another bull's-eye.

If our 1934 streamline designs have hit the very centerpoint of public favor, as seems clear, we are glad and grateful.

And we want to give credit where credit is due.

The truth is, the people of America helpfully told us well in advance just about what they wanted.

Through the world's largest automotive dealer organization, through replies to more than a million letters of inquiry we sent last year to motorists, we got the story.

It was priceless guidance in shaping into mature and beautiful form the lessons we had learned in streamlining over a period of years.

And it enabled us to hit the target on streamlining in our 1934 cars as we hit it on No-Draft Ventilation and Knee-Action Wheels.

HOW GENERAL MOTORS LEADERSHIP KEEPS IN STEP WITH YOUR DESIRES

FIRST — The vast and varied activities in research and experiment pursued by General Motors cover virtually the whole field of transportation. Its work in aero-streamlining over many years, for example, embraces airplanes, automobiles, even railway trains.

SECOND — Through the largest automotive dealer organization in the world General Motors is in close understanding of the public mind; and every year this understanding is verified and double-checked — last year *through more than a million questionnaires* mailed to owners of *all makes* of cars.*

THIRD — It is a hard and fast policy of General Motors to suffer its own mistakes, to test and prove every innovation under conditions beyond those of normal use, to protect the buyer against any experiment of doubtful utility or value.

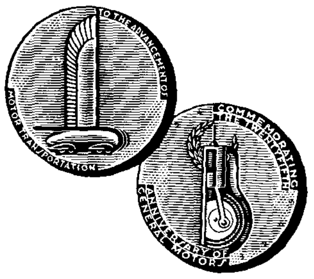
FOURTH — The balanced excellence of General Motors cars in 1934 as in other years includes ample and numerous features such as safe, smart, roomier Fisher Bodies, perfected No-Draft Ventilation, Knee-Action Wheels, smoother, more powerful motors, better brakes, to mention just a few.

** If you have not received your copy of the Automobile Buyer's Guide, based on these studies, write Customer Research Staff, General Motors, Detroit, Michigan*

GENERAL MOTORS

A Public-Minded Institution

CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC



This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation

The 1934 Models in
INK

For desk use, there are gay, colorful "Cubes," 10¢; voguish "Copper" Cases, 15¢; and stunning "Inkwell Bottles," 25¢.

Finest for Fountain Pens

HERE'S THE VERY LATEST—and smartest—in deep-toned, free-flowing, fountain pen inks. You'll like these good-looking new packages—find them more practical, too. Wide mouths, low centers of gravity, ink-tight seals. Permanent Midnight Blue, Blue-Black, Black and rich "Jewel Colors"; Washable Blue and Black, Sunset Red, Green or Violet in all sizes.

CARTER'S INK

Mayor's Day In

Continued from page 38

he has been hero since January have been entirely personal. One suspects that some of his gyrations were calculated with an eye to the front pages of the newspapers. Now and then, perhaps, he was hoping to disconcert the boss Democrats, who like to think of themselves as party leaders but are having no end of trouble demonstrating their pretensions. I don't recall, offhand, ever meeting an important placeholder so completely oblivious to what the rest of the crowd was thinking.

He announced, victory assured, that there was going to be no star-spangled frippery about his mayoralty. He wanted no paneled office, mahogany desk, Persian rugs nor trick lighting effects. And he wanted no much-footed sentries standing around to keep the people at a distance, in their places. As for twelve-cylinder motor cars with a cop at the wheel—that was all very well for stuffed shirts but not for Mr. McNair. Also he wanted the mayor's wage to be cut from $15,000 to $10,000.

Modern Draft Dodging

So he decided to be sworn in twice—once in Council Chamber and once in the street-level lobby where he had caused a desk and chair to be placed wherefrom he proposed to discharge his new duties. It is taken for granted that the oath of office was duly administered in the lobby. Reliable persons present on that occasion are still a bit vague about it. There are citizens who assure you that they are still nursing the sundry hurts that accumulated in the crush. Mr. McNair spoke, rumor having it that it had something to do with taxes and tax systems. Miss Betty McNair, his daughter, spoke too. She took the microphone and wished all and sundry a happy New Year and "thank you for voting for my daddy."

But on the following morning, occupying his desk in the lobby, the new mayor let go with both hands. To begin with he had appeared with a stepladder. Naturally a large and interested crowd followed because while former political shoguns in Pittsburgh had entered the City-County Building with burglar kits and sawed-off shotguns, none had been visibly equipped for second-story work. However, Mr. McNair's intentions were not only honorable but sanitary.

While police kept the throng under control, Mr. McNair set up his stepladder hither and yon, mounted it and peered anxiously over parapets and behind walls. Inasmuch as the populace was shouting its demand for explanations, Mr. McNair announced that he was making a survey of the heating system. A man had died, he had heard, as a result of the drafts that infested the dismal place and Mr. McNair was hoping to glean a few lethal facts. He found radiators in odd nooks and hidden crannies where they could be of no benefit to anybody except the politicians who had bought them—with city funds of course. This is not at all extraordinary. They even bought a few dozen windmills and were still wondering what to do with them when the crash came.

But presently, convinced that there was nothing he could do about it at so late a date, Mr. McNair surrendered his stepladder and sat down. We have room here for more than a glimpse at the scene. A group of clean young fellows, students from the University of Pittsburgh, plowed through the mob to present the mayor with an exhaustive paper on the woeful condition of the county's unemployed.

"It is probably a lot of baloney," said His Honor, "but I'll read it. Don't go away, though. I'll turn the job-hunters over to you boys. Next."

A mother, dragging her son by the arm, demanded a job for him.

"Specialist?" snapped Mr. McNair.

"What kind of a specialist?" demanded the lad.

"I'm asking you," said Mr. McNair. "You've got to be a specialist around here. Building's full of them."

"But I want to drive a truck," protested the boy.

"No good," said the mayor. "Here, you boys," to the university students, "take this fellow out and make a specialist of him and bring him back."

Of course the vast majority of the mayor's callers wanted jobs. Here came one who declared himself an expert in the restaurant business. Used to own one. Mr. McNair beamed upon him.

"That's fine," said Mr. McNair. "Get busy and set up a stand down the lobby there. Sell sandwiches. I'll patronize you. What's that? License? Oh, go ask the council. How's that? Council doesn't know you? Doesn't know me either. What's the matter, scared of the council? Oh, well."

Then to a man who came asking for coal, "See here, why come to me? Go out and dig some. Plenty of it around here."

"But," protested the poor fellow, "I don't own it, sir."

"Own it? Own it?" cried His Honor. "Who made that coal? Andy Mellon?"

There was a large silence. The mayor broke it.

"Mellon owns it, but he didn't make it. Under single tax the people would own the land and all that it contains. Maguire! Maguire!"

And Mr. Maguire began dispensing the word. The mayor was pointing to a boy in the throng. The boy had laughed.

"Come here, young man," he cried. "This is no laughing matter. Come here and get some of Maguire's pamphlets." He turned to Mr. Maguire. "How old are you?" he asked him.

"Eighty-three," replied Mr. Maguire. "I learned long ago all about jobs."

Have a Pamphlet!

"Hear that?" Mr. McNair demanded of the boy. "Take these pamphlets. They will tell you how to get two jobs. Won't they, Maguire?"

"Three jobs," said Mr. Maguire.

"But I don't want a job," protested the boy. "I ain't got time."

"Well, what are you doing here?" demanded Mr. McNair.

"Just looking on," replied the boy.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Maguire. "Have a pamphlet."

This sort of thing went on for some days, to the huge satisfaction of the masses but consternation of such Democratic bellwethers as Joseph F. Guffey and David L. Lawrence, the latter county chairman and the former the party's state overlord who aspires to succeed David A. Reed, a most conventional Republican, in the United States Senate. Messrs. Guffey and Lawrence, who have devoted their lives to minority party politics, were theoretically responsible for Mr. McNair, who apparently had never been informed of it. At any rate, he lost no time in ignoring both of them in making his cabinet appointments which, in spite of such gross over-

(Continued on page 44)

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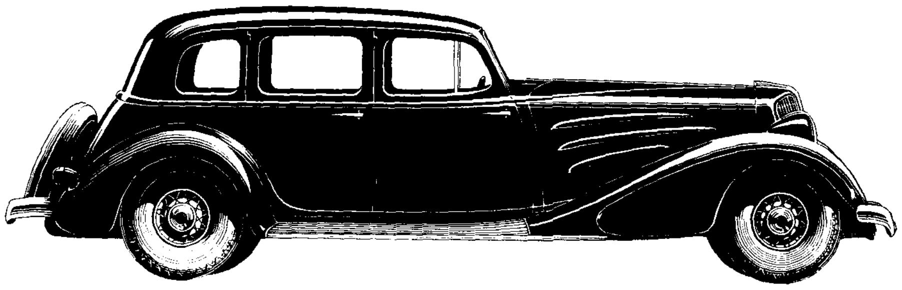

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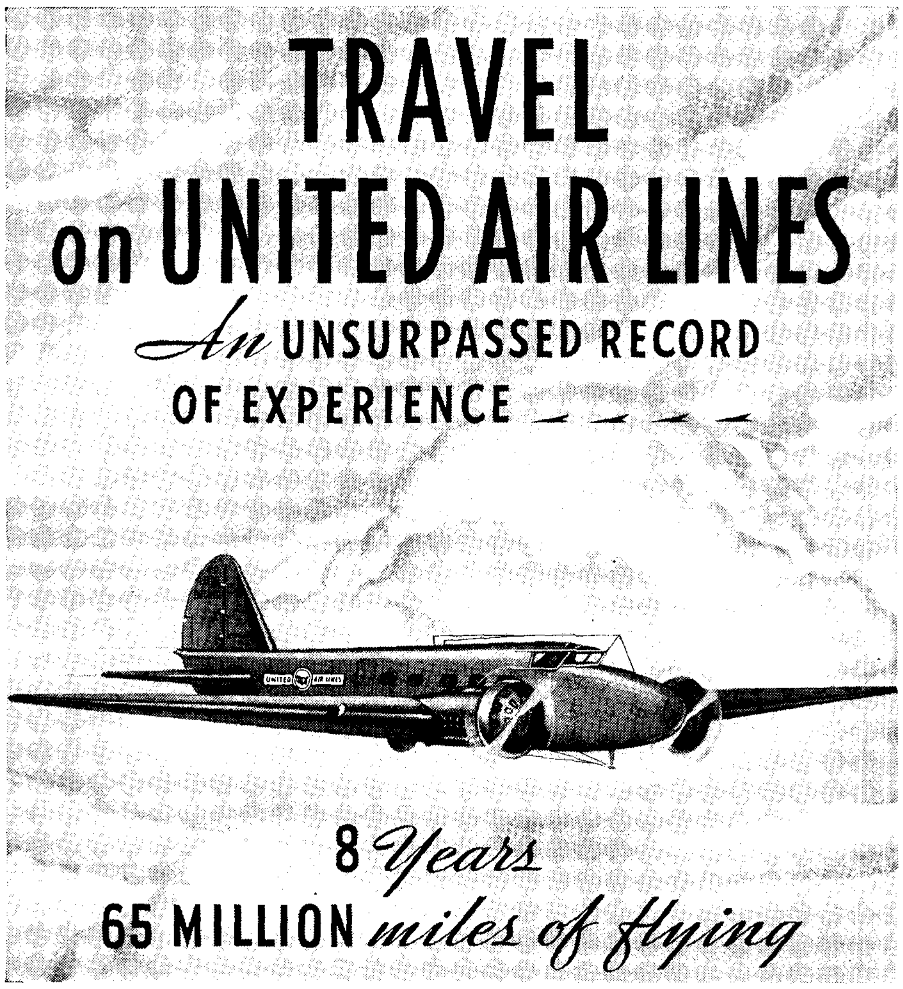

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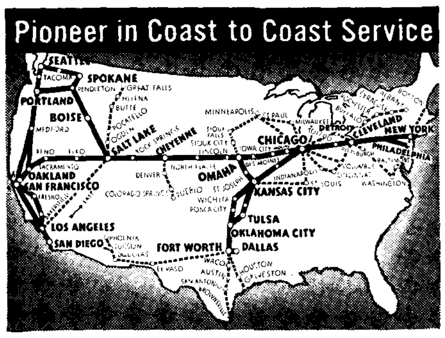

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UNITED AIR LINES

Mayor's Day In

Continued from page 42

sight, have been uniformly good. This, of course, irritated Messrs. Guffey and Lawrence even more than Mr. McNair's disdain for established custom. It is common gossip that they appealed to no less a personage than Postmaster General Farley to speak firmly to Mr. McNair concerning the latter's antics. However it was, Mr. Farley telephoned Mr. McNair while Mr. McNair was holding forth for the benefit of the press. He listened intently to Mr. Farley and then, turning to the reporters, said:

"A great pity, a great pity. Just as we were having a nice cozy chat Mr. Farley tells me for God's sake to shut up for a few days. Sorry, gentlemen. Drop in tomorrow."

But Michael L. Benedum, unlike the thin-skinned Messrs. Guffey and Lawrence, was not perturbed. Mr. Benedum is an oil operator, a very rich man. It was he who financed the Democratic ticket that carried Mr. McNair into office.

Convivial Philanthropist

Like so many other rich men, Mr. Benedum was once hot for Mr. Hoover. In 1928 he contributed a very large sum to Mr. Hoover's campaign. In 1932 he announced himself for Franklin D. Roosevelt, dropping an impressive check into Mr. Roosevelt's treasury in spite of the pleadings of Mr. Bascom Slemp to remain loyal to Mr. Hoover. Mr. Benedum has had much influence with Mr. McNair, and, to the disgust and chagrin of Messrs. Guffey and Lawrence, has helped Mr. McNair choose his cabinet.

A few of Mr. McNair's selections were his alone. At least one of them was not one to promote self-congratulation. Fortunately it was not permanent either, the appointee removing himself. Mr. McNair decided to create a Home Savings Department for the benefit of the jobless men who inhabited the several shantytowns wherein the unemployed and otherwise homeless lived in the less pretentious sections of the city. The principal one of these had been founded by the doughty Father James F. Cox, who led a brigade of the jobless on Washington during the Hoover régime.

Casting about for a director of this projected department, Mr. McNair chanced upon a young man named Harrison R. McCready, who was rather well known in Pittsburgh for his convivial nature. Mr. McCready had frittered away five hundred thousand dollars of an inheritance of seven hundred and fifty thousand and because of this and the fact that he had been committed to the alcoholic ward so frequently that even his own lawyers admit confusion, he was not taken any too seriously by the public. His lawyers say that he is not wholly trustworthy but can consume two quarts of hard liquor a day—has been doing so for some years in fact.

Yet, at heart, Mr. McCready has a strong inclination toward the humanitarian. He was eager to do something to make the dismal life of Pittsburgh's shantytowns less hostile. He told Mr. McNair that he would donate fourteen lots, valued at eight thousand dollars, to the cause. And he probably would have done no less, being the sort of chap who would (as the saying goes) give you his shirt, had not his legal guardian said nay.

Mr. McNair was saved the embarrassment of having the appointment rejected by Council. Mr. McCready left the mayor's presence, after their conference, and got himself completely saturated, thus concluding his brief excursion into politics.

Left to his own devices, it is not likely that Mr. McNair would have gone to Washington at any time unless sent there by the vote of his people. Therefore it was without enthusiasm that he concurred in a program that involved a call upon President Roosevelt, for whom he had proper regard but whom he had no yearning to bother. Mr. Roosevelt, he believes, has more important things to engage his time.

Nevertheless, chaperoned by Messrs. Guffey, Lawrence and Benedum, he went to the nation's capital. On the morning when he was to be presented to the President they found him in his hotel room reading up on Henry George and looking very much as if he were back in his little law office pondering upon the willful limpness of the masses. His hair was nicely awry. He needed a shave. His clothes suggested that he had slept in them. If the shoes he wore had ever been polished, neither of them presented any evidence thereof. His necktie had gone exploring. It took the combined efforts of the three gentlemen to induce Mr. McNair to slick up enough to get him past the White House guards. But he and Mr. Roosevelt hit it off splendidly and Mr. McNair left no single-tax pamphlets on the President's desk—possibly because he had forgotten to bring a supply along.

Before returning to Pittsburgh, Mr. McNair poked around the capital a bit. His wanderings took him into the Interior Department where, in due course, he found himself in the press headquarters of the Public Works Administration. More than fifty newspaper correspondents were there.

"Hi," cried Mr. McNair. "Any Democrats around here?"

Apparently the crowd didn't hear. Anyway nobody answered.

"I'm the man that licked Andy Mellon," said Mr. McNair.

That seemed to interest at least one of the reporters, who looked at Mr. McNair briefly and inquired:

"Who's Andy Mellon?"

Problems Solved While You Wait

So Mr. McNair went home not much more impressed by Washington than Washington was by him. He went home to abandon his desk in the lobby and take up his official abode in the magnificent room of his predecessors. Likewise he abandoned the street, began to ride in the luxurious motor car he first spurned. Moreover, he revised his opinions about his salary. It was impossible under the law for the council to deduct five thousand dollars from his pay and he had not thought it necessary to resort to the circumvention of voluntarily turning back five thousand dollars.

But he hasn't surrendered to the old order enough to fence himself in with guards and many secretaries. Drop in some day and see him. All you need is endurance. Don't be backward. Take your problems in with you and see what happens to them. Consider, for example, the civic-minded gentleman who went to Mr. McNair with a set of pretty brutal facts about the city's fire department. This gentlemen was equipped with charts, graphs and what-not, all tending to demonstrate that unless something rigidly financial were done at once the fire department would be penniless.

"So?" said Mr. McNair. "Well, sir, let's have a volunteer system. That's the idea—a volunteer system. Everybody likes to run to fires. Let them work for their fun."

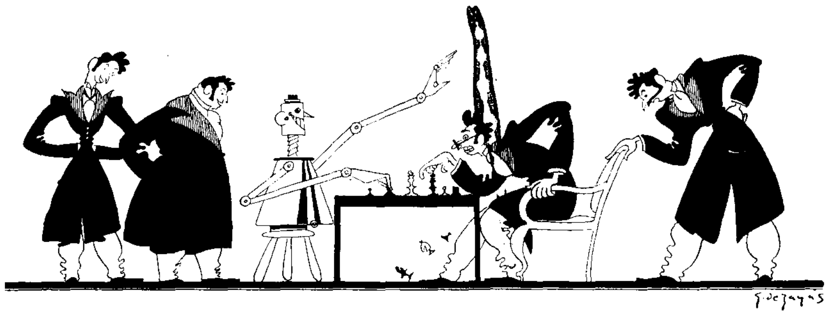
Just like that.

But when you call don't expect too much. Mr. McNair may not be present. He is a man about whom there is never any telling. Overhearing him lament one day that there was no edible *Schnitz und Knepp* in all Pittsburgh, Messrs. Guffey and Lawrence caused a quartet of Mennonite women to be fetched to the city to prepare the dish. A large delegation of distinguished citizens was invited to partake of it with His Honor. There was to be singing, orchestra music and general festivity, for this was to be a pleasant good-will party wherein all old political wounds were to be salved.

Just before dinner was served, Mr. McNair ambled out into the kitchen. He sniffed. He looked around. He lifted pot lids and poked beneath them. Then he vanished through the back door. There was nothing to do, of course, but feed the assemblage with *Schnitz und Knepp* and gaze mournfully at the vacant chair.

"What do you suppose happened to him?" Mr. Lawrence was asked.

"I'll be damned if I know," admitted Mr. Lawrence. "Maybe he went out to eat."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For many years after its invention in 1769, an automaton, or mechanical man, astonished and puzzled Europe. It played chess so well that it beat all the leading players of the time. Although it had a real man inside, it fooled everyone because it could be opened in various places to show its machinery and it had no legs—like the man within it.—*By Bob Musel, New York City.*

Radium has a most unusual use in a rubber factory in Russia. The air in this plant is saturated with explosive vapors and much static electricity is generated by the drying machinery. So small capsules of radium have been installed in the more dangerous spots. The rays ionize the air, increasing its electrical conductivity and allowing the static charges to flow to the nearest metal and thence to the ground.

Animals transmit 76 different kinds of diseases to mankind. Cows are known to carry 12 of them, dogs eight, pigs, cats and horses five each, and swine four. Also listed are sheep, goats, wild rabbits, parrots, rats, squirrels, fish, oysters, clams and various kinds of insects, including mosquitoes.

Pigeon racing is a popular sport in England. About 100,000 breeders own some 5,000,000 birds and the prizes awarded during the season total $2,500,000. Every fair Saturday afternoon nearly 1,000,000 pigeons are released in various races. The railroads run special trains to carry these birds and the Air Ministry prepares a special pigeon-racing weather forecast for each week-end. One bird sold for $1,000 a few years ago.

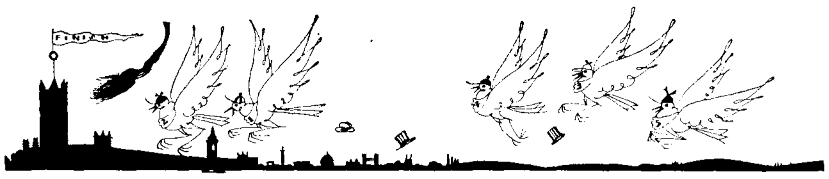
As criminals, like other people, are creatures of habit and specialization, the records of Scotland Yard are not only indexed under various kinds of crime but also under the technique employed by various criminals. The method in which a house is entered or set on fire, a burglar alarm cut, a dog killed, and other details, narrow down the number of suspects, sometimes to a mere handful.—*By L. H. O'Mara, Spokane, Washington.*

When civilization stopped the barbarous practice of sealing up living men in building foundations to add strength to the structure, builders accepted the human shadow as the next best thing. So up to a few years ago in the backward sections of eastern Europe, many big, strong men worked tirelessly at "shadow selling," allowing their shadows to be sealed up in new buildings.

There are today about 225 oceanographic institutions and marine and fresh-water laboratories that study aquatic life and conditions, but only three small laboratories devoted to the scientific problems of desert lands, those arid and semi-arid regions which occupy about one fourth of the earth's land area.

Despite the fact that nearly all images and pictures of Christ after the Crucifixion show Him with wounds in His feet, there is no Biblical authority for this universal belief that they—as well as His hands—were nailed to the Cross.—*By T. C. Condry, Clarksburg, West Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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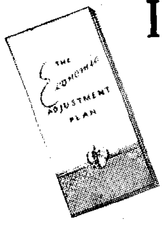


The German

Continued from page 8

Alfred Coniston numbered several Jews among his friends—there were the Hotzheims, the Goetzes, the Richters. He was very cordial toward the Hotzheims, who were as warm-hearted as he himself. Mrs. Hotzheim, stout, red-faced, extremely voluble, was so very good-natured that her flat in Knightsbridge overflowed with the destitute. She was forever wiping the noses of street children and buying sweets for them.

It was, in all probability, through the Hotzheims that the Conistons first became aware that something was wrong in Germany. Oscar Hotzheim had a brother in Berlin. Oscar Hotzheim's brother committed suicide. It made no difference that it was well known that Mr. Hotzheim's brother was nothing very much and had been in bad financial trouble long before the Nazis—the fact that he had shot himself inflamed the Coniston imagination. Hitler came to full power. There were concentration camps, stories of persecution and horror. The Conistons were not of those who quiver for accuracy. Emotion takes the place of facts. Here was a new Cause—one of the finest that they had ever had.

IT WAS one fine morning at breakfast that Alfred Coniston suddenly realized that Hans was a German. The sunlight was flooding the room, the silver gleamed and glittered, the kedgeree was perfectly seasoned—nevertheless Alfred was uncomfortable.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" Mrs. Coniston asked.

"No, I don't think so." He drank his coffee. "Here is a letter, darling, from Oscar suggesting that we should sign a paper demanding the trial of Hitler by a Central European Council. What do you think of the idea?"

He looked about him. His eyes wandered from the oil painting of his father to the Medici print of a Vermeer, thence to the floor, finally to Hans, who was lying, his black stove-pipe body stretched contentedly before the fire, one large brown eye watching Margaret's plate, for there were occasions when something excellent came his way. Alfred Coniston regarded Hans; Hans regarded Alfred Coniston. Hans' eyes twinkled, his large ears flapped as though he scented a fly.

"It's that dog," Alfred said suddenly.

"What dog, dear?" asked Mrs. Coniston.

"Hans. I've never thought of it before. It's foolish of me—but do you realize, darling, how *very* German Hans is?"

All eyes were on Hans.

Rupert, getting up to be on his way to the customs house, said: "I always said so—a beastly foreigner."

"What nonsense!" Margaret cried. "He was born in England. He's no more German than I am."

"It isn't where he was born," Alfred said very solemnly. "It's what he looks like. I suppose there's nothing in the world looks more German than a dachshund." Finally he said before he left the room: "I can't help it. But the sight of that dog offends me!"

How subtle a thing is atmosphere. Within two days everyone in the house was conscious of Hans' very German appearance. Unfortunately for Hans the papers were full, just then, of Nazi atrocities. Every day brought fresh horrors. No one was safe in Germany. Someone was kicked in the stomach and died because he would not salute the Nazi flag.

Never, never before had there been a Cause so exactly suited to the Coniston temperament. Mrs. Coniston paid visits to the Hotzheims and the Goetzes. Alfred Coniston signed papers, wrote letters; Rupert cut a fellow official in the customs house because he was of German origin.

And Hans? It did not take him very long to be aware of a difference. He noticed first that people spoke to him very little. He enjoyed nothing better than constant conversation. What he liked was that as soon as he was near a human being that human being should recognize his presence. On his side he might come to the conclusion that nothing was to be done beyond a bark or a sniff at a trouser leg. The point was that there should be contact. In the Conistons' house contact had always been instant. He could not enter any room without someone saying, "Oh, there's Hans!" or "Come here, Hans!" and his reply would be what he chose to make it, jovial, ironical, sentimental, proud or humble. . . .

Now there began to be silence. At first he thought the trouble must be in himself. He had been with the Conistons so long that he was growing casual, not taking thought as once he had done. So he barked, played, ran as never he had done before. Margaret took him for a walk in the park and never in all his life did he take so much trouble to be entertaining.

She sat on a seat and looked at him, and for the first time real trouble entered into his soul. The sun sparkled through the trees, children ran happily about, a most attractive female fox terrier made coy, enticing gestures in the neighborhood. Hans paid these things no attention. His eyes were on Margaret.

She motioned him onto the seat beside her. He sprang up and laid his head on her lap. She stroked his warm sleek back.

"Do you *feel* German, Hans?" she asked. "Do your instincts go back to your forefathers? If you were in Germany now would you be a Nazi dog or an anti-Nazi? It would depend on the politics of your master. That's a good point I will tell them at home. *Your* politics are the same as ours. Now bark when I say 'Hitler'!"

She made a motion with her hand and he barked. They went home very happily for now surely everything would be well.

AT TEA-TIME Margaret said, "Hitler! Down with Hitler!" and Hans barked, but, unfortunately, Mr. Coniston followed it with "Down with the Jews!" and Hans barked at that too.

"You see," Mr. Coniston said gloomily. "He has no pro-Jewish feeling."

The alarm that had come to Hans did not now leave him. He knew that something was wrong. Even in the kitchen things were not as they had been.

"He do look German, don't he?" said Sutcliffe to Hammond. "What *is* all this the Germans are doing? The master was raving at lunch."

"They are massacring everybody," Hammond said, "who don't think like they do. They kicked a man in the stomach in Berlin."

"Well, I never," said Sutcliffe. "Would you believe it? It's like the war back again."

She snapped rather sharply at Hans, who had jumped onto a chair, a favor always granted him.

"Now, then, come off it," Sutcliffe said. "Dirtying the chair. . . ."

And Hans, desperately puzzled, came off it.

That night a terrible thing happened. Hitherto he had always slept in a basket in Mr. Coniston's room. His basket was taken down to the pantry.

"I don't know why it is," Mr. Coniston said. "It's ridiculous but that dog reminds me too much of what is going on. I doubt if I should sleep a wink."

Hans did not sleep either. The pantry, commonplace in the daytime, was terrifying at night. Things rustled and shook and trembled. He lay there, his sharp nose on the edge of the basket, wondering what crime he had committed. He knew again what loneliness was. The horror of the dog shop in Bond Street had been that he did not belong to anyone. During these last happy years he had forgotten the dog shop, but now in the grim loneliness of the pantry those old terrors returned.

ONCE again he was without protection. Friendship had given him a multitude of safeguards. Even when he had done wrong his punishment had been followed with additional love. As the night continued his terrors increased. He was, as are so many human beings, a demon of courage when the world thought well of him, but a coward under ostracism.

Dimly, too, his faith in life was shaken. The change had come so abruptly and without reason. Cause and effect were essential for him if he were not to be bewildered. He slept at last, but miserably; he dreamed that he chased a bone and the bone became a man with a whip.

He woke, in the cold dawn, to see all the things in the pantry grin maliciously at him.

Then, once more like a human being, in disgrace he behaved disgracefully. Nothing would go right with him. He was afraid to bark, to lie before the fire. He was not taken for a walk by Margaret but by Sutcliffe, who dragged him on a leash, saying "Oh, come along, do!"

The streets were wet and he made muddy marks in the hall. He slunk into a corner. It was exactly as though he knew how disgracefully his countrymen were behaving. Margaret made an outburst on his behalf and this did him no good.

Rupert, in the sitting-room said: "The dog should be in the kitchen. I've always told you so."

Mrs. Coniston said, "Well, perhaps." Margaret told them all her opinion—that the dog had done no harm, it wasn't *his* fault if the Germans behaved badly. *He* knew nothing about Einstein. How *could* they change so abruptly? "Mother, I wouldn't have thought you capable—"

Then Mrs. Coniston, who was tired and overwrought because Mrs. Holtzheim's flat, where there had been an anti-German meeting, had been so hot and noisy, burst into tears. Mr. Coniston said: "It was all that damned dog." Hans hid behind the sofa.

Two days later Mrs. Hotzheim, hot, voluble, too brightly attired, came to tea.

"I always do like that little dog," she said.

"You may have him if you like," said Mr. Coniston. "You don't mind his being German."

"I'm German myself," said Mrs. Hotzheim quite amiably.

This Mr. Coniston had never considered. After all, Hans *might* be a German Jew. Then why all this ill-feeling? But no. He looked at the dog again. Nazi seemed to be written all down his long back. He swallowed his disgust.

"Take him with you, Mrs. Hotzheim," he said. "And keep him."

Now Hans' story passes into something timeless, eternal. It has nothing to do with contemporary politics. Its emotion is universal. He was a creature longing for someone whom he has loved and lost.

The Hotzheims, who were well off even in these hard times, lived in a large Knightsbridge flat that looked over the park. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Hotzheim there were four little Hotzheims. Ruth Hotzheim succeeded Rachel Hotzheim, who had died, childless, of pneumonia. Because Rachel had been quiet, shy and fond of writing poetry, so was Ruth exuberant, jolly, careless and fond of noisy entertainment. She felt that Mr. Hotzheim liked variety. So he did. So did the little children. This was, very possibly, the noisiest, untidiest flat in all London.

So Hans found it. He suffered agonies of discomfort, apprehension, disgust. He had been always a fastidious dog. He appreciated good manners; he liked doors to be shut carefully, people to look where they walked, voices to be soft. It is one of the chief ironies of the situation that, had he been in Germany, he would have disliked the Nazis very much indeed.

Meanwhile, how he hated the Hotzheim children! They were not, in themselves, bad; rather, badly trained. That is, they were not trained at all. Mrs. Hotzheim shouted, laughed, slapped, kissed, pushed and patted. Little Isaac, Rebecca, Ada and Joseph shouted, laughed, slapped and kissed in return. And they thought Hans the most comical dog they had ever seen. They laughed at everything—his shining nose, his long-barreled body, his black tail. They held him up by his front legs, pulled his long ears, rolled him on the floor, stuck fingers in his eyes.

And Mrs. Hotzheim only called out, roared with laughter, rushed to and fro endeavoring to do all the things for which there was so little time.

Everyone rushed to and fro. The rooms were in frantic disorder. Everyone was good-natured and happy and untidy. Everyone was happy save Hans. He did not know that he was in hell because Hitler was taking the salute in Berlin from one hundred thousand passionate-hearted men.

He *was* in hell. Can dogs not suffer? Ask the myriads, brown and black and silken-coated, who move with ghostly tread in the dogs' Valhalla!

THIS is hell, to be in a prison where there is no rest, no understanding and always rasping sound. How he hated the Hotzheim children! At first he thought it his duty to be forbearing because for some reason those whom he loved and once had trusted had sent him here. Most of all were his ears sensitive. To have them pulled by rough hands was torture to him—so one fine morning he turned, with a little snarl (he had not snarled since the dog shop) and bit little Isaac in the calf of his fat leg. Didn't little Isaac howl! But Mrs. Hotzheim was no ordinary woman. She slapped little Isaac and told him not to annoy the poor dog.

And Hans felt the deepest shame. He had never bitten a human being in his life before. It was the first law in the Canine Tables of Stone—"Thou shalt not bite a human being!" He shrank away into the only place of security that he had found, a corner of the cloakroom where the coats and mackintoshes were kept. It was cold, it was draughty, but he could not be seen there. So he lay curled up, breaking his heart, wondering why this misery had come to him.

Another great trouble was that he was fed on irregular scraps. The cook, a little woman like a squirrel, hopped

(Continued on page 48)

"OLIVE OIL
NOTHING LIKE IT TO SOOTHE IRRITATED SKINS . . . TO KEEP SKINS SMOOTH AND HEALTHY"
William L. Schaeffer
TRAINER, N. Y. GIANTS, WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

SHAVING IRRITATE YOUR SKIN?

Then here's the shave cream especially created to eliminate after-shaving sting and burn. It's Palmolive, into the making of which goes olive oil.

AS wise old Billy Schaeffer knows so well . . . There's nothing like olive oil for taking the sting out of a raw, irritated skin. And any athlete, barber, trainer or skin specialist will tell you the same thing.

For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream.

Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect.* This same soothing action also tends to produce a *permanent* improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (1 inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!). This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for the largest-selling, most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive. Shave with it. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as alcohol makes repeal beer different, *olive oil* makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

. . .

Try the perfect finish to the perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.

PALMOLIVE shave cream
PALMOLIVE shave cream
Only 25¢
(FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢)

What Every Gentleman Should Know

• AS TOLD BY A SISTER 14 TO HER BROTHER 12 •

NOW BUDDY, YOU'RE GOING TO DANCING SCHOOL AND YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT SOME MEN NEVER LEARN.
OH, ALL RIGHT — WHAT ?
1
BE SURE YOU ARE NEVER GUILTY OF THE OFFENSE CALLED HALITOSIS
HALITOSIS MEANS BAD BREATH, DOESN'T IT ?
2
THERE'S A BOY IN MY CLASS AND NONE OF THE GIRLS WILL DANCE WITH HIM .
3
WE ALWAYS MAKE SOME EXCUSE WHEN HE ASKS US TO DANCE
4
—THE WAY TO BE SURE YOUR BREATH IS PLEASANT IS TO USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
5
That Day at Dancing School
MY, BUT I LIKE TO DANCE WITH BUDDY.
I DO TOO. HE'S THE NICEST BOY I KNOW
6

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC CHECKS UNPLEASANT BREATH 1 TO 2 HOURS LONGER

MAKES 50c EQUAL $1.50

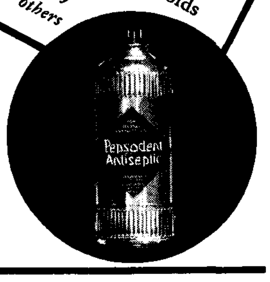
Some persons sense instinctively what others never learn . . . that unpleasant breath can belong to anyone . . . and others won't excuse it.

The comforting assurance of a pure and sweet breath is now at your command. Pepsodent—3-times-as-powerful antiseptic—now brings you 1 to 2 hours longer breath protection.

Take note! When mixed with water, many leading mouth antiseptics are totally ineffective. But Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes 50c do the work of $1.50. Don't gamble with weak and ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

OVER 50 USES
Cuts . Dandruff
Poison Ivy
Mosquito Bites
Sun Burn . Colds
and
many
others



(Continued from page 47)

about and gave him what came to her hand. This feeding disagreed with him. His outside lost its gloss; his inside was uncomfortable. Worst of all was his loneliness and the sense of degradation that went with it. He was ashamed of himself because he had lost his friends. He must have lost them through some fault of his own. But *what* fault? What *was* it that he had done? Finally the worst torture of all—the fear that suddenly one day he would bite another of the Hotzheims. If this dreadful thing happened a second time he would be lost forever. Never would he hold his head up again. Then truly he would be abandoned.

So for weeks he resisted. He suffered the children, he endured the cook, he allowed Mrs. Hotzheim to stroke him with her hot, perspiring hand—only in his eyes there developed a look of the lost, of the hopeless, of the desolate. . . .

And then doom fell. He bit Mr. Hotzheim.

One bright morning the master of the house was about to set forth for the city. Mr. Hotzheim was stout, his legs were large, his trousers close-fitting. He was happy and joyful as were all the Hotzheims at the beginning of a new, splendid, promising day.

He picked Hans up by the ears, swung him gayly, landed him on his short feet again. With a growl of pain, insulted privacy and despair, Hans bit him—bit him, knowing that this was his doom and the end of all good things. . . .

Mr. Hotzheim yelled.

"The dog's bit me!" he cried, and then, of all the astonishing things, began to laugh. He laughed and laughed and laughed. He bared his fat leg, iodine was applied, he shouted:

"Why, who'd have believed it? That black little devil!"

"You swung him by the ears," Mrs. Hotzheim remarked indulgently. "Dogs don't like that."

And little Isaac added with complacence:

"He bit me too."

They were simply the most good-natured family in all England.

But for Hans the final insult! Had he been whipped, starved, even shot! No—simply laughter. He slunk away, to his corner in the cloak-room. Only one thing remained to be done. He must escape. He would find his friends, take what punishment might come to him, die if necessary—anything was better than mocking laughter.

And at this same moment Hitler was saying to Goering: "We will make a new world!"

THIS was the bravest thing that Hans had ever done—the bravest thing that, in all probability, he ever will do. It may indeed become a legend in his family. I can fancy him, in future years, with his grandchildren gathered round him saying to them, most solemnly (and the younger of them yawning because it is a story that the old boy is overfond of telling):

"I will never, never forget that morning. It is impossible for you, dear children, brought up in so happy and kindly a home, even to imagine what I suffered, what cruelties, indignity . . ."

Yes, like all dangerous things, fine in reminiscence, dreadful in accusation. It was not that he was venturing into the world alone for the first time. It had been often enough difficult for the Conistons to keep him within doors. No, the frightfulness of this adventure was that he was going into the world, alone, as a pariah. Was he aware at all that he was bearing on his back the sins of a whole nation, nay, of all mankind—mankind that refuses to subdue jealousy and envy and cruelty? No. In all probability he was aware only of these two facts—that he had bitten Mr. Hotzheim in the leg and that he had not a friend in the world—two things quite enough of themselves to make a pariah.

When he set out he did so blindly. A butcher's boy with a basket stood in the open doorway of the flat. Hans stepped out, down the stairs and, when the liftman opened the main door for a stout lady bound tightly in purple, Hans seized his moment.

Once in the street he turned his sharp nose to the Conistons'. How was he so sure? How is any dog so sure? It may have been that he sniffed the Albert Memorial, which smells, as everyone is aware, of soap, gold leaf and the damp portraits of the Prince Consort. It may have been that he was aware, at that same moment, that Alfred Coniston, attending an anti-Nazi meeting at the Goetzes', was almost sick unto death from boredom, central heating and marzipan cake. "There is something to be said for Hitler after all," Alfred Coniston was saying. "When I get home I shall tell them so."

PERHAPS Hans was aware of this. Perhaps it was only that a lady with a Pekingese on the end of a cord was walking in the Albert Hall direction. Hans adored Pekingese—they seemed to him the cream of civilization.

Once a lady Pekingese of the highest pedigree—but that exotic romance does not belong to this story.

He followed the Pekingese, but at a decent interval because he was a pariah. He looked to neither right nor left. In spite of his degraded state his spirits were rising. Whatever might come, nothing could be worse than the Hotzheims. He would never see the Hotzheims again. His spirits would have risen even higher could he have known that at that very moment Mrs. Coniston, shopping in Harrods', was finding herself exquisitely bored by Mrs. Mances, one of the leaders of the movement for Succoring Distressed and Exiled Germans. "I *am* sure," she was thinking, "there is something to be said for Hitler. After all, he is restoring German hope and confidence."

Then Hans saw the posters outside the Albert Hall. He knew them well, for they had been of frequent convenience to him in his daily walks. The Pekingese stopped and the lady with him also reluctantly paused. It was then that Hans realized that he was no longer a pariah. The sun was shining, the breezes blowing, there were smells everywhere—smells of trees, flowers, warm palings, soil and pavement, gasoline, Albert Memorial. Hans sniffed them all. Then he sniffed the Pekingese. They had a delightful word or two. Civilized China had recognized him. He turned down Hyde Park Gardens.

At that moment Margaret Coniston was reading the paper. Hitler said that the only thing in the world that he wanted was peace. No government in the world was as peaceful as his government.

"I've always said that there was something to be said for Hitler," she said.

The sun was pouring into the house through the windows, through the open door. Sutcliffe was cleaning the door-knocker.

Hans, his brown eyes shining, came up the path.

"Why, miss!" cried Sutcliffe. "Here's Hans!"

Margaret, who had been standing at the top of the stairs drinking in the sun, ran and threw her arms about the German nation.

"Oh, you darling! We have missed you so! It's all right! The family politics have changed!"

Hans walked into the house.

Wisecracks from the East

Continued from page 22

state" of Manchukuo. With greater frankness, perhaps, than most Japanese spokesmen, he finds not only justification for these acts, but thinks that he detects a growing feeling abroad that it is time to call quits with Japan over the whole business.

"You see," he begins, "idealism in international affairs is a luxury. You can afford it because you are such a big and self-contained nation. If you make a mistake, you do not suffer much; you can turn back to domestic affairs. But we cannot afford to make mistakes. It is too costly."

War with the United States would be such a mistake. Nevertheless—

"The Japanese are a people like yourselves. We have a saying which describes you as well as ourselves. It is: 'Rather be a jewel and be broken than a tile and be whole.' We would rather be the jewel and be broken, if necessary. We are a proud, manly, virile, sensitive people, and we can be pushed too far. In an interview in Collier's a year ago Lord Lytton likened our nation to the three soldiers who wrapped themselves in dynamite and sacrificed themselves as human bombs; they preferred death to dishonor. If people understand that, many things the world doesn't understand about Japan can be made plain.

"Here and at home, of course, there is vague talk of war between our countries, but it comes from irresponsible people and irresponsible portions of the press. There is no reason for it, no basis for it, as leaders in both countries know. My instructions call for me to pursue our genuine aim for peace."

Was the Manchurian venture a mistake?

"No. It was necessary. Japan is the only stabilizing influence in that part of the world. We had to step in because of a lack of stable conditions and a settled government in China. Once in, we could not quit. You have done the same thing in South America and Cuba.

"You may call Manchukuo a puppet state, but we want it to be a friendly one. If we do not have fair and friendly relations with Manchukuo, they will not stand it forever, and we will be the ones to suffer. We sincerely believe that what we have done is in behalf of peace in the Orient and, therefore, in behalf of world peace. From the letters I am getting from old friends in your country, I am glad to say that many Americans are beginning to realize that now, and I know that is so in Europe."

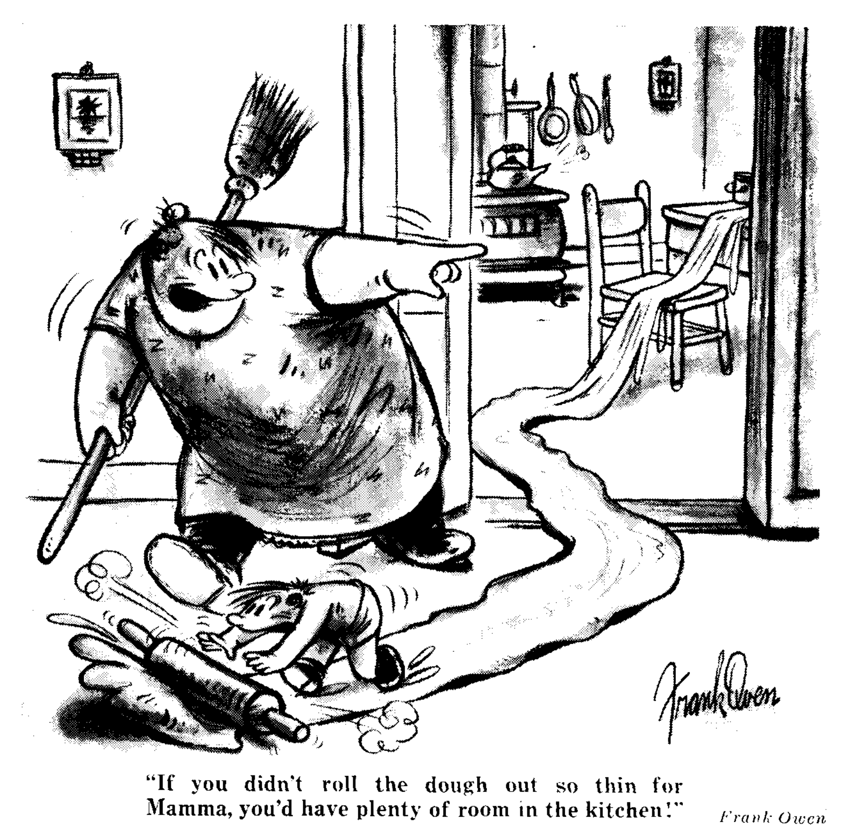
A Point of Difference

Regretfully, but firmly, he deprecated the Washington-Geneva policy. At first, he explained, the Chinese had hope that the policy of non-recognition would be backed by the League and the United States with some specific move. But when nothing came except note-writing, the Chinese soon recognized that Geneva and Washington could not be relied upon as actual allies against Japan. The result has been, according to Ambassador Saito, that a China resigned to a lonely fate now shows a willingness to cast its lot, for better or worse, with its racial kinsmen in Japan. With such an argument the new ambassador undoubtedly hopes to persuade the Roosevelt administration to modify its adherence to the Stimson doctrine.

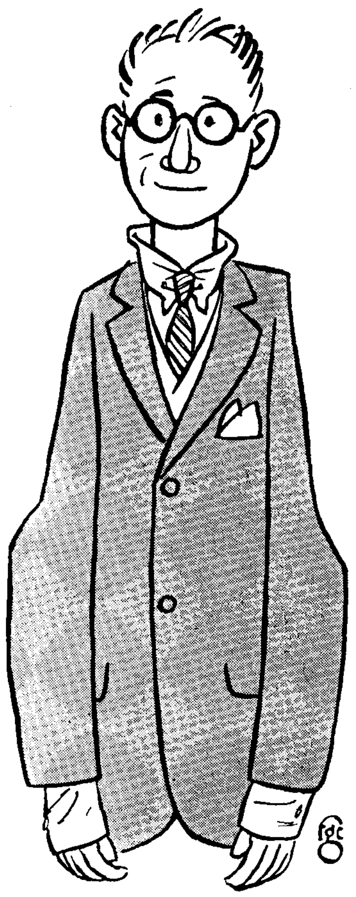
"It has always been China's policy to enlist the aid of the powers in defiance of Japan," argues the ambassador. "When aid was forthcoming, it meant turmoil in the Orient. But the aftermath of the Stimson-League proclamation showed that the League was only a form, and that nobody else meant to do anything. Now China has no encouragement for continued defiance of Japan."

Characteristically, he cited ricksha-tipping customs in China in setting forth his conception of Chino-Japanese relations.

"If you pay a ricksha man a nickel," he said, "he will thank you and be satisfied; you will get service. If you overpay him with ten or fifteen cents, he will be surly and demand more. That is Chinese psychology. We are willing to pay the nickel, shake hands and be reasonable—with China, the United States and the world."



"If you didn't roll the dough out so thin for Mamma, you'd have plenty of room in the kitchen!" *Frank Owen*


An artist friend volunteers a message—

Gentlemen—

I haven't had complete satisfaction from my first two Arrow Shirts, S.S.* My mistake.

I had read that they *would not* shrink, and the clerk told me they *would not* shrink, but I had read that stuff for years and heard it from clerks for years, about other shirts.

I knew all about shirts.

So I bought my first Arrow Shirts, S.S.*, with the neck the usual amount too large, and the sleeves the usual amount too long, confident that they would be about right after a laundering or two or three.

I still have my first two Arrow Shirts, S.S.* (they seem to wear like the dickens), and the necks are still that usual amount too large, and the sleeves are still that usual amount too long. (I wear them only in the privacy of a quiet day at home.)

Since then I have acquired other Arrow Shirts, S.S.*, too, but I bought them the exact size I wanted—and they are still that exact size I want.

Sincerely

F. G. COOPER

*SANFORIZED SHRUNK.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

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At Alexander's Palace

Continued from page 24

This, Bevan realized, had the ring of truth. The Lurs of the neighboring hills were childishly simple in such matters, especially the Sakvand Lurs under the leadership of the impulsive Ali Khan. They had a proverb that the uncaught thief is king, and Ali Khan reigned in his hills.

Under cross-examination Hassan added convincing details—one of the Americans had a picture-machine, the other was a lady without a hat or veil. The *Inglisi consul-khanah* (British consulate) knew nothing about it, and the *amnieh*, or road police, in Aragh said they knew nothing, although that was a lie. Unless an order came from Teheran, the road police would never risk their skins against Ali Khan's bullets.

Bevan sighed. "All right. I'll go up in the car this evening to talk to Ali Khan."

The Persian overseer had an idea of his own. "These captive Americans are very rich, while we are eating poverty. Bring them here and make them pay us the ransom of millions of tomans."

Bevan looked at him thoughtfully. "We might do it, at that," he said, but he said it to himself.

THE blinding eye of the setting sun guided Bevan into the foothills that began to turn from purple to gray in the moment when the sun's rim dropped out of sight behind the higher peaks. The golden haze vanished, leaving the desert stark, revealing the skeleton of a donkey with bluish shreds of skin upon it. Jackals had eaten out the carcass of that donkey, and vultures had gorged on the jackals; by now perhaps ants had feasted on the dead vultures. Life sustained life, because there was no other source of life here. It was in obedience to this law of survival, older than any code of the Medes and ancient Persians, that men preyed upon men, Bevan mused.

A half moon stood in the sky behind him as he switched on his headlights, twisting among the rocks at a gully's entrance. Bevan knew that the trail up to the Lur village started here—and he saw winding ahead of him the tracks of broad, new tires.

That trail had never been made for cars. Bevan crawled around the shoulder of a hill and began to zigzag up until a rifle flashed above him.

The bullet whined overhead, and after it came a wailing challenge:

"*Anja bayad bemaneed.* Stop there!"

Bevan stopped the old car, switching off the noisy motor and the lights as well as a matter of precaution. "Nay," he shouted at the moonlit hillside, "I go to the village. O fools, I am the guest of Ali Khan."

And, since only seeing is believing with the tribes, he lighted his pipe with a match held close to his face. Presently two figures scrambled down from the rocks and bent over the car curiously. "What man art thou?"

"The Amrikai Sarkar of Kangavar camp. To the house of Ali Khan I go."

One figure said to the other: "Verily, it is so. I have seen his American Lordship of Kangavar palace, and this is he."

Panting and shouting, they ran ahead, while he guided the car up the hillside to the gate of a walled village. Then, with their rifle butts, they beat back a throng of ragged hillmen that surged around Bevan. Veiled figures loomed upon the flat hut tops, and a boy ran up waving a torch. Smells of dirty wool, of cattle and of age-old drainage pierced the air with the sting of acids. Except for the rifles, Bevan might have walked into a village of two thousand years ago.

At the door of Ali Khan's house, where Bevan removed his boots, a Lur with a blood-stained turban and two bandoliers of cartridges held off the crowd and eyed the American askance for an hour until the Khan was ready to see him. Then Bevan was ushered by two warriors into the room of state where Ali Khan sat on cushions against the wall with a score of his headmen, mullahs, and councilors ranged on either hand—looking like shaggy wolves sitting in judgment upon a stray dog.

"The Peace," boomed Ali Khan, "be upon thee, O Sarkar."

He was as bulky as a bear, wrapped in a cloth-of-gold coat ornamented with an array of military medals impartially British and Russian—probably collected from the bodies of slain soldiers but very possibly earned. A blind white eye and a restless black eye flashed from a dark, pock-pitted face. A man of action, vain and hospitable and wayward as a child. So Bevan judged him. They had never met before, but the American had fed many of his Lurs who dropped in at the camp as a matter of course when they were hungry.

Bevan decided that argument would be wasted on Ali Khan, and it would also be a mistake to threaten him before his men.

"I have come," he said bluntly, "to take away my two guests who are here."

"Nay, what have I—?"

"Thou knowest that these two, Amrikai like myself, lost their way when seeking my house. Thou has sheltered them for a day and a night. Good. But they are my guests, under my protection. Now I will take them with me."

Bevan paused to let the Lurs ponder this. Hospitality was one of the rigid laws of the hills. If a blood enemy entered the walls of Ali Khan, he would be entertained like any other guest until his departure, when he might be shot down conveniently upon the road outside the walls. Also, the feudal code was still binding in the hills. If harm came to any man under the protection of the Khan, the honor of the Lur chieftain would require that he be aided or avenged as the case might be. Now Bevan had claimed the two wayfarers as his own guests.

"THEY travel in thy face, O Sarkar?"

"In my face. Already there is talk in Aragh that they have been carried off by thy men. If that talk reaches to Teheran, there will be calamity. The Persian army will come with the wheeled guns. They will fire upon thy people, because of my guests who are here. My face would be made black. Now"—Bevan thrust an accusing finger toward the Khan—"one of my friends is a lady. If that is known in Teheran, the government will send a machine that flies with the army."

Ali Khan fingered his beard, a sign of uneasiness. It was an old custom of the Lurs to carry off men, but he knew and Bevan knew that no Lur had ever lifted hand against a foreign woman. Presently he summoned a servant, who carried in a tray with two glasses of tea. Bevan seated himself in the chair brought out in his honor and sipped his tea while the Khan and his councilors discussed the situation in noisy whispers. Curtly he refused a suggestion that he take away the woman without the man.

"Will the Sarkar," inquired Ali Khan

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Glacier National Park

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Heaven's
Peak
FROM THE
Logan Pass Detour

● Bill made the *Logan Pass Detour* through Glacier National Park last summer and he's still raving about it. He says you can see more glorious scenery from the Going-to-the-Sun Highway in Glacier Park in one day than anywhere else in the world. So we're taking the Great Northern west this summer because the Empire Builder lets us off at the east end and picks us up at the west end en route to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland.

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Great Northern offers round trip fares too low to ignore. Spend a vacation at Glacier Park, or stop off and make the *Logan Pass Detour* through the heart of the park in 26 hours on your way to Pacific Northwest, Alaska, California and other National Parks. See nearest Great Northern agent or write A. J. Dickinson, P. T. M., Room 741, Great Northern Railway Building, St. Paul.

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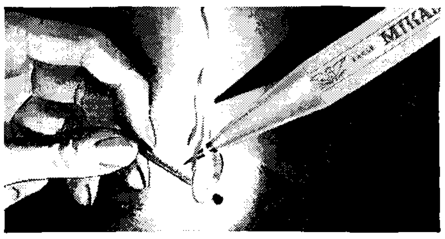

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respectfully, "take the two guests away in his car?"

In this way did the Lur avoid mentioning the new American car upon which he had set his heart and which reposed at the moment in the courtyard of his harem, where his wives took turns at sitting in it, the curtains being discreetly drawn.

"Yes, certainly," Bevan agreed.

"And will the Sarkar promise not to speak to the government about the—the entertainment of his guests at my house?"

"Yes."

Ali Khan rose up, all smiles, and struck hands upon the bargain. His heart was expanded, he said, because the American Highness had come at last to claim his guests. And he led the way himself to the room in which the man was confined.

Bevan's first impression, in the dim lantern light, was of a Hercules in a sheepskin. The Lurs had stripped the man and had given him a ragged pair of breeches and a sheepskin in exchange.

"I'm Bevan," he explained, "of the Kangavar camp. Sorry the Lurs have been making life miserable for you. We can go down to my place now."

"God, to hear English again! Have you a cigarette on you? Thanks." The Hercules inhaled deeply and grinned. He had the smooth muscles and tanned skin of one who exercises regularly in the sun, and the alert lined eyes of a city-dweller. A two days' growth of beard and a sleeveless sheepskin coat did not make him look less striking. "Say, what are these devils trying to do to us? When I bent the camera on them, they staged a mob scene." He pointed at a motion picture camera. "I'm Hew Macalister—Hewland Macalister."

Several times in his years of exile Bevan had encountered tourists in distress, and he recognized the signs of overexcitement and fatigue. "Yes," he assented, "they would be afraid of the eye in the camera. Shall we go down?"

"Let's go!" Macalister pounced on the camera and followed the explorer through the street to the gate where Ali Khan, flanked by his guards, awaited them. "For two days and two nights," Macalister was repeating, "the bugs—hello, Shirley!"

FROM the front seat of Bevan's car a girl smiled at them, a girl in a tan polo coat who seemed to be amused at herself and the crowd that had escorted her from the women's quarters.

"Shirley Anderson," Macalister's deep voice went on, "this is the Samaritan who has lifted us out of stir."

"How did you do it?" she asked.

And Bevan, who had not heard a low-cadenced woman's voice speaking his own speech in years, stood tongue-tied. Dark eyes looked gravely into his.

"Hold on," exclaimed the wearer of the sheepskin. "Where's my bus and things? These natives took six hundred dollars from me, with my clothes and two bags. Shirley's bag, too."

They had not, Bevan noticed, touched the girl's clothes. "I know," he said, "but we'd better go to my camp now and claim the things later."

"Why not here and now?" demanded Macalister. "That car cost me three thousand."

"These Lurs are as friendly and harmless as children three times out of four. But I'd rather argue with them from my camp. If we hang around here much longer, they'll begin to remember that we are really helpless in their hands, with two cars."

"Well, all right. But look here—it must be pretty close to sunrise now. Can't we wait and take a few shots of this crowd lined up at the gate?" Macalister patted the camera. "I need a shot of them."

"No."

The big man thrust out his chin. "What are you afraid of?"

"Bullets."

Then Ali Khan, who had been reading faces shrewdly, thrust himself forward. "O Sarkar, behold," he exclaimed, "this woman of your race is young and clean. Ay, she has a face like a moon and a form like a slender willow. This man will make trouble—take a knife from my men and slay him upon the road. Take the woman into thy house." And he stared at Shirley with the admiration of a man who knew the degrees of feminine charm.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He admires you very much."

As Bevan started the motor and turned the car downhill, the Lur chieftain came forward, laying his hand on his breast and forehead, while the torches waved behind him.

"He says," Bevan interpreted—"God grant you a safe journey."

"Oh," she laughed, "it's all impossible. I don't feel that this is really me."

"What a picture!" muttered Macalister, looking back. When they crawled out of the gully and the red sun rose to meet them, he lay back on the cushions singing.

But it was to Andy Bevan, driving against the dawn wind, that the girl at his side and the events of the night seemed fantastic.

SHE slept on his cot. Hassan had heated the water for her bath in the tin tub, and while she slept between clean sheets Bevan took all of her clothing over to the camp women, who removed from it the insect life of the Lur village and washed what could best be washed. Then Bevan went over it painstakingly, removing the vagrant fleas that had parted company from the Kurdish women.

He had not meant to glance at the slim brown arm lying across his blanket, or the throat that pressed so confidingly into his pillow. He had tiptoed out awkwardly after depositing the clothes, unaware that the girl's eyes opened, to watch him interestedly.

"Thanks so much," she said to him gratefully at dinner that night, "for delousing me. What a keen dining hall!"

"It's Alexander's," responded Bevan, trying to put his cot out of his mind.

For that evening, knowing how hungry the castaways would be, he had prepared a feast. Hassan had cooked the *pilaf* himself, and had placed melons, slabs of native bread and cheese on a clean tablecloth. They drank hot tea and lukewarm whisky from glasses—sitting in the moonlit courtyard of the excavated palace. Above the candlelight a giant bull's head looked down at them from the summit of a marble column. Discreetly hidden in the shadows, most of Bevan's workmen watched the three foreigners dining.

"The great Alexander's?" asked Macalister. "The chap who sighed for more worlds to conquer?"

"Yes."

Macalister nodded. He had clad himself in clean trousers and shirt from Bevan's belongings, and he had rolled back the sleeves of the shirt from his forearms. "So I heard in Bagdad. That's why I looked in here. Isn't this the place where Alexander marched with his host and met the queen of the Amazons, What's-Her-Name? The story is, the queen heard what a man this great conqueror was, and she paid him a formal visit at the head of her wild women. Her intentions were strictly dishonorable. Isn't that right, Bevan?"

"Not quite. She really met Alexander up north of here and, after all, her in-

(*Continued on page 52*)

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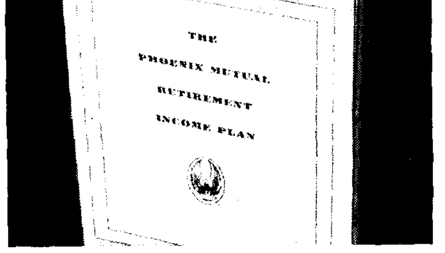

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1 AT REHEARSAL
OH GEORGE—GEORGE. THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ME JUST NOW.
SOMEBODY TOLD YOU HE ADMIRED YOUR BRAINS, I SUPPOSE.

2
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY. HE SAID HE COULDN'T HEAR ME ON THE RADIO, BECAUSE I WILTED SO.
YOU WILTED? NOW GRACIE, DON'T TELL ME HE THINKS YOU'RE A LITTLE VIOLET. YOU FADED, YOU MEAN.

3
FADED—WILTED . . . WILTED—FADED . . . WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I THINK THE MAN'S JUST CRAZY, ANYWAY.
FOR ONCE, GRACIE, YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S CRAZY TO SAY THAT YOUR VOICE FADES. I'LL BET IT'S HIS RADIO TUBES.

4 NEXT REHEARSAL
OH GEORGE, I'M SO NERVOUS. I MAY WILT—FADE, I MEAN—THE WAY THE MAN SAID. OOOH, LOOK . . . HERE HE IS NOW.
PARDON ME, IS THIS THE BURNS AND ALLEN REHEARSAL? I WANT TO APOLOGIZE TO GRACIE FOR SAYING HER VOICE FADED.

5
IT WASN'T YOUR VOICE—IT WAS MY OLD TUBES. I JUST GOT A WHOLE NEW SET OF RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES. NOW I HEAR EVERYTHING.
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1 Quicker Start
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3 Uniform Volume
4 Uniform Performance
5 Every Tube is Matched

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

(Continued from page 51)

tentions were honorable. She wanted a child."

"Well, it's near enough." He grinned. "What do you think, Shirley?"

"I don't think, Hew, on a night like this."

"Where's the old spirit, Shirley?" Macalister turned to Bevan. "It's not like Shirley to be quiet when she's shipwrecked. She's game, this girl is. I met her at St. Moritz last winter sports. She put on a man's suit and went down the Cresta-run toboggan. Ran into her in Bagdad last week when she was stranded there with some globe-circlers. When I told her I was driving alone into Persia, she said 'Give me a lift, will you, mister?' It earned the girl a ride."

Bevan tried to piece together the staccato words. Shirley seemed incredibly young to be knocking about the world. She belonged, then, to the play-children of the new generation who followed their whims from New York to California, and Switzerland—and Bagdad. Her own particular sphere would be the dance floor, the opera box, and a saddle in the hunting field.

"WHAT brought you to Persia?" he asked Macalister.

They both seemed surprised. "Why," the erstwhile captive explained, "I'm following the trail of Alexander the Great. Everywhere. The consul in Bagdad told me how you were digging up this palace of his at Kangavar. I'd like some pictures here."

"Haven't you really heard," Shirley asked, "of Hewland Macalister?"

"No."

"I thought everyone had been to his talks or his movies. Haven't you seen the newspaper serialization of his Veiled Women of Constantinople? He's been everywhere, you know, and he has done some really priceless things. Like climbing the Jungfrau or crossing the Channel alone in an open boat. He's brought back tigers from Sumatra."

"My public," Macalister explained, "expects it of me."

"They like you, Hew. We all do."

"They like to hear about adventures. You see why I want pictures of those bandits, the Lurs as you call them, Bevan. I'm particularly keen on this footsteps-of-Alexander journey. How are the chances on getting my film packs back with the car and other stuff?"

Bevan considered. "The chances are rather good. After a day or so Ali Khan will be tired of looking at the car."

"I had a letter of credit for five thousand with my passport."

"Ali Khan knows that will be no use to him. You'll never see your loose cash again, of course. What did Miss Anderson have?"

"Express checks," Shirley said, "for about fourteen hundred dollars. I don't remember just how much. They were in a pocket of my bag."

Before Shirley went to bed that night Bevan wrote a letter at his work-table. It required both time and cogitation, because it was to a master thief and it had to be written in a dialect of Persian. When he had finished and reread it carefully, he summoned Hassan, showed him the letter and sealed it.

"Start now for Ali Khan's village," he instructed his overseer, "on a mule. There will be no harm, because this letter will protect thee. Do not come back without the car, and the round metal boxes of films, and all the papers of the gentleman and the lady."

Hassan touched the missive to his forehead and pinned it carefully in a pocket. Then he smiled knowingly.

"*Ai, Sarkar*, I understand. For the return of the car and the valuable papers, these ones-without-wisdom will pay us thousands and thousands of tomans? Is it not true?"

Slowly Bevan shook his head. "They will pay us nothing!"

"But then, we will have nothing. By my beard and my father's head, have we not risked our lives in Ali Khan's house to set them free? Ali Khan, the dog, will keep something. Why must we have nothing?"

"Perhaps, Hassan, they will give thee baksheesh for bringing back the car, with the other things I have named to thee."

"Baksheesh—that is almost nothing." But the prospect of a tip relieved Hassan's gloom. "It is our fate to have only a little good with much evil."

Shirley had been looking on while they talked, and now she seated herself on the table by the green dagger. "How in the world can you get back our things, Mr. Bevan, by writing a letter?"

"It's merely a question of comparative values—in Ali Khan's mind, if you happen to know how his mind works. I wrote him that Macalister was so angry at being robbed that he would report the robbery and Persian cavalry would be sent to raid the village unless the car and belongings were returned by Hassan. Now a raid by cavalry means some Lurs shot and the village burned. Ali Khan will keep the loose money and send back the rest."

"And what promise did you make—if he did?"

"Only to keep our mouths shut. That is, not to mention the kidnapping officially."

"And will he trust you?"

"Of course."

"Q. E. D.," said Shirley maliciously. "Haven't you ever rubbed a magic lamp?" She nodded at the row of clay lamps on the work-table, all numbered. "It would be so nice to see a smoky djin come out of one."

Bevan did not sleep well that night, in the stark moonlight of the courtyard. The next morning he drove his Kurds at the digging. Macalister prowled around the ruins taking pictures, even changing back to his sheepskin and hillman breeches, so that Shirley could take some shots of him sitting among the natives. This done, the adventurer turned his attention to Bevan's library, and the girl made friends with the small Kurdish children.

Strange, Bevan thought, how Shirley seemed to be at home in the camp. The children, after the first moments of awe, tagged after her. Yet, except when she was with Macalister, she seldom spoke. She laughed with the tall adventurer; but when she was near Bevan she seemed to draw into herself, and away from him, as if she were listening to another voice which frightened her a little. . . . Bevan cursed his wakefulness, and forced himself to stay in the excavations where he could see nothing of the other two. After she had gone what would he do? She would go, of course, as soon as Hassan came with the car, although Macalister still talked about trying to get pictures of Ali Khan and the Lurs.

IT WAS the afternoon of the next day when Hassan appeared. He was at the wheel of a long brown car, driving slowly because on either hand rode an escort of mounted and armed Lurs, a dozen of them.

"O Master," he shouted. "I have everything—papers and even a little money. But Ali Khan sent these riders to see that I did not steal this beautiful car."

The Lurs dismounted by the well, a hundred yards from the ruins, waiting to be fed and paid. Macalister whooped exultantly at finding most of his films still intact. He gave Hassan a lavish handful of the recovered money, and—discovering that Hassan understood a little English—promised him more if the Persian would help him take some shots of the Lurs. They hastened off to recharge the camera in the workroom, while the Kurds stopped digging to inspect the new car.

It would only, Bevan told himself, be a few minutes before Shirley left. They would have time to reach Aragh before sunset. He returned to the excavation and began to rake over the loose dirt, sorting out the broken pottery mechanically. Minutes passed, and he had arranged the fragments in a pile when he heard a step on the gravel behind him, and Shirley's voice.

"Will you *please* stop work long enough to look at the battle. It's getting awfully real."

She explained as they went toward the opening trench. Macalister had promised both the camp Kurds and the Lur tribesmen baksheesh if they would pose by the car with weapons in their hands. Hassan had produced some rusty swords from the huts, and the Lurs had their long, curved knives. At first they had stood about awkwardly, afraid of the camera; but Macalister had got them to running about and slashing at each other's weapons, the Kurds against the Lurs. Now—

"Gosh!" Shirley said fervently.

DUST swirled around the car and a din of shouting rose as suddenly as the baying of dogs. The tribesmen were in the saddle, circling through the dust, the steel of their knives flashing in the sun. And, as wolves leap at the hunting pack, the Kurds were assailing them with broadswords. A few paces away the women of the camp were screaming encouragement to their warriors.

Although the Kurds dug at Kangavar for pay, they were fighters and they had an ancient feud with the Lurs. After one glance Bevan motioned Shirley back. "Stay here."

As he raced down the slope toward the car the shrill shouting of the women changed to wailing and they began to run toward the huts. One of the Kurds staggered back, with blood streaming from his arm. A rifle cracked.

Macalister was standing clear of the dust, winding his camera steadily, his eyes alert. "God," he said, seeing Bevan beside him, "what a show!"

"Get back to the camp."

Jerking a key from the ring in his pocket, Bevan singled out Hassan, who was dancing excitedly and shouting, "Allah — Allah! Strike — slay!" He shook the Persian by the collar and thrust the key into his hand.

"Hassan! Go to my room. Unlock the rifles and bring them to me."

"Ah, rifles!" The headman snatched the key and darted off, while Bevan called to his men to go back to the camp. The Lurs began shooting in deadly earnest. A Kurd dropped to his knees, bellowing, and his comrades sought shelter.

Roused to the point of slaying, the dozen tribesmen could have rushed the camp on their horses, or dismounted to shoot down the fleeing men. But they were afire with eagerness—some tried to head off the Kurds with their knives, while others shot wild from the saddle. By the time they were all on the move toward the camp, Hassan had rushed up to Bevan, panting, holding out rifles and clips of cartridges.

Bevan took a rifle, snapped in the clip, and brought the sights down on a tribesman who was bending over a wounded Kurd to gut him with a knife. The impact of the bullet sent the Lur rolling back. Then Bevan fired at a mounted man—missed once, and set the Lur reeling with a second shot.

By now Hassan and his mates had managed to load the four remaining rifles, and their burst of fire, although it did no damage, drove the Lurs away at a gallop, their wounded snatched up haphazard as they rode. With yelps of exultation Hassan and his men emptied their guns after the tribesmen, and flocked down to the well to search for loot.

Bevan put down his rifle and looked at the adventurer silently. "You fool!" he said presently.

"I didn't think this would break. Didn't they understand it was just a picture? See here, Bevan, let me square up for the damage."

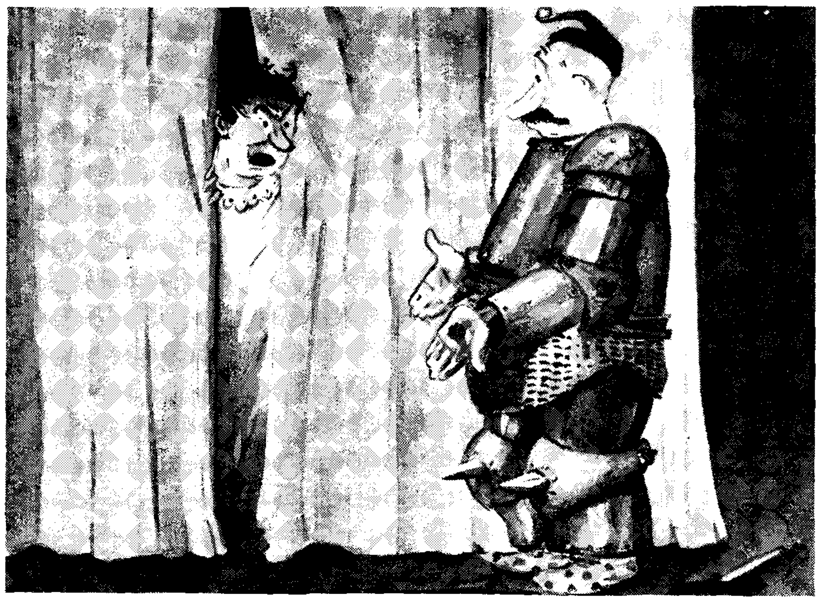
Three men wounded and a blood feud with Ali Khan—money would not remedy that. "No," said Bevan. He glanced at his wrist watch. "You'll just have time to get Miss Anderson to Aragh before dark. Follow the tire tracks and don't pick up any volunteer guides this time."

He went down to help Hassan fill the radiator of the new brown car, and to pour a tin of gasoline into the tank. Macalister arrived with his camera and thanked him. But Shirley stood by the open door, looking at him.

"Won't you have trouble with the Lurs?" she asked.

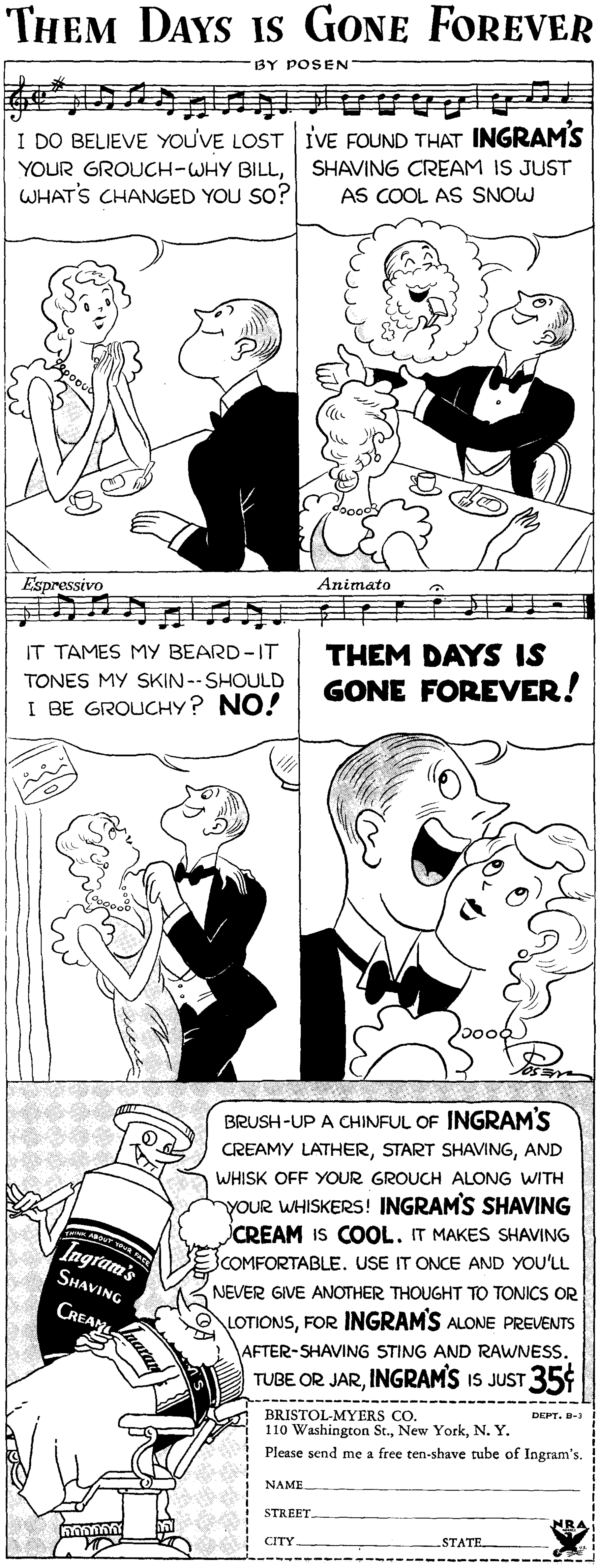
He had not thought it would hurt him, physically, to watch her go off in that

(*Continued on page 54*)



"I don't care if you can't find the blacksmith—you're not coming to bed like that!"

Bill Hembleton



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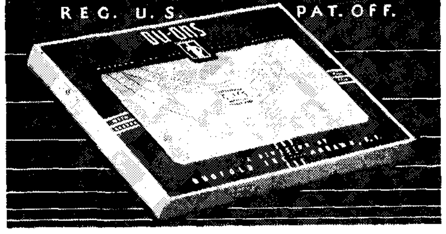


(Continued from page 53)

unfamiliar car—to have her head turn away from him for the last time, leaving the camp desolate and his work meaningless. "Nothing to worry about, thanks," he said stiffly.

Still the dark eyes held his. "Please come in to Aragh with us."

"No," his lips said, "I can't leave Kangavar, you know." (It would be less than ever a safe place for a woman now. If she would only go quickly and not look back.) "Will you kindly go now?" he said.

Macalister's brows went up. The starter buzzed, and Shirley turned away from him, sitting down and closing the door very quickly. He had not meant to say that—but the car was gone in dust, and Hassan was asking him to look at a wounded man. The car was speeding away with its unearthly magic, its untouched happiness. All this, he told himself, would be just another briefly exciting moment for a girl like Shirley.

AN HOUR later Macalister pulled up to light a cigarette. He thought Shirley was not saying much, but she was humming to herself. "I don't get that fellow Bevan at all," he confided. "I think he's cracked."

" 'There's a pleasure in being mad' "—the words bubbled out of Shirley unexpectedly—" 'that only madmen know.' " She smiled brightly and stopped her humming presently to watch the kilometers click by on the speedometer. "You're driving very fast, my lad."

"Feeling nervous? Well, we're almost there—our troubles will soon be over."

Affably she nodded. "Do go very fast. Only—don't let's blow a tire because then we would have to stop."

When they roared under fruit trees and through a gray wall into the grounds of the British consulate, Shirley became very animated in relating her adventures to the surprised but matter-of-fact Mrs. Allardyce, the wife of the consul. She sang cheerily in the luxury of a tin bathtub, and came down to dinner in a talkative mood that somehow did not permit her to eat much.

The consul and Mrs. Allardyce, who had heard of Hewland Macalister's motion pictures, reproached the adventurer for taking risks when he was escorting a young lady.

"Shirley's game," Macalister, comfortable in a borrowed dinner coat, assured them. "After all, the public's to blame. When you have a reputation they expect it of you."

Shirley turned questing eyes upon the ruddy consul. "Isn't Mr. Bevan very stodgy and old-fashioned? Does he ever do anything but dig up pots?"

"At present he does not," Allardyce assured her. "You see, he was let down by the university that financed his excavation of the site. Since then he has been carrying on with his own money and what he could raise out here. He's had dysentery, too."

As Shirley looked inquisitive, he continued: "We newcomers can't do anything with him, of course. He's a law to himself, and he has helped us out of trouble too often. During the second Kurd rebellion, he turned up in the air service until the mess was settled. He'll never admit that he settled the Afghan frontier dispute. But I know he was with the second Mount Everest expedition in the twenty-four-thousand-foot camp with the bearers."

For a moment Shirley pondered the nice Swiss Jungfrau, with tourists going up and down, aided by hired guides, and then the lonely, unscaled peak of Everest above the clouds.

"Then," she observed slowly, "isn't he really an adventurer?"

"Why, no." Allardyce seemed surprised. "He rather belongs out here. It's all part of his work, and he would not shirk it, of course."

"No," Shirley nodded, and she smiled so suddenly upon the unimaginative consul that Allardyce fancied he had said something very pat. Perhaps because of that smile he invited Shirley into his study after the coffee.

"Mr. Macalister," he explained, "requested me to have this cable sent off immediately. But as it appears to be in the nature of a public announcement, and as your name is mentioned, I feel that I must have your permission to dispatch it."

He handed her a sheet of notepaper with the following scrawled upon it, after a New York cable address:

Release news story Hewland Macalister kidnapped with Miss Shirley Anderson of New York by Lur tribesmen bandits robbed and stripped by raiders escaped into desert half starved after armed affray six wounded. Stop. Have pictures. Sending full story from Teheran. Negotiate same with Mentorix syndicate for ten thousand or more. Try to get more. Hewland Macalister.

"Gosh!" muttered Shirley.

"Unquestionably," Allardyce coughed gently, "you have a right to insist that your name be withheld, since, in a way, your reputation— I mean, this publicity—"

"Will it make trouble for Ali Khan? Mr. Bevan promised that we would not mention it officially."

"That must depend on the attitude of the Persian government. It may."

Shirley tossed the cable to the desk. "Let it go as is," she said cheerfully. "My reputation's in the mud anyhow, and it's no affair of mine, is it?"

Allardyce felt a bit bewildered. And Mrs. Allardyce thought she had never known such a young girl to appear so lovely as when Shirley sat down at the piano and played the accompaniment to Mandalay, while Macalister sang:

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez,
where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments
An' a man can raise a thirst . . ."

Macalister thought very much the same. He had partaken of cordials and he felt some misgivings, along with a new consciousness of Shirley's charm. When she disappeared into the dark veranda to curl up alone on a settee, he followed her, and she listened absently until she caught some familiar phrases.

"No," she said all at once. "Hew Macalister, you needn't ask me to marry you. It—it would ruin your reputation, wouldn't it? To have a wife, I mean. Besides, I'm not going on to Teheran with you."

"What's the point of staying on here?"

"I'm going back to Kangavar."

MACALISTER shook his head. "Look here, you're hysterical, and I'm responsible for you. Shirley, you can't do that."

"I'm not hysterical, and I'm responsible for myself. And if I can't—" something checked her voice and she was silent so long that he glanced anxiously into the white, still face—"I don't think it would matter then," she said softly, "where I go."

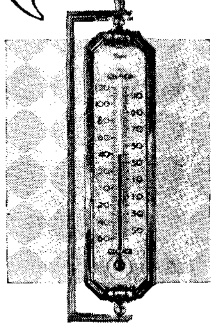
"Suppose he doesn't marry you?"

"I'm afraid," Shirley decided gravely, "this is one woman Alexander will have to marry."

"Alexander! Confound it, you know his name is Andy Bevan. Alexander has been in his tomb for twenty-two centuries."

Shirley laughed a little to herself. "I'm not so sure."

SWEATER?
YES.... BY ALL MEANS



Taylor Window Thermometer. De Luxe Model. No. 5300. Price $3.50.

It's pretty difficult these days to decide how warmly or lightly to dress the children. But it's easy when you have an accurate Taylor Thermometer outside your window to flash an immediate answer.

The thermometer speaking above *is* accurate because it's Taylor-made. Neat and practical, with black figures on a white enameled scale, adjustable chrome bracket and frame, weather resistant, outdoor range, and red Permacolor tube. It costs $3.50, and if it were one dime less it could not possibly be as accurate and attractive.

HOW MANY INSTRUMENTS OR THERMOMETERS DO YOU OWN?

The well regulated home needs at least seven: Window ($3.50); Wall ($2); Clinical ($1 and $2); Bath ($1.50); Bake Oven ($2); Stormoguide ($10); Humidiguide ($5). Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Mississippi. Taylor makes dozens of others which your Taylor dealer will gladly show you. FREE BOOKLET—"Temperature—its Relation to Health and Comfort" tells how temperature and humidity affect family health. Write Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York, or Toronto, Canada.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure, and humidity.

Have a Good Time

Continued from page 20

to overhaul their cars, egg candlers who will go down to the bird house on their days off, and aviators who will spend their spare time admiring the view from the Empire State Building tower, but a big problem will remain nevertheless.

It's going to take a code for loafing. A sort of New Deal for men with nothing special to do except help wash the dishes.

Can't you imagine a flood of letters to the Committee on the Proper Use of Leisure Time? Along this line:

Dear C. O. T. P. U. O. L. T.:

I am dropping you a line to ask your advice. I am a journeyman roofer with three days off each week. I like matching pennies, walking in the park, mountain climbing, shuffleboard, checkers, kissing games, soccer football and catching up lost sleep. But are they good for me? As an American workingman anxious to be a good citizen, do right by his country and not get any rebuking letters from the Administration, are these suitable diversions? Or do you know some better games?

Would I be better off if I collected old coins, learned to play the saxophone, did more fishing, followed hockey, took up dancing or put in most of my time automobiling?

Yours in perplexity,
PRENTICE G. HOCKHOLM

When Homes Were Homes

And an answer from the Leisure Committee as follows:

Dear Prentice:

The diversions which you follow are not bad and not good. We find from our records that the number of workingmen using their leisure time for walking in the park, mountain climbing, kissing games and checkers for the past year has increased eight per cent over the previous twelve months.

The committee has run out of permits for coin collecting, taking saxophone lessons, fishing, dancing and motoring, and suggests that until further notice you spend your spare time fly-swatting, running to fires, watching the trains come in and saving peach stones for the next war. If you want to take the radio apart it will be all right with us.

Thanking you for calling your plight to the attention of the committee and assuring you that we are looking up new games all the time under the NCFTDCAROSDFPW*, I am,

Respectfully yours,
GIDEON WHIFFLEWOX, *Chairman*

*National Commission for the Discovery, Consideration and Recommendation of Suitable Diversions for Perplexed Workers.

We see trying days ahead for both sides.

And we still think that the women of America are behind the whole idea of committees on proper use of leisure time. It was bad enough having their husbands hanging around the house dropping ashes all over the rugs and finding fault with the weather Sundays, to say nothing of Fridays and Saturdays.

Yes, the women of America are the ones who should be worrying more than the Committees on Leisure Time. Mother was never happier than in the good old days when the old man worked six full days a week down at the button shop and slept all day Sunday. She hardly knew he was part of her life.

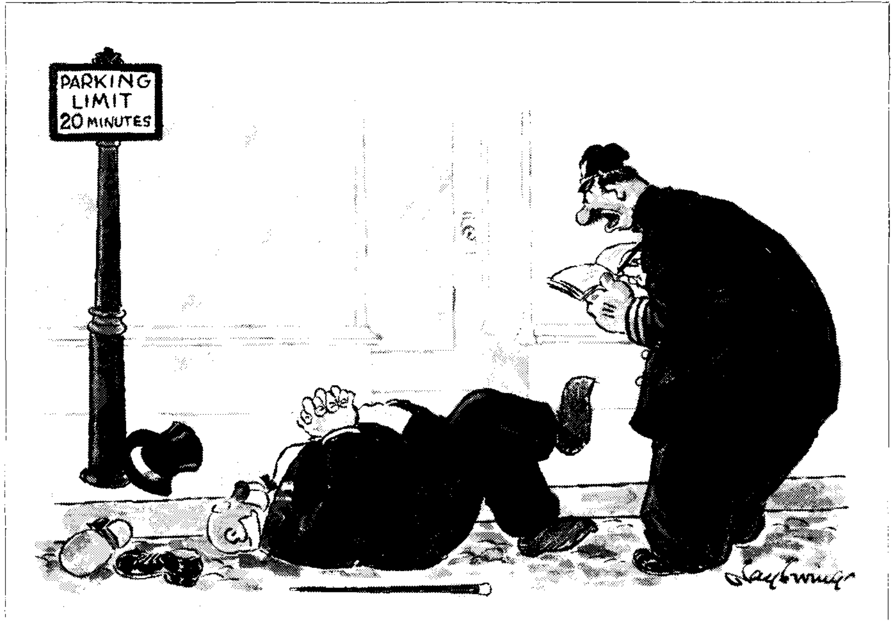
Even if he was a natural grouch he hid it from her because he was too tired during his hours at home to voice more than an occasional squawk about burning his eggs or making bad coffee.

Up until the last two decades the average wife saw little of her husband except in the vague shadows of the early dawn when she got up to pack his lunch and by lamplight in the evening when he came home, sank onto a sofa with a grunt and called for the evening paper so he could see if John L. Sullivan had licked any more cops.

Those were the days when homes were homes and when husbands and fathers just used them as rest stations when the night shift came on at the boiler works.

But during the past fifteen years industry has been gradually giving the workingmen a break. Then came the depression and the horrors of having the men hanging around the house seven days a week without even a dime for gasoline.

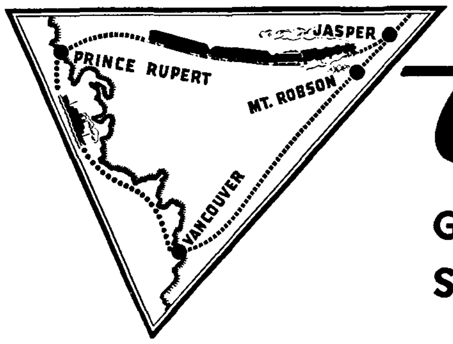
Now things are picking up. But even when they all get back to work it will be under codes giving them more time in the open air. And they mustn't be left to pick their own diversions.



"Lissen! I warned yuh an hour an' a half ago" *Jay Irving*

"the triangle tour" GIVES ALL THREE SIDES OF . . . .

CANADA'S ROCKIES



THE Triangle Tour crams the high spots of the majestic Canadian Rockies into one short vacation.

A never-ending succession of thrills. Huge peaks. Jewelled lakes. Dark canyons and pine forests. The Skeena, the Bulkley, the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. Kitwanga, with its Indian totem poles. Mt. Robson, highest of Canada's Rockies. Jasper Park with its sports, motor drives and delightful accommodations . . .

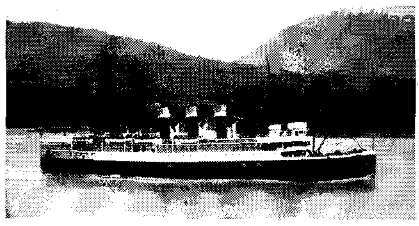
And 2 days of sea air as you cruise through the Inside Passage of the North Pacific with smooth water and mountain scenery all the way.

This 4½ day Triangle Tour plus a stop-over at Jasper Park Lodge is the perfect Canadian Rockies' vacation. From the East it costs no extra rail fare if you follow the *cool* Jasper Route across the continent. Stop in or write for details. Ask, too, about Alaska and Canadian National vacations in Eastern Canada.

1
1400 miles by rail through ruggedly beautiful British Columbia and 2 close-ups of Mt. Robson.

2
A vacation stop-over at beautiful Jasper National Park in the heart of the mighty Canadian Rockies.

3
A 600-mile cruise of two days through the mountain-guarded Inside Passage of the North Pacific.



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MAKE SHAVING A PLEASURE . . .
Not a Punishment!

The way some men start the daily shave you'd think they were about to undergo a major operation. A shave *can* be simple and pleasant. Just splash a few drops of Pinaud's Lilas de France (Lilac Vegetal) on your face *before* you lather up. It holds the hairs in place and smoothes the path of your razor. *After* the shave dish some Lilac on the face and revel in the cool, tingling sensation. Feel safe—knowing that Pinaud's Lilac braces the skin and *heals* the little razor-nicks, too!

Buy a bottle of this famous skin lotion at your drug store or favorite toilet goods counter. Insist on the *genuine* with the Ed. Pinaud signature in red across the label. Pinaud, Inc., 220 East 21st Street, New York City.

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STOPS SCURF!

Scurf is the scale and scab on the scalp. When the scab falls off, you see it as Dandruff. Stop Scurf with Eau de Quinine and you avoid Dandruff and hair troubles. Eau de Quinine washes away Scurf—leaves the scalp clean, healthy. A grand hair dressing. A sample FREE.

Treasure-Bound

Continued from page 11

Broker up with the white folks—but I'll be back," he shook a finger at the girl. "I'll be back, and you'll marry me, s'help me!" He turned and raced down the stairway.

"You must have met Pat," the girl said, "if you know Nassau. He owns the Ocracoke."

Douglass ordered two *fines.*

"I know who he is, and I know his boat. I expect we have shaken hands once or twice—but I don't think you and I know the same Nassau."

"That sounds rather stuffy."

"I didn't mean it to," he smiled. "What I mean is that we've always based on Nassau, my brother Roark and I, but we've never played around there much. We'd be in long enough to gas up and found the boat and have a word with a couple of old friends—then we'd shove off. We used to fish and poke around the Out Islands, Andros and the Berry's and Cleuthera."

"I know," she nodded. "So did my father when he wasn't working. But I used to make mud pies with Pat and all the other kids, so I knew that side, too. The Bushnells and the Bonnets and the Albros and the Dirklands."

"I'm afraid I don't know any of the season people," he said, "any of the income-tax set—and I've never been asked to Government House."

"Is your brother down there now?"

"No," he shook his head.

"I'm sorry—have I said something—"

"No," he smiled, "my brother is dead. But I've gotten quite used to it now. Just as I told you at dinner. My brother died eighteen months ago. But I don't feel it so badly now—I can talk about him. It takes about eighteen months for you to be able to talk. They come back to you after that time—comfortably and permanently—the dead you love."

THEY were silent for several minutes. The girl twirled the stem of her brandy glass slowly between her long, straight fingers. He was grateful that her nails were not tinted.

"I suspect us," she said quietly, "of doing a very wrong thing."

"What?"

"I suspect us both of trying to recapture the past. My father used to say that the Pennesses were born lonely—that the wise ones fought it—the others became snobs or drunkards. That loneliness is sending us both back to the scene where we enjoyed the only true companionship we will probably ever have."

"No," he said, "not I. I've worked out all that futility, too. I'm going down on business—that's all."

"Well, it's not all for me," she cried sharply. "I love Nassau—it's the only place in the world that I've ever had a decent time in. I was somebody in Nassau—people knew me and liked me. For three years I've grubbed in New York—and lived in a tiny room—hung on by my fingertips through the depression—avoided my friends through pride—" she laughed, "but I'm finished with all that. Life isn't worth it. Life is to be lived, Douglass Penness. I've been fired from my job—I'm broke, and now I'm going to accept some of the invitations I was too proud to accept before. I'm going to sink into that for a while. It'll be comfortable!"

"Why not?"

"Exactly. As you say—why not?"

Pat Bushnell came roaring into the smoke-room named Grenville.

"I say, Gy—they've got a platinum and emerald dance orchestra in the gold and diamond ballroom on A Deck—let's dance. Broker sends you his love and three tail wags."

"Let's—come along, Douglass Penness—"

"Thanks," he said. "You go on—I'll follow."

HE WAS first in to breakfast, and he was finished before she came down. By mere accident and shipboard sloth he slept through lunch. Late in the afternoon he saw her playing a crack bit of deck tennis with Pat Bushnell. She had had a cocktail before dinner.

"Are you," she asked him at the table, "trying to avoid me?"

"Honor bright—no," he said.

"Come clean, Douglass Penness—confess. One tiny corner of your heart says, 'Beware—here is a self-confessed adventuress who bears careful watching. I will steer clear.' "

"No," he shook his head and smiled. "Today has been an accident. I'm a lazy person, and I slept through luncheon. That's all. You see, that is all because the mere fact that you confessed takes all the danger out of it."

"But you don't quite approve?"

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid I'm not a qualified person to approve or disapprove."

"Oh, come, Penness, have you lived?"

He grinned, "Some, maybe—Penness."

"Grand! A perfect set-up. The frivolous maiden in search of froth—the playgirl self-confessed—faced by the serious young man who doesn't like dancing—the outstation young man, two-fisted and clear-eyed."

"Oh, shut up," he said. "You're making me clumsy with my fish fork. I didn't come down last night because I can't dance."

"Shall I teach you?"

"You can't teach me. I've some badly mangled muscles in my right leg."

"Sorry, Penness—your point. You are too young for shrapnel. Automobile?"

"Fish."

"You mean you were bitten?"

"Just that."

"Penness," she said solemnly, "out of fellow feeling for you, I shan't dance tonight. I'll sit out with you."

"You will not," he told her, "and you'll not tell other people what I have told you. I'm not going to be the man who was bitten by a fish, to this boatload."

"Check," she said, "and double check."

He had her on deck alone for a few minutes before Pat Bushnell howled down upon them and bore her off to the dance floor. Again later in the evening he had her for another few moments.

"Bermuda tomorrow—with me?" he asked.

"No, Penness—it wouldn't be good for you. You're a bachelor at heart. Be stout, my friend, and resist. I wouldn't tell you that if you weren't my fifth or sixth cousin nine times removed. Besides—I'm tied up."

HE SAW her the next morning at the rail with Pat, just as they came alongside the Hamilton quay. They were both waving frantically to the people on a sleek, black Diesel job well over a hundred and twenty feet—flying the New York Club pennant. The yacht dropped her hook and a few moments later her dink sang in to the Hamilton wharf. Pat and Gyshia Penness ran down to meet it, hand in hand, whooping, followed by the dour Scot Broker, who

A TRUE STORY

By A TEACHER

whose discovery ten years ago, has made a great difference in his boy's life

INTELLIGENCE is a pretty good thing to have in this world, and a good many people who use it find it makes their lives much easier. One fine example is Mr. George F. L. Bryant, a well-known school teacher, of 24 Elm Street, Fairfield, Maine. Mr. Bryant writes us that ten years ago he had what the doctor said was colitis. Being a school teacher he was not getting the proper amount of exercise, and he tried various kinds of medicines, which relieved him for a time, but nothing gave him permanent results until he discovered Nujol.

"I have tried several other brands," writes Mr. Bryant, "but there is nothing I have found equal to Nujol in effectiveness. The density of it appears to be just right, and Nujol has no unpleasant taste. It is the only thing my youngster of thirteen will take. He has used Nujol since he was three years old. He is strong, and well—and I think Nujol has a great deal to do with his excellent health.

"Fact is, the whole family uses Nujol. When we go on a camping trip our appetites are enormous, and then is the time when Nujol becomes the most important thing in our medicine chest.

"You can publish this letter and this picture of me if you want to, if you think it may do somebody else some good."

Indeed we do think it may do somebody else some good. This ten-year record of father and son certainly proves that Nujol is harmless used over a long period of years, and that it can't do you anything but good! Like most worthwhile discoveries, this is so simple it seems too good to be true.

Follow Mr. Bryant's example. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. Nujol now comes in two forms, plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get Nujol at any drug store.

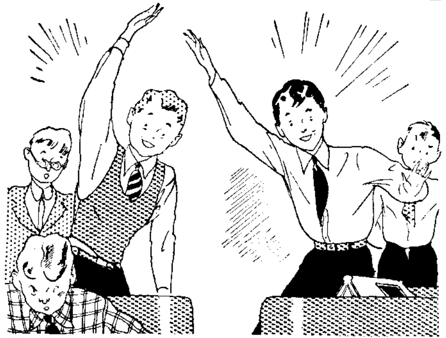
What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 11-M, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

EACH MORNING BILLY LEFT HOME WITH A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF ... BUT BY THE TIME THE TEACHER SAW IT, IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE

THEN ONE DAY THE TEACHER NOTICED THAT ALL THE CHILDREN NEXT TO BILLY HAD A COLD WHENEVER HE HAD ONE

ONE DAY THE TEACHER GAVE BILLY SOME KLEENEX

HE TOOK SOME HOME TO MOTHER THAT NIGHT AND SHE CAUGHT THE HINT



NOW BILLY CARRIES NO MORE REVOLTING HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL ARE SAFE

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Perhaps your child is offending with dirty handkerchiefs.

Now **18c** two for **35c**

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

barked sharply and suspiciously and looked down his nose.

Somebody at the rail said, "That's Tony Biddolph's boat."

Douglass Penness took a carriage and rode out to Flat's Village, through the Garrison and back into Hamilton. Coming into town, he saw the shingle of the Bermuda Historical Society and stopped, from curiosity. He paid his shilling and was shown through. He saw a sword that somebody had killed somebody else with and a couple of red uniform coats behind glass cases, and suddenly he saw Gyshia Penness. She was alone and she had a piece of tracing paper thumb-tacked to the frame of a picture on the wall, and she was tracing something off. She turned at his step.

"Are you following me?"

"I am not. Studying art?"

SHE took the thumb tacks out and rolled her tracing paper carefully.

"No," she said.

He stepped up and looked at the framed drawing on the wall. It had a card above it to this effect:

"Loaned By
Dr. Malcolm Lunt, Pembroke

* * * * * * *

Old Map
Supposedly drawn by buccaneers to indicate location of buried treasure."

In the frame, on crude rag paper, jaundiced with age and traced with rust streaks of faded ink, was the outline of a vague coastline and, beyond it, a break in a reef, with four figures—15, 14, 13, 12, leading in, in a straight line, to the beach. Soundings evidently. Beyond the beach was a splayed-toed foot marked "Nigger Foot" and a notation "Nov. 23, 1717, at noon facing north. John Sordna was six feet tall. One hundred paces."

"So what?" Douglass Penness looked at the girl.

"Well," she said, "what do you think?"

"I'm afraid I know. Bledsoe Penness married Patricia Mortlake in Wilmington, South Carolina, in decency and pomp and circumstance, but Patricia's grandfather, nevertheless, was Sordna, the pirate, hanged in Charleston in 1719 with fourteen of his crew, which we are all supposed to have forgotten. But how did you get onto anything like this?" He nodded toward the map.

"My father got onto it years ago in Nassau. Some of Sordna's crew escaped to New Providence—after the Cape Fear River fight when Captain Croissart broke them up. All the records agree on that. Father found a map almost identical with this one in the library at Nassau, and he worked on it for years as a hobby. Sordna's log book states that three maps were drawn. Well, the one that Father found makes one—this makes two—he met Dr. Lunt just before he died—and the third we have never located."

"Why must you have all three?"

"Father always thought that there would be more details on one of the three."

Douglass smiled. "So—if you could find out what island the map was drawn from—what all that cryptic nonsense about John Sordna being six feet tall meant—where the sun was at noon on November 23, 1717—and if the cache hadn't been looted and the British government didn't jail you for not reporting it under the Treasure Trove laws—you might have a few old doubloons which would bring a few thousands from coin collectors, if the British government didn't take them from you."

She smiled. "Something like that."

"Well, in that case, let's go back to the boat."

"Let's."

"And what would you do with the money if you got it?" he asked her.

"It's been so long since I've had any that I don't know," she told him. "Is it hard to learn what to do with money?"

"Are you serious about this treasure?"

"Of course I'm serious about it. It's the only thing between me and the cold roast beef."

"But, you'll never get it from a map—you've got to have luck and brains as well. You don't even know the name of the island to start with."

"Don't I?" she said. "Well, how much of a cut would you want if I told you the name of the island?"

Douglass looked down at her.

"I'll take the brains part back—that was habit—I wouldn't be surprised if you did know the island."

"Well, I do—and I figured it out myself, and I have a theory on all the rest of the cryptic about John Sordna, too. Are we competitors?"

"No," he smiled, "we aren't. You can trust me."

"Thanks—"

"But you won't—is that it?"

She smiled. "No—that isn't it. There is something ghastly about you, Douglass Penness. You inspire confidence. I told you all about me the first night I met you. I felt safe to. Am I a sissy, do you suppose? I want to stop telling you things! It's dangerous."

He said, "You're a very splendid person—quite charming—quite intelligent, and quite beautiful."

"That ends it," she said. "Pat's much safer."

Pat was waiting for her under the shed.

"Three quarters of an hour late!" He took her wrist. "Come along—the dink's waiting—luncheon on the Firewater. We've got two hours before sailing."

She waved to Douglass. He climbed up the gangplank and watched Tony Biddolph's tender race her away across the blue waters.

HE LINGERED over dinner—but she didn't come down. He watched the dancing—but she wasn't on the floor. Then suddenly he knew what had happened. Far off to starboard there was a single row of lighted ports, dotted with a red running light—Tony Biddolph's boat.

He went down to his cabin, opened his Gladstone and took out a rolled chart. It was lined and jotted in pencil with the navigation notes of old cruises—small boat cruises. The chart was pebbled with sea water, and there was a brown circle where a wet beer glass had held one corner of it down. At one place the course line was scratched with a pin or the dividers point—when the pencil was lost or the point broken. A comfortable small boatman's chart—as out of place in that green and gold cabin as a ten-gallon hat on Fifth Avenue.

He took his nail scissors from their case and cut from the chart the northern portion of Andros Island. Then he cleaned the chart carefully with a gum eraser and went to work. With a parallel ruler he subtended a line from the 120° radial to a fifteen-foot sounding some few miles south of Morgan's Bluff and ran the line in to the shore line.

In shore, he drew the outline of a splayed-toed foot and beside it wrote: "Eroded coral—perfect five-toed foot covered with mangoes. John Sordna stood on the great toe facing north at noon on Nov. 23, 1717. The variation

(Continued on page 58)

*VALUE
$1,000
PER TOOTH

Too much to risk!

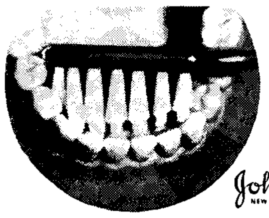
***Change* to the tooth brush that cleans *all* your teeth**

- **Tek is made just for people like you who *value* their teeth. Designed to get directly behind your front teeth as easily and efficiently as it cleans outside surfaces. And it's back of your front teeth that tartar forms and trouble starts, because old-fashioned brushes do not fit.**

Pure, Long-life Bristles: **Bristle quality is the main spring of Tek's cleaning power. From the finest, laboratory-selected bristles only the best or "first cut" is used—firmly stapled into Tek's special quality handle. Your Tek will keep its snap and spring long after ordinary brushes have gone limp and lost their efficiency.**

Sterilized, Cellophane - sealed, guaranteed, Tek costs no more than old-fashioned brushes. Tek Jr. for children and smaller mouths.

** The value set by jury verdict in a civil suit.*



- **Tek cleans *all* your teeth...even behind your front ones where misfit brushes miss.**

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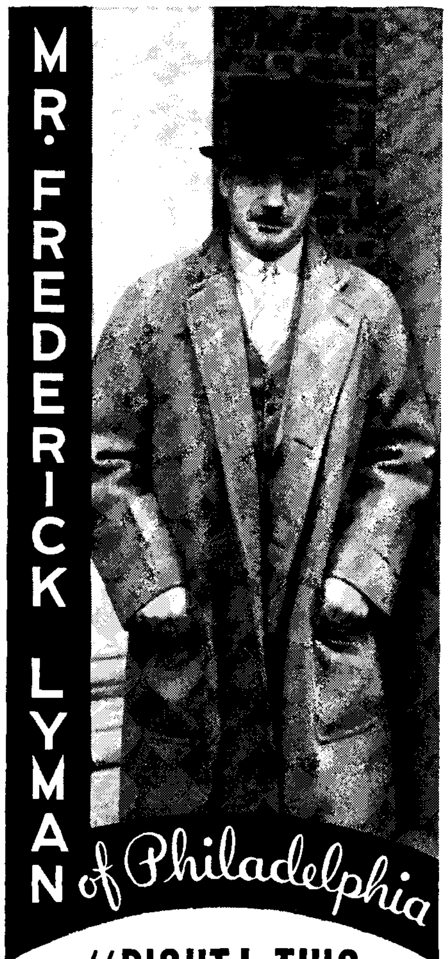
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"RIGHT! THIS COAT WAS EXPENSIVE — *but I saved on shoes!*"

● Thank you, Mr. Lyman! Mr. Lyman is one of the thousands of men who purchased Fortune Shoes last year. Like so many others, he has found he can save on Fortunes, and at no expense to his smart appearance. For back of the correct style and perfect comfort of Fortune Shoes is the certainty of long, satisfactory service. Every piece of material in them is tested for quality and endurance in the Fortune laboratory. See Fortune Shoes at your nearest Fortune dealer's. His name and address sent on request.

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
A Division of General Shoe Corporation

T-217
Genuine
Calfskin
$4
$5

FORTUNE SHOES

(Continued from page 57)

does not matter. Any noon in any November will give you the same results. Sight on that shadow bearing on a dead level line six feet from the ground. (They used the top of Sordna's head, but a six-foot stick will do.) Your sight hits the slope of a small ridge. Make the point of intersection with your eye. Go to it on foot and walk one hundred paces onward—up and over the ridge in the continuation of your line of sight. Make the paces about 30 inches—the natural pace of a six-foot man."

He folded the chart carefully and put it in a long manila envelope which he addressed to Miss Gyshia Penness. . . . It was very late when he went on deck. The liner was asleep except for the mighty thrust of her quadruple turbines and the visored eyes on her bridge. The girl was standing at the rail. She turned at his step.

"Well, Penness?" she said.

The shock of finding her still aboard kept him silent for a moment. Then a slow anger coiled in his mind that he should be bothered about her at all.

"Not talkative, Penness?" she asked him.

"No," he said.

"I've been thinking—I'm going to give you an equal chance. You deserve it—you're a good fellow. The island is Andros. You get that by spelling Sordna's name backward. Besides—if there is any money—half of it belongs to you by right of descent."

"What do you imagine I need money for?"

"That sounds rather stuffy."

"I expect I am stuffy, or I wouldn't bother about other people's affairs."

"Whose affairs are you bothering about, Douglass Penness?"

"Yours. You're going to get burned. Not shop-girl burned—not farmer's-daughter burned—but burned just the same."

"I don't catch on, Douglass Penness. Am I stupid?"

"Damned stupid." He grabbed her shoulders suddenly and held her.

"Listen to me, you little fool. You can't play with those people. And that's what you're going down to try to do. You're weak, and I'm going to give you one more chance to be strong. They're what they are because they're filthy rich. Nobody can help that, but you've got to be filthy rich yourself to be safe. Even if they do know you—even if you made mud pies with them. It's just like poker—you can't sit in without a stake."

"Penness," she said, "let go of my shoulders."

"Not for thirty seconds more. I know the island is Andros. I've always had the third map. It came to me with the family papers. Here's a present for you in a sealed envelope. Open it sometime when you get in a jam. Good night."

HE DIDN'T see her again—to speak to her. She dined at Pat Bushnell's table the next night, and they were anchored off the Hog Island light the following morning. He went in on the first tender. Roger Dillesante met him and took him up to his apartment in the Rozelda for luncheon. The noon heat was on Nassau like the broad, white, hot blade of a scimitar, but he went out in it presently and made his purchases. Canned goods. Cigarettes. Salt and pepper and sugar and tinned butter. Bread and corn meal and coffee and seven waterproof bags of cement and a mason's trowel. Six smoothly planed boards, seven feet by one foot by one inch. He hired a car and piled it all in and headed for St. George's Wharf. Roger had the Grunt—a little auxiliary sloop—warped around and tied up alongside.

"I had the tent and all your stuff unwrapped three days ago, Doug. It's all cleaned and repacked and stowed below."

"Good lad."

"I'd like to go with you!"

"Not this trip."

"I know."

Between them they stowed the stuff from the car and lashed the planks on deck. Roger cast off forward for him and waved him out of the basin. He stood out under power. There was a big job coming in, all white and gold and squat tan funnel—the Ocracoke from Miami—to meet her owner, Mr. Pat Bushnell. . . . He ran up into the wind and got up canvas. Five minutes later he was heeled over and standing off for Andros with the engine switched off and the full even flow of sailing mellowing his heart like a fine old Oporto wine.

ANDROS is a lonesome island. His tent stood just below the ridge, and he had seen no one for five days. The solitude pleased him—the eternal calmness of the universe as God made it. One man alone in it—with his own thoughts for company and the nearest moving-picture theater fifty miles away across the empty waters. His boat swung easily in the little inlet behind. The thing he had come to make was finished.

Gyshia had been standing at the top of the ridge for some moments looking at him before that sudden urge to turn around came to him. But when it came, it was as strong an impulse as a spoken word would have given. He turned and saw her—a white, lithe flame against the blue of the sky. He stood up quickly and turned his back to what he had made as if to hide it.

"May I come down?"

"How," he asked her, "did you get to Andros?"

"That isn't important." She walked down the slope. "Do you mind if I look at it?"

He shrugged.

"It's very splendid, Douglass Penness. You don't mind if I understand it?" She stood at the foot of the beveled concrete slab, reading:

"Underneath
this stone lies
Roark Penness
a
gentleman and a fisherman
who died on Andros Island
March 2, 1932
Greater love, etc."

"Very splendid," she whispered.

"It does," he said.

"I like the et cetera."

"That's the way Roark talked. 'A rolling stone, et cetera'—'*Sic transit* and all that.' I did it on purpose."

"I know—and I know the whole story now. Your brother went into the water after you, and the fish got him."

"Suppose we don't talk about it."

"Douglass Penness—that's a lie you made up after you got back to Nassau. I don't believe it—I believe you went in after Roark—"

"I don't suppose it matters which of us lived if one of us had to die—"

"They told me how you came in with your leg tourniquetted—yelling about Alcibiades getting drunk at dinner and abusing the other guests—how it took four men to get you to the hospital in Nassau—"

"Look here," he said, "I was just breaking camp. I don't know how you got here, but I suppose you came in the Ocracoke. If you'll go over to that silk cotton stump you'll find what you came for. It's been eroded to the surface, and the gold is scattered for several feet in every direction in the sand. That makes it yours under the Treasure Trove laws. If it was buried you'd have to report it, and it would go to the

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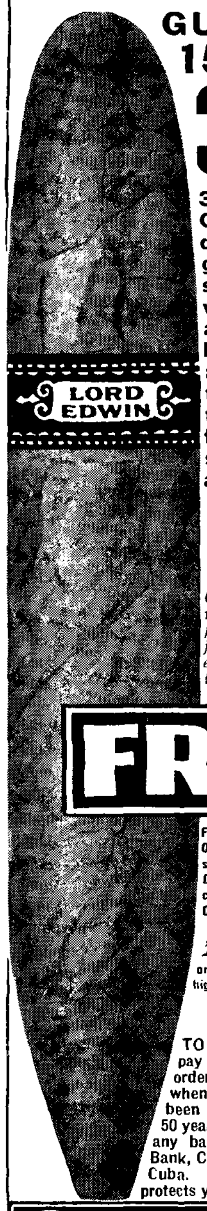

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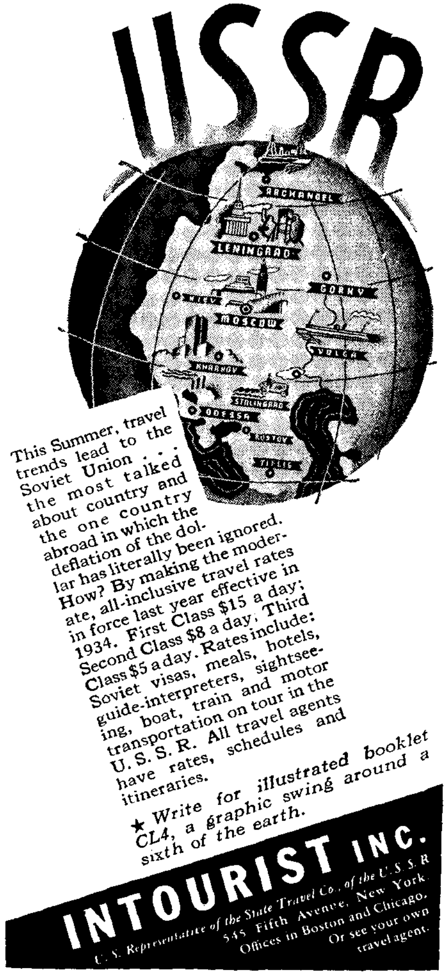

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"Look at me, Douglass Penness. Do you think I came here for money?"

HE DID look at her, and he trembled for a second with that vague fear of a splendid woman in his soul—the fear that comes once to some men and to most of us not even once.

"Gyshia—did you get in a jam?"

"No—" she shook her head. "I came in the Ocracoke. She's anchored beyond the reef, and her tender is right down here on the foreshore. You see—you and your brother spoiled an excellent game that Pat Bushnell, my father and I have played for years. You should never have found the treasure."

"It doesn't matter that I did—I shan't ever touch it—I couldn't, you see. It killed Roark—"

She said, "Douglass Penness—" and he stepped toward her.

"My God, Gyshia—don't do this to me—unless you mean it!"

"Douglass," she said— And after a moment, "You looked so scared that first day in the lift—when you ran away—"

"Will you," he asked, "please listen to me? Gyshia—I shall love you so desperately and so completely that there will never be anything else in either of our lives—forever—"

"I know that, Douglass—"

"Do you want that?"

"I must have it—for that is how I love you—and those other two—they'll not be lonely any more, either. They can wait together now—with their mulled ale—until we come—" She held out a hand toward him, and he took it.

And if you like things—two glasses clinked in Valhalla, tilted and smashed into tinkling crystal splinters. And if you don't, skip it.

Lady in the Wings

Continued from page 18

been sufficient. Miss Templeton, as hinted, attributes this to Shakespeare, and the lack of such training makes her wonder about the future of the present young actresses.

"Now, these young things in our company," she says. "The sweetest girls in the world. I like them and they seem to like me. My only worry is whether they have it here (pointing to the head). I don't necessarily mean brains. I mean acting character, that bit of individuality that makes an artist out of an ordinary human being."

With Miss Templeton herself it was either a question of acting or of being on the county. She made her New York début with Augustin Daly at the age of eight, playing Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream. At fifteen she eloped with Billy West, the minstrel. They separated after a few months and were divorced three years later. An old account says: "Fay's career really started when Edward E. Rice unskirted her shapely limbs and planted her as Gabrielle in Evangeline at the Fourteenth Street Theater. At once she became the Queen of the Dudes." Before this she had made a national reputation in Pinafore at the age of fifteen. The account further states that "there was nothing fay-like about her form, but Fay became the vogue and reigned without a rival in her particular form of shapeliness."

"It was the show girls who changed the character of the musical stage," says Miss Templeton. "We had nothing like them in our day. With Weber and Fields, we had the chorus girls like dear little Bonnie McGinn, but they were hard-working dancing girls. It was Floradora that brought in the stately beauties who thought of the stage only as a way to marriage. They started also the day of the stage-door Johnnies.

"That day is gone now and I can't tell why unless it's because the glamour of the stage itself is gone. We're all too public these days; people get used to us. The girls are good sports and they're nice girls but they're not creatures from another world as they seemed to be in the old days. Maude Adams capitalized on her habits of solitude. Nobody saw her. Nobody interviewed her. If I had any sense I wouldn't be giving this one. I'll lose a lot of friends no matter what I say."

Miss Templeton's real fame came through her association with Weber and Fields, that great company which consisted of the comedians themselves, Lillian Russell, David Warfield, Willie Collier and dozens of others famous in their day. The production was founded on burlesques of the current shows and new ones were inserted as the current shows appeared. Weber and Fields ran what amounted to a continuous show, but if they did close and reopen it was on a Thursday night regardless of hell, high water and how many deaths had occurred in the company by Thursday noon. Miss Templeton would appear in the opening scenes and then scurry out around town to see Ethel Barrymore or Mrs. Fiske or Maude Adams in their own shows, so she could impersonate them later on.

"It would have kept going years longer if it hadn't been for the quarrel between Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields. I don't see why it couldn't be revived—I mean the idea. A show like As Thousands Cheer, for instance, could keep inserting new material and continue indefinitely."

Empty Houses on the Road

After Weber and Fields did close, she went abroad to live. She was drawn out of retirement to appear in London at George Edwards' Gaiety Theater in Monte Cristo, Jr., and created a sensation. The Lord Chamberlain objected to her costume and to her song, I Like It, I Do, and Edwards discharged her. She secured an injunction to prevent him from discharging her but lost the case in the English court.

"The costume would resemble something now in Little Women," says Miss Templeton.

When she came back home she appeared in a burlesque of Hendrik Hudson and was a juicy flop. With the production of Excelsior, Jr., she made a resounding hit and was firmly reëstablished.

She retired again in 1907 after playing in Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway, reappeared at the Casino in 1911, in a revival of Pinafore, and then took part in the reunion of Weber and Fields at the Broadway Theater in 1912, where she either sang her famous Rosie, You Are My Posey or the balcony threatened to fall in.

"I don't believe there has ever been anything like that in the American theater. Every night for weeks the theater was the scene of the most intense emotion. There were cheers and sobs and the half-hysterical joy which comes

(Continued on page 60)

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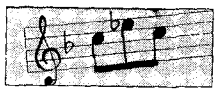
Writing music

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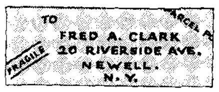

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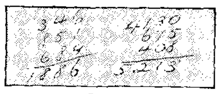
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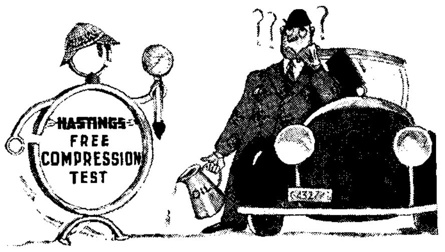

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(*Continued from page 59*)

after tragedy has been averted. Many times it seemed, it literally, physically seemed, as if the theater could not hold the swell of feeling, that the walls would burst from it."

And then they took the reunion show on the road and played to empty houses.

"We were never able to understand it. I think it crippled us all for months. The country outside New York seemed to know nothing about Weber and Fields or any of the rest of us. Aside from Chicago and Milwaukee, we played to empty houses.

"I played Bunty Biggar in Bunty Bulls and Strings, a burlesque of the Scotch play Bunty Pulls the Strings, but they seemed never to have heard of Bunty and to have only a misty notion of Scotland."

It was her greatest stage shock with the exception of her experience in vaudeville.

"It was always too much for me. I was an awful failure. The first time I tried it I opened in Chicago. When I came on the stage the first thing I saw was a couple sitting in the front row calmly eating their lunch and looking hopefully up at me for entertainment. That ruined me."

The Way the Audience Acts

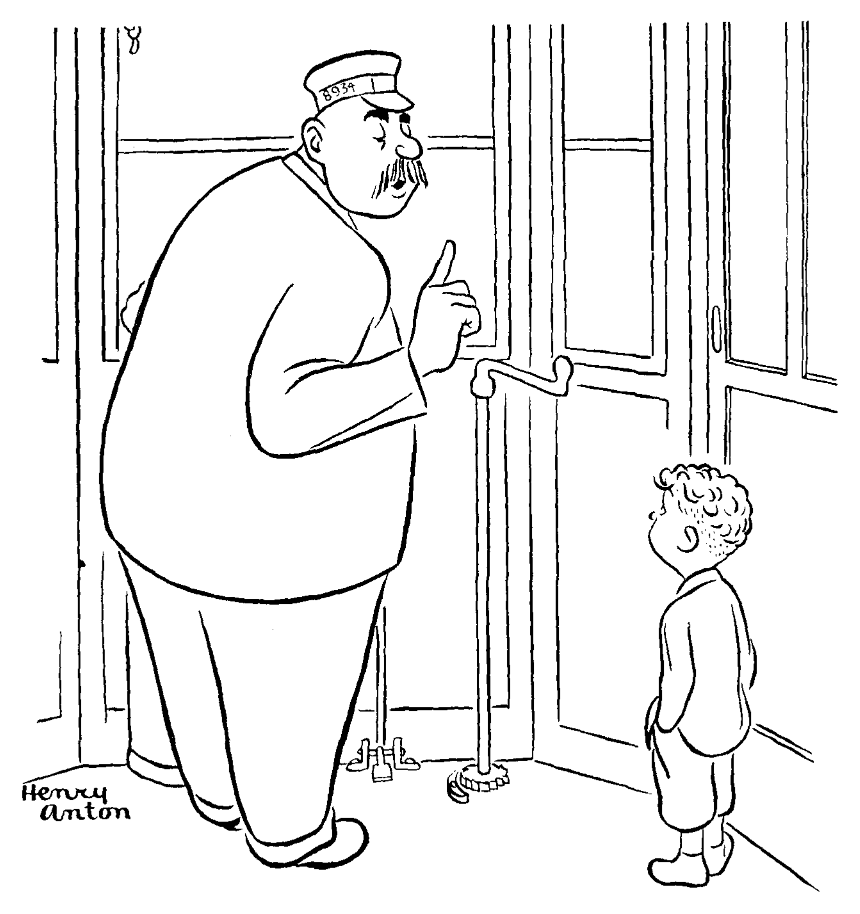
Miss Templeton's third marriage was to William Patterson, the Pittsburgh millionaire. That was in 1907 and it seems that there was quite a to-do about it. They were married in Philadelphia and it was much as if Al Capone had married Queen Elizabeth. According to Special Correspondence to the New York World, "The Rev. Mr. Steinmetz is a stickler for ecclesiastical etiquette and he was scandalized when he learned that he had married the celebrated actress."

Regardless of the Rev. Mr. Steinmetz, the marriage was a success and Miss Templeton went out to Pittsburgh to live, where later resided her friend Lillian Russell, who married Alexander P. Moore, later ambassador to Spain.

"Nellie was a wonderful woman," says Miss Templeton, referring to Miss Russell. "There again it was the press agent building up a wild reputation. In that little box where Weber and Fields played, the stage was so shallow you couldn't cross over behind the scenery, so it was a question of going down into the cellar and up the other side every time you wanted to make a fresh entrance. By the time you did that and climbed to your dressing-room and galloped all over New York trying to see other people acting so you could make monkeys out of them later, what you wanted to do was get a hot pad and go to bed."

Old age? No, that doesn't worry her. You always seem to have something to compensate you as you go along. Every experience you have, even the bad ones, makes life that much richer. In Roberta she appears only in the first act. She's back in her apartment by ten o'clock puttering around in her kitchenette and trying to get a good jazz band on the radio. Old friends come to see her and she goes out occasionally but generally she's at home. She spends a lot of time trying to figure out ways to make the show more effective. When she's at the theater and not on the stage, she stands in the wings.

"I like to see the youngsters acting and I like to get the response of the audience. No two audiences are ever alike, it seems to me. One night the laughs come one place, one night another. In a show like Roberta, where the action is always kept within the scope of the play and there are no pauses for bows and encores, it is always essential that the audience know when the number is ended. That's one of the tricks that come from experience. You don't have to drop your head or sob on your chest or fall in a swoon to let them know that's all there is, there isn't any more. If you can't do it by some subtle gesture, what sort of actress are you, anyhow? That's what I've been asking myself all my life. What sort of an actress am I? I think with a little more experience I'll be all right."



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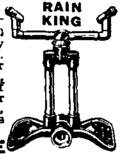

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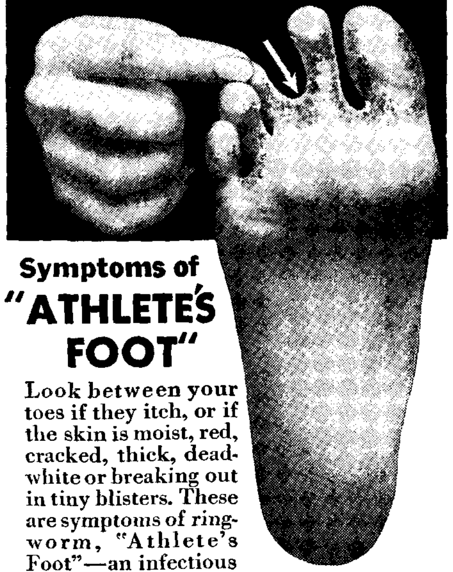

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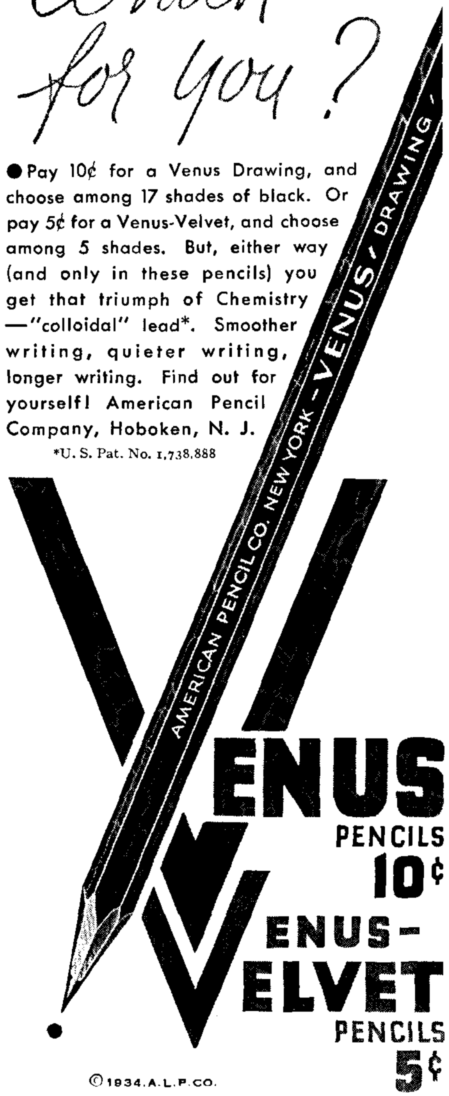
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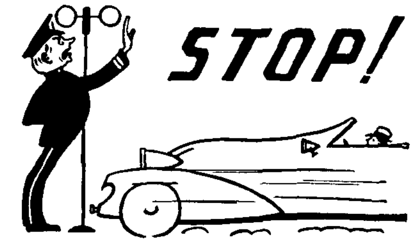

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Rough Air

Continued from page 21

doorway of the shanty, one swinging a lantern in a wide arc. Breed slid down the side of the hill with his landing gear barely clearing the tops of a few stunted pines; he pulled up the nose of the ship and cut the motor. The flare had died and he was settling into a darkened area of which he had only a dim outline and a dimmer hope. It was, he told himself, a certain washout for the ship, and his own survival depended utterly on the little luck that remained after seventeen years of prodigal spending.

He felt the ship mush; he felt it hit the rutted ground hard and lunge on; then came unconsciousness.

SUNSHINE SMITH knocked on Anne's door, and grinned in faint embarrassment when she opened it. He said: "Just thought I'd say hello. Haven't got anything to drink, have you?"

He remained still, not sure of her welcome. But she looked rather eagerly at him, and the little streak of a smile breaking across her sober face cheered him enormously. She put out her arm and pulled him in. "I had thought you were gone by now, Sunshine."

He settled on a divan. "It isn't as easy as you'd think to haul up the old anchors and pull out."

She got a drink for him and sat beside him, sipping at a glass of lime rickey. "Are you getting to be a sentimentalist, by any chance, Sunshine?"

"Friends," he mused, "mean a great deal to me. I haven't had very many. It's the same as death to lose one."

They sat in silence. Sunshine slowly revolved his glass and watched the light of the stand lamp glitter through it. Anne studied his face carefully.

"It has been a little lonely, Sunshine."

"Peace after storm and disaster," he suggested.

"Perhaps."

He stirred and showed his discomfort. "In so far as I'm concerned, this town is as empty as the desert without Jim Breed in it. I can look back through ten years with that fellow." He stopped and made an odd gesture with his fist; the angle of his smooth face sharpened. "When you traveled with Breed you traveled on the tail of a comet. But you never got tired. He knew me pretty well, Anne, and he gave me a lift when I was pretty low." He turned to meet her eyes, and said gustily: "That guy got under my skin. I'm going around here like a lost dog—and I don't know what to do."

Her question was small and quiet—a faint thread of sound in the room. "Where is he, Sunshine?"

Sunshine shook his head. "I don't know. He said he was going off on a two-day trip. He checked in at Reno and said he was bound for Portland. I called Reno to find out. But he never hit Portland. Well, he might have changed his mind and turned another direction. That was the state he was in when he left here."

Her eyes darkened. "Do you suppose he got in trouble?"

He said uncertainly: "We'll get a check on airports tonight. I don't think he'll ever come back. That's the rule he lived his life by—never turn back."

"I know," she murmured.

Sunshine put his glass down and rubbed his hands together. He kept his eyes away from the girl. "Anne," he said, "I've got a lot to apologize to you for. I tried to bust you two up. I didn't think he was good medicine for you. You see, I know him and I know myself, and I know you. Anybody living with Jim takes a battering. He lives a high-powered life. I didn't want you to get hurt. Well, maybe I did wrong. I'm not as sure as I was. I'm not as sure of anything as I was. I think all this mess broke his heart."

She got up and walked into the kitchen. When she came back the serene regularity of her face had broken up. She stood against an opposite wall, with her hands behind her, her chin lifted. "Tell me, Sunshine—did he marry Castaine?"

"I don't know," replied Sunshine, almost groaning the answer.

He got up. "You liked him pretty well, didn't you, Anne?"

"Yes," she said, simply, "I'm afraid I did. And I'm afraid every other man I ever see will look colorless against him—against the memory I have of him. But it's one of those things, Sunshine. We couldn't make a go of it. I couldn't be the gambler in life that he is—I couldn't go along with him. Nothing ever hurt me as hard as the news you brought back from El Paso. That's how much I thought of him. That's all over now. I knew I couldn't ever keep up the whirlwind pace. It—it was like you said. Being hitched to a comet. So—"

The phone rang and Anne crossed to answer it. She turned and beckoned Sunshine. "From Sam," she said, handing over the receiver.

Sunshine bent down to the mouthpiece, scowling. He said, "Yeah, Sam," and listened with his head kinked to one side, eyes on Anne. His lips lengthened and shaped downward at the corners. "You sure?" he muttered. "You sure? . . . Well, I'll be over." He hung up and wheeled from the wall.

"What?" said Anne.

"Report from Susanville that some flyer crashed up in that hill country last night. Well, he was going that way. Seattle—certainly."

Her slim figure tightened along its supple length. "What—?"

Sunshine went for the door. "I'm going to go up there." He stopped, in the hall. "He had it figured the last two weeks that his luck was out."

"Let me know," begged Anne.

"Yes," Sunshine promised, and went striding down the hall.

JIM BREED sat on a condensed-milk box in front of the shanty with one leg laid out straight on another milk box. The trouser on that leg was cut off at the knee and two home-whittled splints, covered by flour-sack wrappings, held the leg rigid. A long welt ran down his face from temple to jaw hinge, and when he squinted at the sun plunging redly into the southern horizon he looked very homely; his beard was three days old. Henry Clemenson, a great-bodied man with a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache and one clubfoot, sat to his right; Henry's voiced words rolled down the slope, through the quiet, like stones. But Bill Poteet, squatted in the dirt to Breed's left, had said less than thirty words in three days. The fire in his pipe fried against the bottom sludge, and Bill reversed it and tapped it ritualistically and filled it again. He was spare in all his parts, and his eyes kept roving the farther summits.

"How she feel?" Henry Clemenson wanted to know.

"Beginning to itch a little," Breed said.

"'Sall right then," Henry said heartily. "It's a sure sign."

"Where was I during all this?"

"Out," Henry said promptly. "Out

(Continued on page 62)

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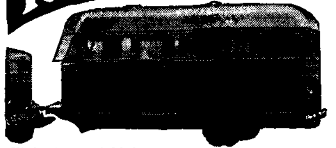

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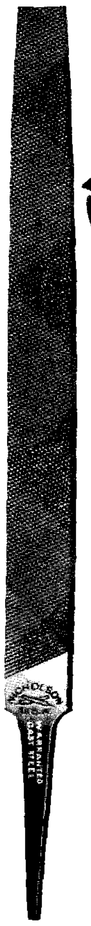

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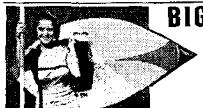

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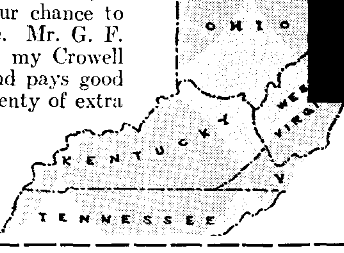

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(*Continued from page* 61)

like a light. When we dragged you *from that wreck yander I said to Bill*, 'Bill, let's expose him pretty prompt and set anything that needs setting before he comes around.' Didn't I, Bill?"

Bill Poteet cleared his throat.

"Wreck is about it," reflected Breed, and looked aside to the remains of his ship. It lay a hundred yards away, in two sections. The nose had crumpled and partially buried itself in the soft soil, while all the fuselage from the cowling back stood totem-like in the air, one wing buckled. Trapped beneath this mess was the yard-high boulder that had done the damage; he hadn't seen it in landing. A washout completely.

"She sure came down," stated Henry Clemenson. "She sure did. And say, when you dropped that flare with the do-funny to hold it from droppin' too fast it looked like the eye of old Gabriel himself. I bet it scared hell out of every jack rabbit within twenty miles of here."

THERE was no use for regrets, and it was a little strange that he had none. His flying, he knew definitely, was done. The indifferent gods had been kind enough to let him live; or perhaps in the mathematically calculated laws of chance there had been a fraction of luck still due him. Well, he had used that fraction entirely. There wasn't anything left. No doubt he would fly again, but it would only be the short and pedestrian joggings of an old-timer keeping his hand in; never again the great dashes to conquer space or time, never any more the sight of the altimeter needle chasing the lost distance earthward while the margins of safety slimmed out. That was all over. Flying as he had known it was a thing of the past.

He thought about this, looking beyond the ship to the shed wherein the partners' small stamp mill and concentration table lay, and to the scarred mouth of that shaft out of which they took forty dollars in gold-bearing ore each day. The quietness of this hillside was a profound thing; and after the sun fell a purpling twilight coursed down the low, rolling ridges as real as flowing water.

"Peaceful enough here," he reflected.

"Nothin' bothers us much, for a fact," assented Henry. "I clearly recall one time in the Klondyke—"

"Henry," said Breed, "this is a prettier country than you believe. What goes on out here?"

"Cattle. Cattle and sheep. Some days you'll see the buckaroos lopin' along that yander rise and dust puffin' up beneath a jag of stock." He looked down at Breed. "Kind of gettin' late for you, mister," he said, and rose and made a sign at his partner. They got Breed neatly between them and cradled him into the shanty, into one of the two bunks. Henry helped Breed shuck his pants, and then pulled the blankets over him. Bill Poteet brought in a dipper of water; both partners stood and looked on while Breed drank.

Breed said: "Tough on you, Henry, to be knocked out of your bunk."

"You think so? Sometime don't let me forget to tell you when Bill and I slept on a raft out in the middle of Lake Bennett, up north in '98. Anything you want us to do we ain't done yet?"

"Henry," Breed stated, "I don't think I've said anything about myself so far. If you've got any questions, fire away."

Henry Clemenson stared directly at Breed; he spoke from the shoulder. "We ain't asked any questions, have we, mister? Your business is your business."

Breed grinned. "All right, Henry. You're running true to form. Now there is something that's been on my mind the last couple days that I've been reluctant to suggest. I'd like to get a message through, to save a few people from worrying."

"Why, sure," Henry said instantly. "I'll crank up the flivver and run up to Alturas tomorrow."

"Hate to break into your time."

"Time?" Henry chuckled. "Mister, Bill and me have an entire disregard for this time business. That gold has been in the hillside for mebbe a million years, so I guess it won't rot for a day's delay." He went over to a box tacked on the wall and found a piece of paper and an inch-long pencil.

"Write it for me, will you?" Breed asked.

"Shoot," said Henry, laying the paper against the wall.

"To Sam Wein, Graphic Building, Hollywood. 'So-long to all of you. Tell Sunshine to keep his nose dry in South America. Pretty country here but no corner drugstores.' Sign it 'Jim.' "

Henry Clemenson's fingers scribbled the message laboriously on the paper and he said, "I got it." Breed, flat on his back, looked at the ceiling, one hand shading his eyes, whereat Henry winked at Bill Poteet and turned down the lamp. The two partners went out of the shack and walked toward the creek, beyond ear's reach of the cabin.

"You know, Bill," said Henry, "that ain't such a bad guy."

"Not bad," admitted Bill.

"By Josh, I *like* that fellow!"

Bill Poteet sucked on his pipe and taciturnly studied the shadow-etched ridges in the west.

In the morning Henry said to Breed: "You're maybe hankering for a more expansive view of this country. Hereby Bill and me will constitute ourselves into a local Chamber of Commerce. Let's hoist him up the ridge, Bill."

They cradled him dexterously in their arms and carried his full two hundred pounds up the rough sage and scab rock incline to an umbrella-shaped juniper four hundred feet above the shanty. They weren't even breathing hard when they set him down. "A shout will bring Bill from the shaft if you want him," said Henry, "and I'll be back from Alturas by noon. What kind of tobacco you smoke?"

"Get me a pipe and anything that'll burn. You've got a star boarder for a while."

"I was kinda hopin' so," said Henry. "A new face don't do no harm. I been lookin' at Bill's for thirty-seven years and it's beginnin' to show wear."

BILL POTEET went down the slope, but Henry tarried a while. "You'd never believe it," he went on, "but this country's full of people. Yander—" his hand smoothing a path generally westward—"about five miles is the prettiest little valley and ranch you ever laid eyes on. The land's rich for grazin' and they's some wealthy stockmen in it. Looks kinda lonely, don't it? That's misleadin'. Alturas is there, Reno's there, Susanville's below. Frisco's only seven hours' drivin'."

"What could a man do here?" Breed said, quietly thoughtful.

"Well—beef. There's money in beef. But you got to know cattle, though. A greenhorn would lose his shirt."

"So, what else?"

"*Find a good-lookin' rancher's girl* and marry into beef," suggested Henry, literally and frankly. "I almost did that once. The catch is, you don't never know about the girl. It's a chance you take."

"Sounds a little cold-blooded."

But Henry's ideas on women were positive. "Why so? Either you chase them or they chase you."

Bill Poteet came up the hill with a blanket and a lard pail full of water.

Then both the partners went down, single file, Indian fashion. From his viewpoint Breed watched Henry Clemenson's flivver creep across the clearing and along the two ruts, its loose fenders waggling like a dog's ears. It vanished into a gully and presently Bill Poteet started the gas engine in the stamp mill. All the soft silence of the early morning was shattered by the clunk and bang of the stamps crushing the loose ore; echoes beat far outward across this broken country and were lost in its winding, hidden turns. Breed chewed a juniper needle, his glance roving the tawny, pine-scattered slopes. The sun began to flood the country; the haze of a summer day softened and obscured the horizons. Far off in the sky he saw a plane traveling north, so distant that it seemed stationary.

SAM WEIN came through the Express office under a full head of steam, his grotesque body waggling from side to side. He dropped Breed's wire on the desk in front of Anne Carson and slushed the sweat from his cheeks with a purple silk handkerchief. He watched her eyes race across the message and was disappointed that her face told him nothing. It had a soberness and an inscrutability that really astonished him. He thought: "She don't care no more," and felt very sad.

"I'm glad he's safe," Anne said. "Does Sunshine know?"

"He's scoutin' the country from Reno. I wired him there."

Anne looked at the telegram again. "He sounds cheerful, or resigned—or past caring."

"He says he ain't comin' back," Sam pointed out.

The girl's voice fell to a lower note. "No, he won't come back. He never does."

Sam waved his hands uncertainly. "Well," he said, "I thought you'd want to know. Be seein' you later." He moved away.

"Goodby, Sam."

He turned, grunting, "What?" Then he grinned. "Sure—be seein' you."

Anne watched him bustle through the local room, gesturing his good cheer to various members of the staff. He had left the telegram and she turned to it once more, her pencil moving across it, underscoring the words. The office boy came by and dropped a bundle of publicity on her desk and one of the pieces of paper in it slid out and covered the telegram. Anne abruptly got up and went into the morgue to adjust her hat; and walked through the local room with her heels tapping, her shoulders faintly a-swagger.. Bill Gaynor looked up from his desk and said, mordantly, "I wish you wouldn't be so disgustingly alive," but Anne winked at him and went on.

In the sports corner, Nick Dana held up two tickets suggestively at her. Anne crossed her fingers by way of answer and descended into a bake-oven heat. Half an hour later she passed the sentry at the Rex gates and followed the concrete alleyway back between studio buildings to the plaza around which Rex had its offices. There was a movable white and green bungalow in the center of the plaza, and as she came toward it Ferd Gottschalk walked out of the door and saw her.

"What's on your mind, Ferd?"

"Never get a reputation for being a wizard," he told her sourly. "They come to me and they say, 'Gottschalk, you're a wizard so take this story, which is lousy, and make it stand up.' What have I got now? Another Sadie Thompson script full of cheese. I take a gal like Castaine and I build her up and all at once she has got to do heavy drama. She has got to be Salome or Mata Hari or the fallen woman or the mother that is being tried for murder by the lawyer son who don't recognize her. Drammer. It is nonsense."

"You can do it, Ferd. You always can."

Ferd Gottschalk groaned. "Don't *you* tell me I'm a wizard. You know what she wants to play now? Torch stuff. She wants to be the gal that has lost her man."

"Don't you understand why?" Anne asked very gently.

Anne's eyes went past Gottschalk, to Carol Castaine, who had appeared in the bungalow's doorway. "Ferd," Carol burst out, "you're insulting and I won't stand for it!" Her eyes, round and glowing with anger, hit Anne. Those famous shoulders hiked up unbeautifully. Castaine's mouth, as sensitive as a compass needle, made a straight, heavy-scored line across the alabaster whiteness of her graphic face. She said curtly: "What are you doing here, Carson?"

"I want to see you," Anne answered.

"Well—I want to see you, too," was Castaine's arrogant reply.

Ferd shook his head and moved on. "What she wants, she wants. All morning she has been Bernhardt. Maybe tomorrow she will be Clara Bow."

Anne went into the bungalow, into an air surcharged with the electrical uncertainty of Carol Castaine's temper. Castaine wheeled around. "Carson," she said, "don't ever come to my house again. You're not welcome there."

"Carol, did you marry Jim?"

"I wish I could tell you how much I hate you!" cried out Castaine.

"Did you marry him?"

"Stop it," commanded Castaine. She had thrown up her head and every feature tightened with the strain of her anger. There was a fury in the woman then that made her homely, that ruined all the symmetry of her beautiful face. And still, staring so cruelly at Carson, the mood seemed to exhaust itself in that one violent attack and leave her tired. Her lips showed it, turning downward at the corners.

"WE MIGHT have been happy enough," she went on more quietly. "There wasn't anything I couldn't have given him. Myself—all that I own—all my life if he wanted it. It would have been enough. I knew it was enough until he came back from his flight and met you. Then I saw it wasn't enough. Why are men like that, Carson? What more could he desire? What do you have that I haven't? Why should you only have to smile at him and draw him out of my house without another word being said? He knew he could do whatever he pleased with me, at any time. He even knew he could take me out of pictures. What does he see in you? You're colorless beside me. You're not beautiful, you promise him nothing, you're afraid to go with him. You ruined my chances. You took all the help he gave you—and then you ran out on him."

Anne said, barely above a whisper, "Yes, I know I did."

"Then, why should he—"

"I don't know," Anne murmured.

"Well," said Carol, turned sullen, "I guess I do. I'm just somebody picked out of the alley and put into the limelight by Gottschalk. I'm not supposed to have any private feelings. I give them away on the screen. When Jim kissed me I tried to give back to him everything I had in me. But I knew how he felt—that I was just a piece of common property a great many men had shared. So that's what you've got I guess I can't ever have. Something reserved for one man."

"Did you marry him?"

She thought Carol Castaine would come forward and strike her. That

(Continued on page 64)

Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

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•

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THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

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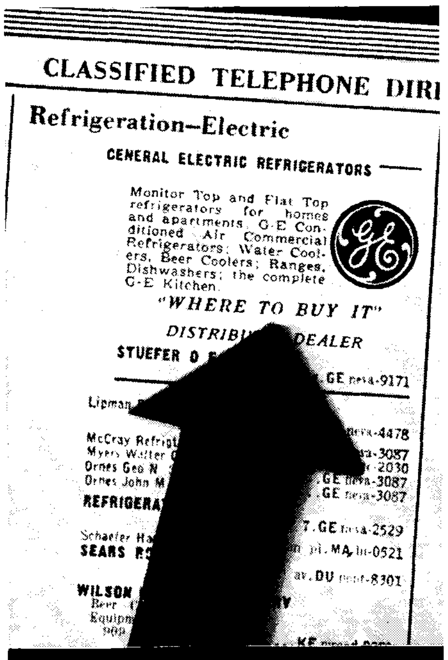

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"Where to Buy It"

(*Continued from page* 63)

sudden blaze reached the woman's eyes once more. But it was like a gust of wind that fills a sail and passes on, leaving dead calm behind; down in the unfathomable depths of Carol strange, untranslatable things happened. All her power as an actress rested there in that terrific flux of feeling; all her defeats as a woman rested there, too.

She said, dully: "We went across to Juarez and stood on the courthouse steps—or whatever it is they have. And he looked at me and said, 'I'm sorry, Carol.' Then we came back to El Paso."

Anne walked forward, a sudden blur across her vision, a deep ache in her heart. She touched Carol's shoulder and she said, "My dear, I am so sorry!" and afterwards she half ran from the bungalow and down the alley to the street. The taxi waiting there took her back to the Normandy. It was eleven o'clock then. At noon she returned to the Express office and stood at Bill Gaynor's desk.

"Bill," she said, "there's a two-week supply of gossip for the column on my desk. I hope the next girl you get for the job will be brighter than I've been."

Bill laid down a sheet of copy. He stared at her, and looked back at his copy. He marked "12:05 P. M.," on it and lifted his head again. "So what?" he said.

"I've been a sucker, Bill. I wanted to play marbles but I never was willing to lose any. I guess this is the end of something—which is the way Jim would say it. Until a month ago this job was all the life I wanted. But it's very empty now. I'm going back to Bend where I belong. If another chance ever comes to me I hope I'll have sense enough to see it. But another chance will never come. You've been a very good boy to me, you mug you."

Bill took out a fresh handkerchief and blew his nose. He said, irritably, "You've been through a lot lately."

"So have other people," she retorted, "and they haven't whined. Don't feel sorry for me. Goodby, Bill."

He got up, a rather tired, nearsighted man, and took her hand. He grumbled "Good luck" gently, and stood leaning on the rail, watching her go out of the Express office for the last time. When she had gone he looked back at the copy on the desk, and called one of the newer reporters over.

"Don't you know we never allow participle leads on this paper?" he barked out.

The youngster looked at the copy. "No participle lead there."

"Well, it's a terrible story, anyhow. Rewrite it."

At one o'clock Anne stepped into a northbound plane and left Los Angeles behind, sweltering on its tidal plain.

ON HIS perch four hundred feet above the shanty, Jim Breed watched a plane slowly wheel and circle over in the direction of Alturas, very much like a buzzard seeking prey. The midday haze closed in on the broken rolls of the yonder land; the quietness of the country was something that soaked into the bones and healed the scars of time. It had been working so on him for five days; he felt it deeply. Bill Poteet walked from the shanty below toward the creek; Henry Clemenson, up here with Breed, watched the plane.

"Henry," Breed said, "I like it here. What would it cost me to get a few acres and cows under fence?"

"For ten thousand," opined Henry, "you could buy half of northern California, the way beef is." He considered his remark in further silence. Afterwards he added with an extreme effort at being casual: "Need a grubstake on it, mister?"

"I think I could swing that," Breed drawled. "But you're regular, Henry."

"Bill and me is old," said Henry, sententiously, "but we'll die older. What's ten thousand? We got it, all right. Somebody's comin'."

Breed cocked his head and heard nothing. But Henry leaned forward, and Bill Poteet walked back from the creek and stood with his face turned to the road. A car came around the end of the ridge, bringing its sound suddenly with it. Henry spent a moment looking at it. "Stranger," he said.

"Why?"

"Tryin' to drive out of the ruts. Folks here don't spend no effort missin' ruts."

The car came up the rise and stopped in front of Bill Poteet, who took his hat off. A girl got out, and then Bill Poteet's arm swung upward toward Breed. The girl's smile was visible even at four hundred feet. Breed looked down at the blanket on which he was resting; his face went dogged. "Henry," he said, "I'm afraid this is going to be tough."

Henry watched the girl come slowly up the slope. He rose, his glance very shrewdly touching Breed. "I wouldn't say so," he remarked, and walked away. Breed lifted his head—and saw Anne standing in front of him, straight and sober and with that odd stillness of emotion in her eyes. Her dress flowed along the supple curves of her body; she held her hat in a hand and her yellow hair was shining brilliantly under the sun; across the level line of her brow was an expression he remembered—and felt.

"Hello," he said.

"You never turn back, do you, Jim?"

He didn't look at her just then. He looked at the plane, which wheeled nearer and nearer in its methodic circling. "Nobody likes to go back and see the ruins," he said.

"You can be bitter."

"From seeing the mistakes I made."

She turned her head downward until the sun went away from her face—and some of the inner light. "You and I—we were never meant to live in a world as fast and skeptical and worldly-wise as the one in Hollywood. It was bad medicine."

"No. You can see a lot of things from this hillside, Anne. That's something I can see pretty clear now."

She drew a swift breath. "I've been a pretty poor sport."

He broke in roughly: "You're real—the only real thing I ever touched."

"Jim!" she called. It made him lift his eyes. Along that steady line of her brow the light flashed again, more brilliantly. "Listen to me. I can be as much of a gambler as you are. Why else am I here? You can have all of me or any part of me, forever or for a week!"

He tried to lift himself and failed. He said, heavily, "Anne—" And then she dropped beside him and got within the hard circle of his arm and put her face down for his kiss. She was not crying, but he felt the nearness of tears and the dissolving loneliness of her body. It hit him terrifically; it changed the color of the world. He pulled back to look at the proud and unashamed hunger in the gray depths of her eyes.

"Anne," he said, "I've led you over some tough jumps."

"It's part of living with you. I thought I couldn't stand it. But hold on to me as you take the jumps, Jim, and I'll be with you."

THE roar of the plane strengthened and they both looked northward to see it streaking straight at the hillside. Jim swung his arm around the horizon. "There's Alturas, there's Reno, with Frisco only seven hours away. It's a beautiful country, Anne, with some of the prettiest ranches you ever saw hidden in those valleys. Cattle, they say, is the thing. But a greenhorn would lose his shirt with cattle."

"I was raised in cattle land. I know all about cattle. Is it what you want?"

"I like this country."

The plane's roar smashed against the hillside and deafened them. Wings dipping, it flashed by, the wash of its prop spraying over them. A man raised his arm—it was Sunshine—and waved. And afterwards watching, they saw the ship continue into the south and at last vanish beyond the haze. In that direction lay Susanville, and Los Angeles, and South America.

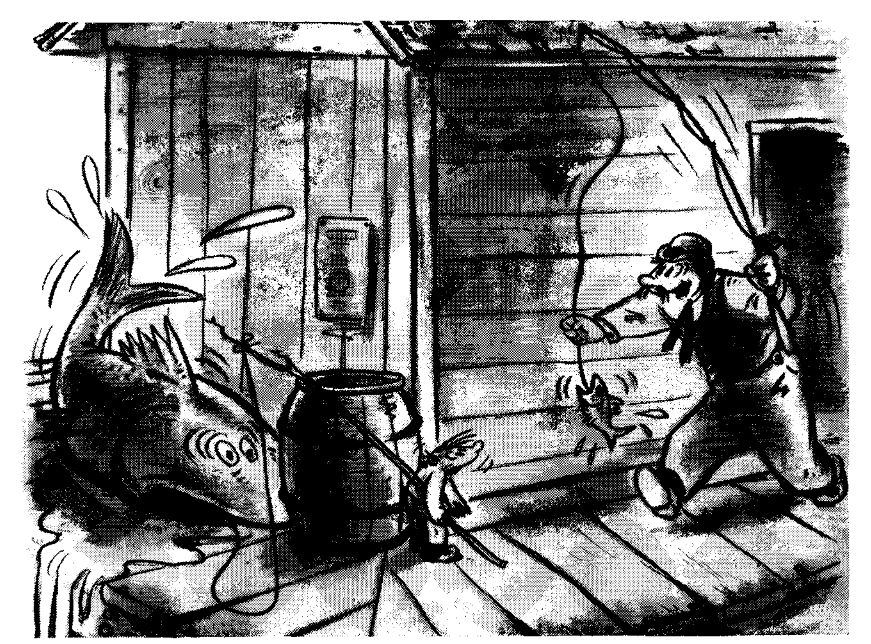
"I can't get out of here for a week," Breed said.

"I shall be here, Jim."

"So there's three men sleeping down in the stamp house. I think I'll send Henry—you'll like Henry—back to Alturas to file the proper marriage notice for us. It takes three days."

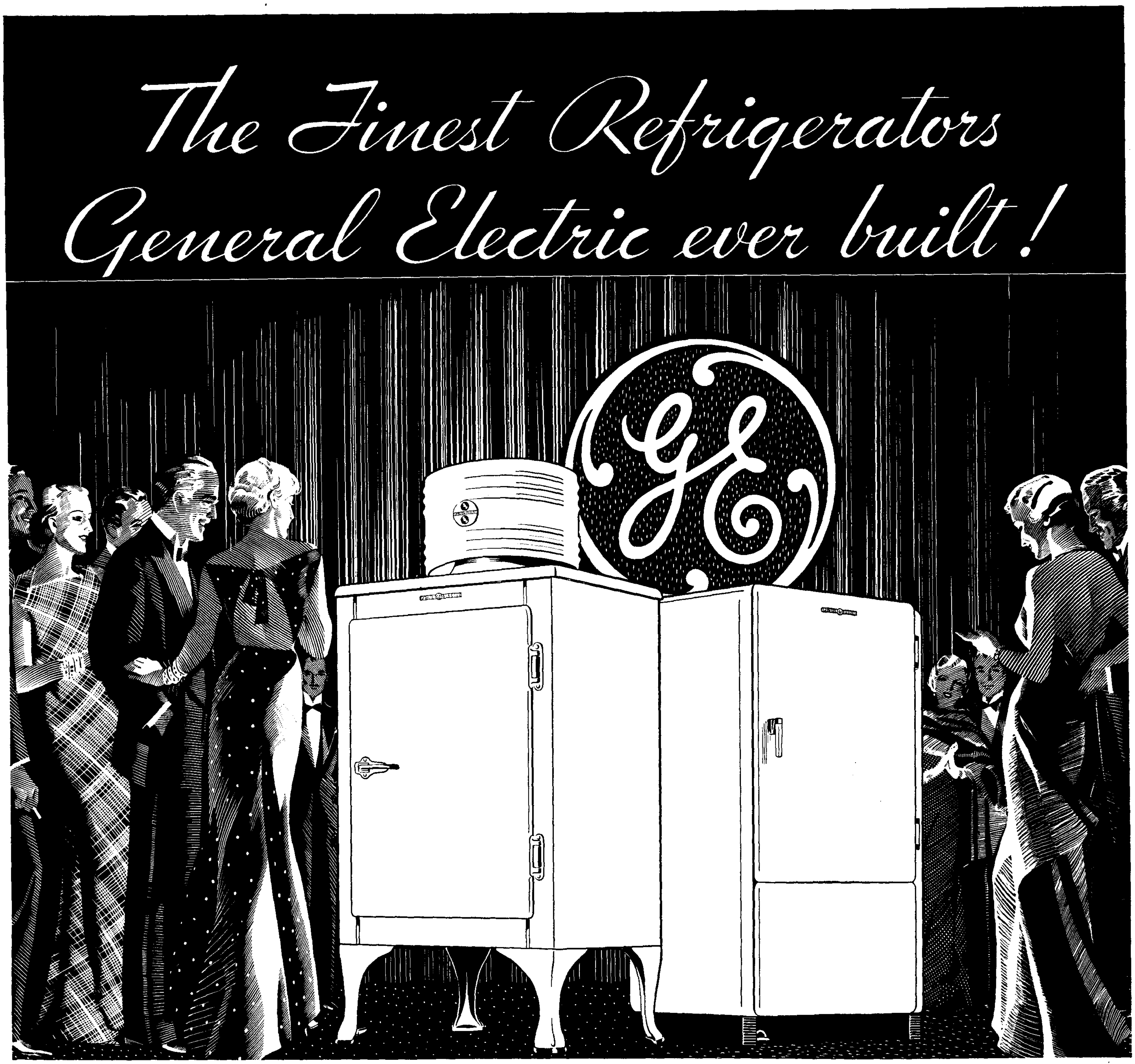
She raised herself a little, saying quietly, "That will be a long wait, Jim, for me," and she glanced down at him with an inscrutable regard that contained a strange, wondering happiness. It was, Breed thought humbly, a woman's glance, going past him into a future he couldn't see. Tightly holding each other, like two children rejoined after a long separation in the dark, they watched Henry Clemenson come up the hill.

THE END



"See! Come watch Papa, Jasper, an' you'll be a fisherman when you grow up!"

Frank Owen



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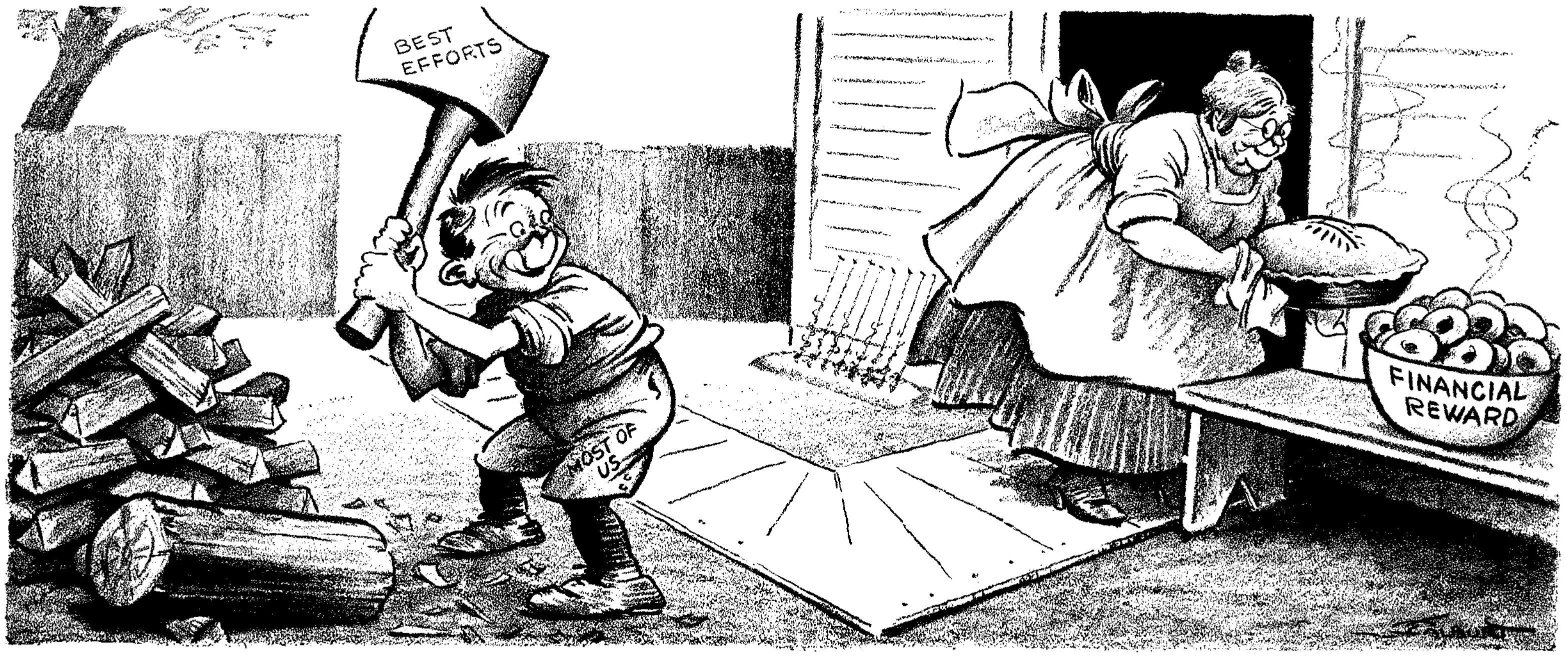


How Much can a Man Earn?

HIGH salaries paid corporation executives in these times are unpopular.

That was the reason the Senate made public the information collected by the Federal Trade Commission concerning the salaries of high officers of corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The data concerning salaries were already in possession of the government. The Treasury Department has had the record ever since the income tax reports were first filed.

The income tax reports, however, may not be published without new legislation. A mere resolution of the Senate was sufficient to obtain the Federal Trade Commission reports which could be published. So the short cut was taken.

The publication of salaries paid was a publicity move by the Senate. It was interesting publicity. Details concerning the incomes of conspicuous industrial leaders make juicy reading at any time. Just now they may be highly important in influencing public opinion and so, indirectly, in affecting legislation.

Many senators are outspoken in their opposition to high salaries. Some would enact laws limiting corporation salaries to $75,000 a year. Popular support could be found for such legislation. Public opinion has insisted on keeping the salaries of government employees at low levels.

Private employment in ordinary times pays much better than the government. The highest salary paid is the $75,000 allotted to the President.

If the President were rewarded financially in accordance with his services to the country Mr. Roosevelt would have a prodigiously large income.

An honest man in public office, however, may take the credit but he has to let the cash go. In this country, a man ambitious for money has had to seek private employment. That has been the American way.

A number of senators piled up private fortunes before they went into politics. Senator James Couzens of Michigan is many times a millionaire. Senator Capper of Kansas is head of a large publishing enterprise. Numerous lawyers in the Senate were reputed to have large and profitable practices before they became lawmakers.

No doubt some of the highest salaries obtained by corporation executives are unreasonable. Avarice is a common sin. Before Congress passes any new laws arbitrarily limiting salaries, however, it will have to do some clearer thinking on the subject.

The Senate talks of $75,000 as the maximum salary. That's a large sum. But the important fact is that the largest incomes are not derived from salaries at all.

If the senators would study the income tax returns intelligently they would discover that the largest individual incomes come from dividends, interest, rents, and royalties and profits on sales.

Among the largest incomes obtained by personal effort are those paid entertainers. Babe Ruth was paid as high as $80,000 a year for playing baseball. Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey were paid a million and half a million dollars, respectively, for a single fight. The most successful comic strip artists are paid sums which exceed the salaries of the presidents of most of the large corporations.

The author of a best seller may and does get as much as a quarter of a million dollars from the rights to a single book. Popular motion picture actresses may be paid as much as a half a million dollars a year for their services.

Anybody in the entertainment business will tell you, and prove by figures, that the most popular performers are the cheapest even though their wages are fabulously high.

In normal times corporations have acted on the rule that successful operation was the result of wise management. A popular prize fighter or actor or baseball player brings customers to the box office. His personal following provides whatever is paid him and more. Dempsey got more than Carnera because more people were willing to pay larger sums to see Dempsey in action. By the same logic an executive who manages to make money for the business which employs him should in the same way be rewarded for his accomplishments. Such, at any rate, has been the American way.

Possibly we are coming to another system. Maybe business salaries will be more moderate in the future. Government salaries are low and many highly competent men and women do loyal work for the government.

Already we have laws which drastically reduce high incomes unless the owners have invested in tax-exempt bonds issued by the government. The federal government takes more than half of the largest incomes. The states which have income tax laws dig deeply into what remains. If high salaries are to be forbidden, the government will have to find new sources of revenue.

Moreover, there is not much sense in penalizing high salaries while tacitly approving large incomes derived from other sources. The man whose income comes from inherited wealth, or the successful movie actor, is not necessarily a better citizen than the highly paid corporation official.

As the laws stand, if a business executive is avaricious the stockholders have the right to proceed against him. When the federal government is a stockholder, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or otherwise, it can now limit salaries.

Stockholders can be trusted in the long run to take care of salary abuses. Meanwhile, if the Senate wants to pass another law dealing with the subject, it should make the law broad enough to cover all kinds of income. It does no harm even in lawmaking to think before you act.

They smiled at her "inexperience"

but the laugh was on themselves

BEHIND HER BACK they exchanged glances. Those glances meant: "Poor thing, she'll learn—serving vegetables out of a can!"

But they were the ones to learn. She knew that *really fresh* vegetables are sealed and cooked in cans. And here is why.

You know what *really fresh* vegetables are if you have ever picked them in your own garden in the morning and cooked them that evening for dinner.

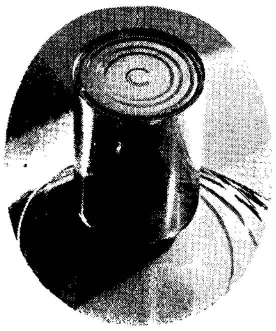
When you buy a canned vegetable you can be sure that it was hermetically sealed in the can and cooked within a matter of hours after it was picked—with the garden freshness permanently sealed in.

You can be sure that a canned vegetable represents a choice portion of the crop, grown from selected seed, picked at natural ripeness, and canned without preservatives of any kind.

And when you open the can you know that virtually all the vitamin value that nature put into the vegetable is still there, unimpaired, not lost by exposure to the air or by cooking in an open vessel in the presence of oxygen.

So next time you ask for canned vegetables, remember that the word "canned" simply means "garden freshness sealed in."

"Canned foods are the safest foods that come to our tables because of the sterilization to which they are subjected." The cans are specially made for food.



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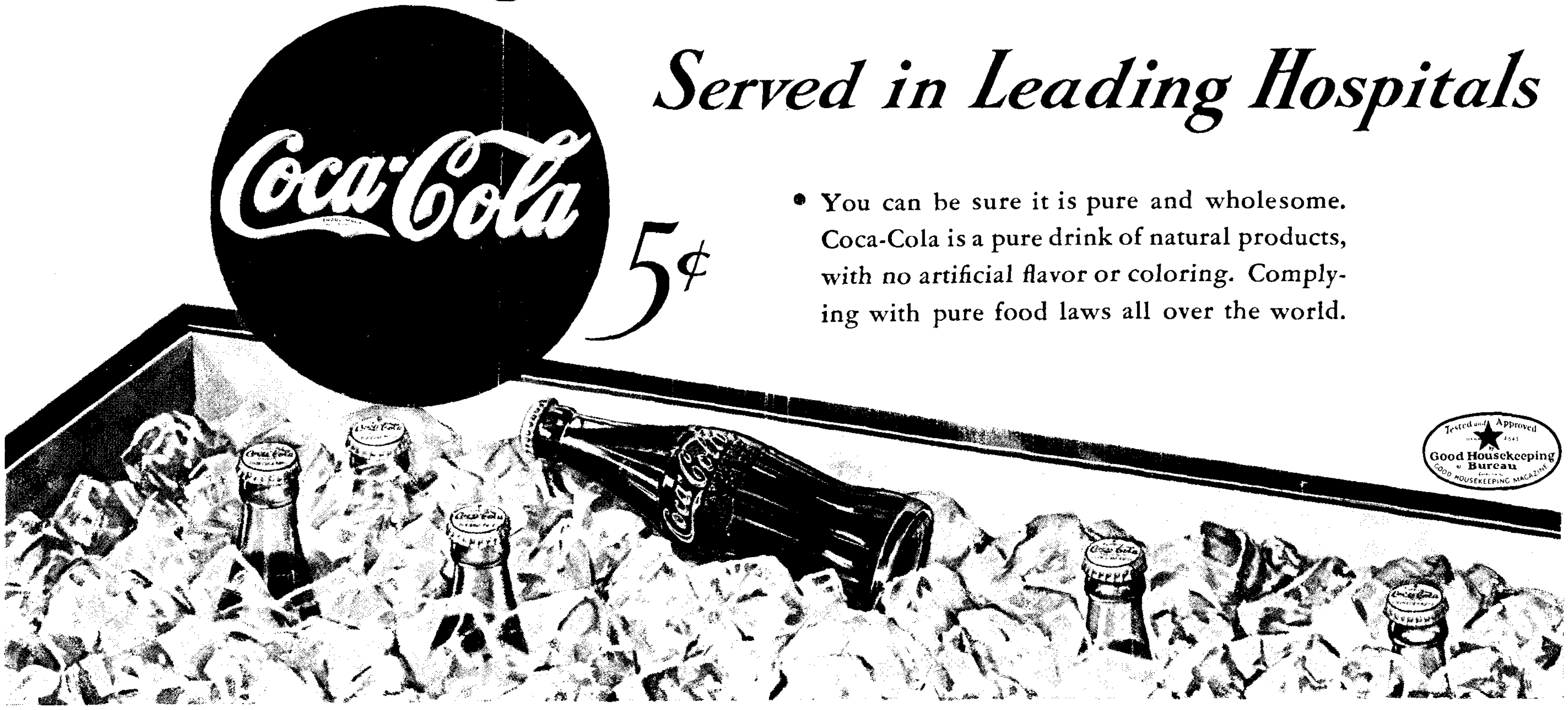
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